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THE
PSALMS OF DAVID,

IMITATED IN

New Testament Language :

TOGETHER WITH

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY THE

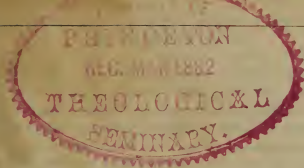
REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCCC.L.



PREFACE TO THE PSALMS.

THE following extract from the Doctor's Preface, as it contains the plan of his version of the Psalms, may be found useful :

"I come therefore to explain my own design, which is this : to accommodate the Book of Psalms to Christian worship. And in order to this, it is necessary to divest David and Asaph, &c., of every other character but that of a psalmist and a saint, and to make them always speak the common sense and language of a Christian.

"Attempting the work with this view, I have entirely omitted several whole psalms, and large pieces of many others : and have chosen out of all of them such parts only as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of the Christian life, or at least might afford us some beautiful allusion to Christian affairs. These I have copied and explained in the general style of the gospel ; nor have I confined my expressions to any particular party or opinion ; that in words prepared for public worship, and for the lips of multitudes, there might not be a syllable offensive to sincere Christians, whose judgments may differ in the lesser matters of religion.

"Where the Psalmist uses sharp invectives against his personal enemies, I have endeavoured to turn the edge of them against our spiritual adversaries, sin, Satan and temptation. Where the flights of his faith and love are sublime, I have often sunk the expressions within the reach of an ordinary Christian : where the words imply some peculiar wants or distresses, joys, or blessings, I have used words of greater latitude and comprehension, suited to the general circumstances of men.

"Where the original runs in the form of prophecy concerning Christ and his salvation, I have given an historical turn to the sense : there is no necessity that we should always sing in the obscure and doubtful style of prediction, when the things foretold are brought into open light by a full accomplishment. Where the writers of the New Testament have cited or alluded to any part of the Psalms, I have often indulged the liberty of paraphrase according to the words of Christ or his apostles. And surely this may be esteemed the word of God still, though borrowed from several parts of the Holy Scripture. Where the Psalmist describes religion by the fear of

God, I have often joined faith and love to it. Where he speaks of the pardon of sin, through the mercies of God, I have added the merits of a Saviour. Where he talks of sacrificing goats or bullocks, I rather choose to mention the sacrifice of Christ the Lamb of God. When he attends the ark with shouting into Zion, I sing the ascension of my Saviour into heaven, or his presence in his church on earth. Where he promises abundance of wealth, honour, and long life, I have changed some of these typical blessings for grace, glory, and life eternal, which are brought to light by the gospel, and promised in the New Testament. And I am fully satisfied, that more honour is done to our blessed Saviour, by speaking his name, his graces, and actions, in his own language, according to the brighter discoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the Jewish forms of worship, and the language of types and figures.'

Of choosing or finding the Psalm.

By consulting the Index at the end, any one may find hymns very proper for many occasions of the Christian life and worship; though no copy of David's Psalter can provide for all, as I have shown in the Preface to the large edition.

Or, if he remembers the first line of any Psalm, the Table of the first lines will direct where to find it.

Of singing in course.

If any shall think it best to sing the Psalms in order, in churches or families, it may be done with profit, provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to special occurrences of nations, churches, or single Christians.

Of dividing the Psalms.

If the Psalm be too long for the time or custom of singing, there are pauses in many of them at which you may properly rest; or you may leave out those verses which are included with crotchets [], without disturbing the sense; or, in some places, you may begin to sing at the pause.

PSALMS OF DAVID.

1 C. M. Irish 32. Philippi 133.
The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 **B**LESSED is the man who shuns the
Where sinners love to meet; [place
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat :

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight :
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 [He, like a plant of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms of blasting wind
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust ;
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well ;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

1 S. M. Mount Ephraim 4. Attalia 208.
The saint happy ; the sinner miserable.

1 **T**HE man is ever blessed
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Amongst their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place ;

2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root ;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live :
His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so the ungodly race,
They no such blessings find :
Their hope shall flee, like empty chaff,
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet ?

6 He knows, and he approves,
The way the righteous go ;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

1 L. M. Oldham 48. Anspach 371.
The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go ;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ the morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord ;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure, pondering o'er his word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green ;
And heaven will shine with kindest beams
On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crossed ;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race ;
The dreadful Judge, with stern command
Divides him to a different place.

6 " Straight is the way my saints have trod,
I blessed the path, and drew it plain ;
But you would choose the crooked road,
And down it leads to endless pain."

2 S. M. Boyce's 113. St. Bride's 5.
Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

Translated according to the Divine Pattern,
 Acts iv. 24, &c.

- 1 [MAKER and sovereign Lord
 Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
 Thy providence confirms thy word,
 And answers thy decrees.
- 2 The things so long foretold
 By David, are fulfilled;
 When Jews and Gentiles joined to slay
 Jesus, thine holy child.]
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
 And Jews with one accord
 Bend all their counsels to destroy
 The Anointed of the Lord?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree
 To form a vain design;
 Against the Lord their power's unite
 Against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,
 And will support his throne;
 He that hath raised him from the dead,
 Hath owned him for his Son.

PAUSE.

Ipawich 15. Frague 110.

- 6 Now he's ascended high
 And asks to rule the earth;
 The merit of his blood he pleads,
 And pleads his heavenly birth.
- 7 He asks, and God bestows
 A large inheritance;
 Far as the world's remotest ends
 His kingdom shall advance.
- 8 The nations that rebel,
 Must feel his iron rod;
 He'll vindicate those honours well
 Which he received from God.
- 9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
 And worship at his throne;
 With trembling joy, ye people, bow
 To God's exalted Son.
- 10 If once his wrath arise,
 Ye perish on the place;
 Then blessed is the soul that flies
 For refuge to his grace.]

2 C M. Newbury 36. Hammersmith 316.
The same.

- 1 WHY did the nations join to slay
 The Lord's anointed Son?
 Why did they cast his laws away,
 And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The Lord, that sits above the skies,
 Derides their rage below;
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes
 And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 "I call him my eternal Son,
 And raise him from the dead;
 I make my holy hill his throne,
 And wide his kingdom spread.

2

- 4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
 The utmost heathen lands:
 Thy rod of iron shall destroy
 The rebel that withstands."

- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
 Obey the anointed Lord;
 Adore the King of heavenly birth,
 And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne;
 For if he frown, ye die:
 Those are secure, and those alone,
 Who on his grace rely.

2 L M. Woolstanton 62. Sterling 161.
Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension.

- 1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
 The Romans why their swords
 employ?
 Against the Lord their powers engage,
 His dear Anointed to destroy?
- 2 "Come, let us break his hands," they say,
 "This man shall never give us laws:"
 And thus they cast his yoke away,
 And nail the Monarch to the cross.
- 3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
 Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
 He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
 And speak in thunder to their souls.
- 4 "I will maintain the King I made,
 On Zion's everlasting hill;
 My hand shall bring him from the dead,
 And he shall stand your Sovereign still."
- 5 [His wondrous rising from the earth
 Makes his eternal Godhead known;
 The Lord declares his heavenly birth,
 "This day have I begot my Son.
- 6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
 There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
 The utmost bounds of heathen lands;
 To thee the northern isles shall bow."
- 7 But nations that resist his grace
 Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
 His rod shall crush his foes with ease
 As potters' earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

- 8 Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
 Be wise, and serve the Lord the Lamb;
 Now at his feet submit your crowns,
 Rejoice and tremble at his name.
- 9 With humble love address the Son,
 Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
 His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
 If ye provoke his jealousy.
- 10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell:
 He is a God, and ye but dust:
 Happy the souls that know him well,
 And make his grace their only trust.

3 C M. Crowle 225. Mysia 221.
Doubts and fears suppressed; or, God our defence.

- 1 MY God, how many are my fears!
 How fast my foes increase!
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heaven;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shall silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cried, and from his holy hill
He bowed a listening ear;
I called my Father and my God,
And he subdued my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I woke, and wondered at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

6 What though the hosts of death and hell,
All armed, against me stood?
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

3 L. M. Ulverston 171. St. Pancras 162.
A morning psalm.
Ps. iii. 1-5, 8.

1 O Lord, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose;
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised my evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thy heavenly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustained me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong;
He raised my head to see the light,
And made his praise my morning song.

4 L. M. St. Paul's 151. Ulverston 171.
*Hearing of prayer; or, God our portion, and
Christ our hope. Psalm iv. 1-3, 5-7.*

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness!
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame:
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pardoning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly good!"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heavenly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace and favours so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their corn, and all their wine.

4 C. M. St. Stephen's 19. Prestwich 238.
An evening psalm.
Ps. iv. 3-5, 8.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to
I'll give mine eyes to sleep; [peace,
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

5 C. M. Philippi 133. Walworth 329.
A psalm for the Lord's day morning.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eyes—

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those who in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God shall compass them
With favour as a shield.

6 C. M. Burford 44. Hammersmith 316.
Complaint in sickness; or, diseases healed.

1 **I**N anger, Lord, rebuke me not;
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul's bowed down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppressed;
My couch is witness to my tears;
My tears forbid my rest

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries;
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
My eyes consumed with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine hand affords relief?

5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all their groans;
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath!
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

6 L. M. Babylon Streams 147. Stirling 161.
Temptations in sickness overcome by prayer.

1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear;
O let it not against me rise!

2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3 See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night
My bed is watered with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul;
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

7 C. M. Newbury 36. Peterborough 136.
God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.

1 **M**Y trust is in my heavenly Friend:
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliverer's near.

3 If I had e'er provoked them first,
Or once abused my foe,
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay my honour low.

4 If there be malice hid in me,
(I know thy piercing eyes;)
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

PAUSE.

Old Church 39. St. David's 26.

6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend the upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digged a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.]

9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword:
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

8 S. M. Prague 110. Needham 110.
God's sovereignty; and man's dominion over the creatures.

1 **O** LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms;
Lord, what is man? that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms!

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways;
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

7 [Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

8 C. M. Prestwich 238. Bethany 236.
*Christ's condescension and glorification ; or,
God made man.*

1 O LORD, our Lord ! how wondrous
Is thine exalted name ! [great
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky.
Those moving worlds of light :

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldest visit him with grace,
And love his nature so !

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm !

5 [Yet, while he lived on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
The obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his power.

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet ;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshly cloud :
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

8 Let him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed his head to death :
And be his honours sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

9 Jesus, our Lord ! how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

8 PART I. Ver. 1, 2, paraphrased. L. M.
New Sabbath 50. Bridgewater 165.
*The hosannas of the children ; or, infants
praising God.*

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies !
Through the wide earth thy name is
And thine eternal glories rise [spread,
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise ;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

5

3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground :
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's face ;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes, and angry priests,
In vain their impious cavils bring ;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

8 PART II. Ver. 3, &c., paraphrased. L. M.
Philadelphia 268. Brecon 361.
*Adam and Christ, Lords of the old and new
creation.*

1 LORD, what was man when made at
first ?
Adam, the offspring of the dust !
That thou shouldest set him, and his race
But just below an angel's place !

2 That thou shouldest raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below ;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet !

3 But O, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state !
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born !

4 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruined world from sin :
But he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeemed from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

9 PART I. C. M. Staughton 38. Chester 116.
Wrath and mercy from the final judgment seat.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song
Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;
Thou sovereign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;
My God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppressed ;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name, will trust
In thy abundant grace ;
For thou hast ne'er forsok the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill ;
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

9 Part II. Ver. 12. C. M.
University 340. Byzantium 242.
The wisdom and equity of providence.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and
Shall once inquire for blood, [just,
The humble souls that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise;
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands had spread.
- 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God!
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroyed,
The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

- 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.
- 6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall not be still forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- 7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain;
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

10 C. M. Bedford 241. Adelphi 29.
*Prayer heard, saints saved, and oppressors
punished.*

- 1 **W**HY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?
- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?
- 3 They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height
That they shall fall no more.
- 4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand;
Attend our humble cry:
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

- 5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,
"The God of heaven will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side!"

- 6 But thou for ever art our Lord;
And powerful is thine hand:
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perished from thy land.

- 7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
He hearkens what his children say,
And puts the world in fear.

- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

11 L. M. Woolstanton 62. Broadmead 366.
God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.

- 1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
"Fly, like a timorous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly?"
- 2 If government be all destroyed,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?
- 3 The Lord in heaven hath fixed his throne,
His eyes survey the world below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.
- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom with his angry breath.
- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

12 L. M. Dorchester 251. Gilvad 259.
The saint's safety and hope in evil times.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
L Virtue and truth will fly away;
A faithful man amongst us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.
- 2 The whole discourse, when neighbours
meet,
Is filled with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long,
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 "Yet shall our words be free," they cry,
"Our tongues shall be controlled by none
Where is the Lord will ask us why?
Or say, our lips are not our own?"
- 5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppressed,
And hears the oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

- 6 Thy word, O Lord! though often tried,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, seven times purified
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.
- 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Though when the vilest men have power,
On every side will sinners swarm.

12 C. M. Antwerp 16. Tiverton 337.
Complaint of a general corruption of manners.

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail;
Religion loses ground:
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part:
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.
- 3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirred!
"Are not our lips our own," they cry,
"And who shall be our Lord?"
- 4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Are raised to seats of power and pride,
And bear the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

- 5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold;
- 6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given this sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?
- 7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free."
- 8 Thy word, like silver seven times tried,
Through ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find thy promise sure.

13 L. M. Alsace 250. Hafod 368.
*Pleading with God under desertion; or,
hope in darkness.*

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide;
And I still pray and be denied?
- 2 Shall I for ever be forgot
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn;
And still despair of thy return?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts op-
And Satan, my malicious foe, pressed?
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief:
If thou withhold'st thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

- 5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

- 6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

13 C. M. St. Mary's 132. University 340.
Complaint under the temptations of the devil.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face,
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away?
- 2 How long shall my poor labouring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts,
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun, be thou my shield;
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before mine eyes are sealed
In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How will the tempter boast aloud,
If I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.
- 7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

14 PART I. C. M.
Burford 44. Abbotsford 219.
By nature all men are sinners.

- 1 **F**OOLS in their hearts believe and say,
That all religion's vain;
There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds the affairs of men.
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.
- 4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin that bitter root
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

14 PART II. C. M.
St. Ann's 28. Rylantium 242.
The folly of persecutors.

1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God! appear to their surprise;
Reveal thy dreadful name:
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hopes to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust;
Great God, confound their pride!

4 Oh that the joyful day were come,
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

15 C. M. Chimes 24. Walworth 329.
Character of a saint.

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

15 L. M. Wells 55. Bridgewater 165.
Religion and justice, goodness and truth.

1 WHO shall ascend the heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is
clean, [mean;
Whose lips still speak the things they
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He ~~hates~~ to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vents it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honoured in his eyes.]

4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:—
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

16 PART I. L. M.
Tyne 166. Lavendon 367.

*Confession of our poverty; and saints the best
company.*

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need!
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confessed
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blessed,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine,
I love the men of heavenly birth
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

16 PART II. L. M.
Gilead 259. Epworth 246.

Christ's all-sufficiency.

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offered up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right;
And be his name for ever blessed,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepared
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

16

PART III. L. M.

Angel's Song 47. Alsace 250.

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is my almighty prop;
Be glad, my heart; rejoice my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

16

PART I. Ver. 1 -8. C. M.

Great Milton 218. Walworth 329.

Support and counsel from God; and all merit disclaimed.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from every foe
In thee my trust I place;
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.
- 2 Yet, if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by't;
The saints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.
- 3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.
- 4 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleased with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.
- 5 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.
- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye;
Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

16

PART II. C. M.

Abingdon 117. Broughton 140.

The death and resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **"I** SET the Lord before my face,
He bears my courage up;
My heart and tongue their joys express,
My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 "My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
Where souls departed are;
Nor quit my body to the grave
To see corruption there.

9

- 3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne;
Thy courts immortal pleasures give,
Thy presence joys unknown."

- 4 [Thus, in the name of Christ, the Lord,
The holy David sung;
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

- 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucified and slain:
Behold, the tomb its prey restores
Behold, he lives again!

- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

17

Ver. 13, &c S. M.

Kirkdale 12. Shelford 210.

Portion of saints and sinners; or, hope and despair in death.

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.
- 2 Behold, the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God,
And stand complete in righteousness,
Washed in my Saviour's blood.
- 5 There's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death;
Dressed in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

17

L. M. Evening Hymn 60. Epworth 248.

The sinner's portion and saint's hope; or, the heaven of separate souls, and the resurrection.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword—the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek: they take their shares
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

- 5 O glorious hour! O blessed abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

18

PART I. Ver. 1-6, 15-18. L. M.

Portugal 69. Adoraim 345.

Deliverance from despair; or, temptations overcome.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.
- 4 In my distress I called, "My God!"
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bowed his ear to my complaint,
Then did his grace appear divine.
- 5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful, and bright as lightning, shone
The face of my deliverer, God.]
- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]
- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great
Much was their strength, and more their
rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still
In all the wars that devils wage.
- 8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power.

18

PART II. Ver. 20-26. L. M.

Wareham 57. Morning Hymn 58.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast owned my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learned thy holy ways,
I've walked upright before thy face;
Or, if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.
- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and struggling in my breast!
But through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin:

10

That sin which close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power,
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

- 5 [With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God as faithful, and as kind.]
- 6 The just and pure shall ever say
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

18

PART III. Ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c.

L. M. Woolstanton 62. Pyrron 363.

Rejoicing in God; or, salvation and triumph.

- 1 **J**UST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God besides the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock!)
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
- 4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.
- 5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
That love to saints, in Christ their head
Knows not a limit nor an end.

18

PART I. C. M.

Philippi 133. Kidbrook 341.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

- 1 **W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm revealed;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.
- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
- 3 When God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms—
The lightning of his spear?
- 4 He rides upon the winged wind;
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismayed;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 [He arms our captains to the fight
(Though there his name's forgot :)
He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blessed
For his own churches sake :
The powers that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.]

18 PART II. C. M.
Staughton 38. Lichfield 324.
The Conqueror's song.

1 **T**O thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day ;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

3 How have we chased them through the
And trod them to the ground, [field,
While thy salvation was our shield :
But they no shelter found !

4 In vain to idol-saints they cry,
And perish in their blood ;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God ?

5 The Rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blessed ;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

6 On kings that reign as David did,
He pours his blessings down ;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

19 PART I. S. M.
Prague 110. Needham 303.
The book of nature and of scripture.

1 **B**EHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye British lands, rejoice ;
Here he reveals his word :
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

11

7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight ;
Nor gold that has the furnace passed,
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

19 PART II. S. M.
Hopkins 10. Amersham 308.

*God's word most excellent ; or, sincerity and
watchfulness.*

For a Lord's day morning.

1 **B**EHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way !
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just ;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given ;
Oh ! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 O ! who can ever find
The errors of his ways ?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of every sin ;
Forgive my secret faults :
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God !

19 L. M. Berea 346. Melcombe 170.
*The books of nature and of scripture com-
pared ; or, the glory and success of the gospel.*

1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blessed volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

19 113th. Escowbeck 73. Modin 373.
The books of nature and of scripture.

- 1 GREAT God! the heaven's well ordered
frame
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run,
Far as the journeys of the sun;
And every nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom
dressed,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his Maker God;
All nature joins to show thy praise:
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

PAUSE.

- 5 I love the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 6 From the discoveries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering
eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

12

- 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

20 L. M. St. Paul's 151. Baden 150.
Trust in God; or, prayer and hope of victory.
For a day of prayer in a time of war.

- 1 NOW may the God of power and grace,
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from the sanctuary sends
Succour and strength, when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs;
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,
And, in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 6 [O! may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph swell the song.

21 C. M. Irish 32. Athens 244.
Cur king the care of heaven.

- 1 THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, blessed with thy salvation, raise
To heaven his cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence through nations round,
Hath spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crowned
With majesty and fame.
- 3 Then let the king on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy shall support the throne,
And all our wants supply.
- 4 But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate his mild command.
- 5 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just, but dreadful doom,
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.

- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And thus exalt thy fame :
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

21

Ver. 1—9. L. M.

Bohemia 350. Ivy Bridge 54.

Christ exalted to the kingdom.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoiced in God his strength,
Raised to the throne by special grace ;
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfil the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand !
Lord, thou hast raised his kingdom high,
And given the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold :
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine ;
Blessed with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thy hand shall find out all his foes ;
And, as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

22

PART I. Ver. 1—16. C. M.

Adelphi 29. David's 326.

The sufferings and death of Christ.

- 1 “ **W**HY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford ?”
(Thus David once in anguish spoke
And thus our dying Lord.)
- 2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints ;
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliverance found ;
But I'm a worm, despised of men,
And trodden to the ground.
- 4 Shaking the head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn ;
“ In vain he trusts in God,” they cry,
“ Neglected and forlorn.”
- 5 But thou art he who formed my flesh
By thine almighty word ;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.
- 6 Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threatening round,
In the dark hour of deep distress—
And not an helper found ?

PAUSE.

- 7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

13

- 8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet
To multiply the smart ;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.
- 9 Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well ?
- 10 My God, if possible to be,
Withhold this bitter cup ;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.
- 11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown ;
In groans I waste my breath :
Thy heavy hand has brought me down
Low as the dust of death.
- 12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand ;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

22

PART II. Ver. 20, 21, 27—31. C. M.

St. James's 17. Chertsey 339.

Christ's sufferings and kingdom.

- 1 “ **N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,
O Lord, protect thy Son ;
Nor leave thy darling to engage
The powers of hell alone.”
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears ;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chased away his fears.
- 3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high ;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship, or shall die.
- 4 A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans ;
They shall be reckoned in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble soul shall see
His table richly spread ;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God ;
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

22

L. M. Gilead 259. Galatia 358.

Christ's sufferings, death, and exaltation.

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears of blood,
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn :
“ He rescued others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save.”
- 3 “ This is the man did once pretend
God was his Father and his Friend ;
If God the blessed loved him so,
Why doth he fail to help him now ?”

- 4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 6 But God, his Father, heard his cry;
Raised from the dead he reigns on high,
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

23 L. M. Philadelphia 265. Lavendon 367.
God our Shepherd.

- 1 **MY** Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supplied;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blessed.
- 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.
- 7 How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing, shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.
- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

23 C. M. Prestwich 238. Eversley 18.
The same.

- 1 **MY** Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy support or breath
Drives all my fears away.

- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

23 S. M. Hopkins 10. Attalia 208.
The same.

- 1 **THE** Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's
dark shade
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

24 C. M. Arlington 128. Bethany 206.
Dwelling with God.

- 1 **THE** earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race;
He raised its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessing of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.
- 4 Now let our soul's immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare;
Lift up their everlasting doers,
The King of Glory's near.
- 5 The King of Glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might
He rules the nations; how he dwells
With saints is his delight.

24 L.M. Wandsworth 158. Berea 346.
*Saints dwell in heaven : or, Christ's
 ascension.*

- 1 **THIS** spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 And men and worms, and beasts and
 birds:
 He raised the building on the seas,
 And gave it for their dwelling-place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
 Who shall ascend the blessed abode,
 And dwell so near his Maker, God?
- 3 He that abhors, and fears to sin, [clean;
 Whose heart is pure, whose hands are
 Him shall the Lord, the Saviour, bless,
 And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,
 That seek the God of Jacob's face;
 These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
 And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
 Behold the King of Glory nigh!
 Who can this King of Glory be?
 The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
 To make the Lord, the Saviour, way:
 Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
 The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.
- 7 Raised from the dead, he goes before,
 He opens heaven's eternal door,
 To give his saints a blessed abode,
 Near their Redeemer, and their God.

25 PART I. Ver. 1—11. S.M.
 Prague 110. Derby 313.
Waiting for pardon and direction.

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,
 My trust is in his name;
 Let not my foes that seek my blood
 Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin and the powers of hell
 Persuade me to despair;
 Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
 That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From the first dawning light
 Till the dark evening rise,
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
 With ever-longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind,
 The meek shall learn his ways:
 And every humble sinner find
 The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness' sake
 He saves my soul from shame;
 He pardons (though my guilt be great)
 Through my Redeemer's name.

25 PART II. Ver. 12, 14, 10, 13. S.M.
 Sutton Colefield 211. Petersfield 214.
Divine Instruction.

- 1 **WHERE** shall the man be found
 That fears t' offend his God?
 That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
 And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
 The secrets of his heart;
 The wonders of his covenant show,
 And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand
 Are truth and mercy still;
 With such as to his covenant stand
 And love to do his will.
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
 Before their Maker's face,
 Their seed shall taste the promises
 In their extensive grace.

25 PART III. Ver. 15—22. S.M.
 Naseby 104. Amersham 308.

Distress of soul; or, backsliding and desertion.

- 1 **MINE** eyes and my desire
 Are ever to the Lord;
 I love to plead his promises,
 And rest upon his word.
- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul:
 Bring thy salvation near;
 When will thy hand release my feet
 Out of the deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sovereign grace
 Of my forgiving God
 Restore me from those dangerous ways
 My wandering feet have trod?
- 4 The tumult of my thoughts
 Doth but enlarge my woe;
 My spirit languishes, my heart
 Is desolate and low.
- 5 With every morning light
 My sorrow new begins;
 Look on my anguish and my pain,
 And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

- 6 Behold the hosts of hell!
 How cruel is their hate?
 Against my life they rise, and join
 Their fury with deceit.
- 7 O keep my soul from death,
 Nor put my hope to shame,
 For I have placed my only trust
 In my Redeemer's name.
- 8 With humble faith I wait
 To see thy face again;
 Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
 "He sought the Lord in vain."

26 L.M. Naples 349. Ulverston 171
Self-examination; or, evidences of grace.

- 1 **JUDGE** me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
 And try my reins, and try my heart;
 My faith upon thy promise stays,
 Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
With hands well washed in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thine holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be joined at last
With men of treachery and blood;
Since I my days on earth have passed
Among the saints, and near my God.

27 PART I. Ver. 1—6. C.M.
Devizes 26. Westmoreland 336.

The church is our delight and safety.

1 THE Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation too:
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his childrena hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory.
Within thy temple sound.

27 PART II. Ver. 8, 9, 13, 14. C.M.
Prestwich 238. Walworth 329.

Prayer and hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace;"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling souls,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

29 L.M. Caton 52. Aoraim 345.
Storm and thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks; and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart, and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And, lo! the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blessed abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there, the Lord,
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

30 PART I. L.M.
Stirling 161. Brecon 361.

Sickness healed, and sorrow removed.

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly,
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ
The morning star restores the joy.

30 PART II. Ver. 6. L.M.
St. Paul's 151. Armathwaite 147.
Health, sickness, and recovery.

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be
Fondly I said within my heart, 'night;
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"

4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead!"
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and
heaven,
For sickness healed, and sins forgiven.

31 PART I. Ver. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. C.M.
York 234. Bath 338.
Deliverance from death.

- 1 INTO thy hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.
- 2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintained a doubtful strife;
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspired
To take away my life.
- 3 "My times are in thine hand," I cried,
"Though I draw near the dust;"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust,
- 4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine;
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

- 5 ['Twas in my haste my spirit said,
"I must despair and die;
I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou hast heard my cry.]
- 6 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace
To those that fear thy majesty
And trust thy promises!
- 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

31 Ver. 7—13, 18—21. PART II. C.M.
Adelphi 29. St. David's 326.
Deliverance from slander and reproach.

- 1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 "My life is spent with grief," I cried,
"My years consumed in groans;
My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
And sorrow wastes my bones."
- 3 Among mine enemies my name
Was a mere proverb grown;
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear, on every side,
Seized and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace applied,
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

- 5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boastings vain!
- 6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavilion hide;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.
- 7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, walled and barred,
Secures a saint so well.

32 S.M. Warkworth 11. Whitchurch 304.
Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blessed to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

32 C.M. Prestwich 238. Walworth 329.
*Free pardon and sincere obedience; or,
confession and forgiveness.*

- 1 HAPPY the man, to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;
But washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean.
- 2 Happy, beyond expression, he
Whose debts are thus discharged;
And, from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarged.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies;
His words are all sincere,
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.
- 4 While I my inward guilt suppressed,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And racked my tortured mind.
- 5 Then I confessed my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins revealed;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon sealed.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
When, like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

32

PART I. L.M.
Wells 55. St. Mark's 247.

Repentance and free pardon; or, justification and sanctification.

- 1 **B**LESSED is the man, for ever blessed,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God;
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Blessed is the man to whom the Lord,
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

32

PART II. L.M.
Babylon Streams 147. Galatia 358.

A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

- 1 **W**HILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat:
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blessed retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

33

PART I. C.M.
Chester 116. Staughton 38.
Works of creation and providence.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous in the Lord;
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

19

- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

33

PART I. C.M.
Cambridge New. Westmoreland 336.
Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 **B**LESSED is the nation, where the Lord
Hath fixed his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heavenly word,
And calls their tribes his own.
- 2 His eyes, with infinite survey,
Do the whole world behold;
He formed us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.
- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.
- 5 God is their fear, and God their trust;
When plagues or famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.
- 6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

33

PART I. 113th.
Escowbeck 73. Martin's Lane 174.
Works of creation and providence.

- 1 **Y**E holy souls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice:
Great is your theme, your songs be new.
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace;
How wise and holy, just and true!
- 2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves,
His word the heavenly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.
- 3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas;
(Those watery treasures know their place)
In the vast storehouse of the deep:
He spake, and gave all nature birth;
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.
- 4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage.
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your
But his eternal counsel stands, [hands:
And rules the world from age to age.

33

PART II. 113th.

Antioch 173.

Modin 373.

Creatures vain: and God all-sufficient.

1 **O** HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne;
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He formed their hearts, he knows their
ways;
But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of a horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford [stand:
When death or danger threatening
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou our Physician, thou our Shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne;
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

34

PART I. L. M.

Warrington 51. Lavendon 367.

God's care of the saints; or, deliverance by prayer.

1 **L**ORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praises shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought the eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reached his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumults of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
O fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinched with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

34

PART II. Ver. 11—22. L. M.

Israel 67. Silicia 360.

Religious education; or, instructions of piety.

1 **C**HILDREN in years, and knowledge
young,
Your parents' hope, your parent's joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

19

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace, to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His cars are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones:
They in his praise employ their breath.

34

PART I. Ver. 1—10. C. M.

Eversley 18. Athens 244.

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.

1 **I**'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cried,
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

3 When threatening sorrows round me
And endless fears arose, [stood,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes.

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 [O sinners! come and taste his love;
Come, learn his pleasant ways;
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;
How richly blessed their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!]

8 Young lions, pinched with hunger, roar,
And famish in the wood,
But God supplies his holy poor
With every needful good.]

34

PART II. Ver. 11—22. C. M.

Warwick 334. Arlington 128.

Exhortations to peace and holiness.

1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
And, that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What, though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp, and tedious too;
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeemed their souls.

35

PART I. Ver. 1-9. C. M.

St. George's 21. Tiverton 337.

Prayer and faith of persecuted saints.

- 1 **N**OW plead my cause, Almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.
- 2 Draw out thy spear and stop their way:
Lift thine avenging rod;
But to my soul in mercy say,
"I am thy Saviour God."
- 3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.
- 4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slippery be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.
- 5 They fly, like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.
- 6 They love the road that leads to hell:
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.
- 7 But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that iniquitous race
Divide them from the bloody crew
By thy surprising grace.
- 8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

35

PART II. Ver. 12-14. C. M.

Prestwich 238. Bedford 241.

Love to enemies.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the generous love
That holy David shows!
Hark, how his sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes!

20

- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains.
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And, fasting, mortified his soul,
While for their life he prayed.
- 4 They groaned, and cursed him on their bed.
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.
- 5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.
- 6 He, the true David, Israel's King,
Blessed and beloved of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

36

Ver. 5-9. I. M.

Ivy Bridge 54. Naples 349.

The perfections and providence of God.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge;
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast,
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

36

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 7, 9. C. M.

Manchester 36. St. David's 326.

Practical atheism exposed; or, the being and attributes of God asserted.

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."
- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
What'e'er their lips profess;
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

- 3 What strange self-flattery blinds their
But there's an hastening hour [eyes!
When they shall see, with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy power.
- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathomed sea.
- 5 Above the heaven's created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.
- 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.
- 7 [From thee, when creature-streams run
And mortal comforts die, [low,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.
- 8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.]
- 2 As flowery grass cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon -
In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.
- 6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

PAUSE.

36 Ver. 1-7. S.M.
Wirksworth 11. Wurtzburg 212.
*The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God;
or, practical atheism exposed.*

- 1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes."
- 2 [He walks awhile concealed
In a self-flattering dream,
Till his dark crimes at once revealed
Expose his hateful name.]
- 3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banished from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.
- 4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,
To practise all that's ill.
- 5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice hid behind the cloud
Shall one great day appear.
- 6 His truth transcends the sky;
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.
- 7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

37 PART I. Ver. 1-15. C.M.
York 234. Bath Chapel 34.

The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief.

- 1 **W**HYY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great,
By violence and lies?

37 PART II. Ver. 16, 21, 26-31. C.M.
Peterborough 130. Tintern Abbey 118.
Charity to the poor; or, religion in words and deeds.

- 1 **W**HYY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.
- 4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learned of God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.
- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserved from every snare;
They shall possess the promised land,
And dwell for ever there.

37 PART III. Ver. 23—37. C.M.
Eversley 18. Woodford 323.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves,
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heavenly heritage is their's
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

- 5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad:
- 6 And lo! he vanished from the ground,
Destroyed by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.
- 7 But mark the man of righteousness
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways
And peaceful is his end.

38 C.M. Windsor 119. Newbury 36.
*Guilt of conscience and relief; or, repentance
and prayer for pardon and health.*

- 1 AMIDST thy wrath, remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely pressed;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.
- 3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.
- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.
- 5 Lord, I am weak, and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.
- 6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear,
And every sigh, and every groan
Is noticed by thine ear.

- 7 Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirits up
When Satan bids me die.
- 8 [My foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see 't;
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
When they supplant my feet.
- 9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.
- 10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before thy servant die!]

39 PART I. Ver. 1—3. C.M.
Liverpool 23. Maidstone 218.
*Watchfulness over the tongue; or, prudence and
zeal.*

- 1 THUS I resolved before the Lord,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbour wrong."
- 2 And if I'm e'er constrained to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel;
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be overawed,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

39 PART II. Ver. 4—7. C.M.
St. And's 28. Coventry 322.
The vanity of man as mortal.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

39 PART III. Ver. 9—13. C.M.
Crowle 225. St. Mary's 132.

Sick-bed devotion; or, pleading without repining.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord;
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam and all his numerous race,
Are vanity and smoke.]
- 6 I'm but a sojourner below
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 7 But, if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove;
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

40 PART I. Ver. 1—3, 5, 17. C.M.
Bethany 236. St. David's 326.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear me cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear.
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

40 PART II. Ver. 6—9. C.M.
York 234. Patmos 144.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, 'Your work is
'Give your burnt-offerings o'er, [vain,
In dying goats, and bullocks slain,
My soul delights no more.'
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, 'Lo, I'm here,
My God, to do thy will!
Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
Thy servant shall fulfil.
- 3 'Thy law is ever in my sight,
I keep it near my heart;
Mine ears are open with delight
To what thy lips impart.'
- 4 And see, the blessed Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.
- 5 Much he revealed his Father's grace,
And much his truth he showed,
And preached the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.
- 6 His Father's honour touched his heart,
He pitied sinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

- 7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.
- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus, by the woman's promised seed
The serpent's head was broke.

40 Ver. 5—10. L.M.
Ivy Bridge 54. Epworth 248.
Christ our sacrifice.

- 1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has
wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt:
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.
- 3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears,
Assumes a body well prepared,
And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 'Behold, I come!' (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes)
'I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.
- 5 'Tis written in thy great decree,
'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
I must fulfil the Saviour's part
And, lo! thy law is in my heart!

- 6 'I'll magnify thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw,
When on my cross I'm lifted high,
Or to my crown above the sky.
- 7 'The Spirit shall descend, and show
What thou hast done, and what I do;
The wondering world shall learn thy
grace,
Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.'

41

Ver. 1—3.

L.M.

Morning Hymn 58. Naples 349.

Charity to the poor; or, pity to the afflicted.

- 1 **B**LESSED is the man whose bowels
And melt with pity to the poor, [move,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do,
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

- 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

42

PART I. Ver. 1—5. C.M.

New York 24. Athens 244.

*Desertion and hope; or, complaint of absence
from public worship.*

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
'And where's your God at last?'
- 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.
- 5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?
- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

42

PART II. Ver. 6—11. L.M.

Neapolis 261. Philadelphia 268.

*Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, hope in
afflictions.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

24

- 2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

- 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

- 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, 'My God, my heavenly Rock,
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?'

- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, and sure relief.

- 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ
And lead me to thine heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

44

Ver 1—3, 8, 15—26.

C.M.

Great Milton 218. Peterborough 150.

The church's complaint in persecution.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old.
Thy works of power and grace;
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:
- 2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
And make thy gospel known;
Amongst them did thine arm appear;
Thy light and glory shone.
- 3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seized with shame.
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heaven,
Nor have our steps declined the road
Of duty thou hast given;
- 6 Though dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruised us sore
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

- 7 We are exposed all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause;
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,
By sharp and bloody laws.

- 8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorred
Or banished from thy face?

- 9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off?
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thy heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bowed,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their powers confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

45 S. M. Kirkdale 12. Amersham 308.
*The glory of Christ; the success of the gospel;
and the Gentile church.*

1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

6 [Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire;
And princes guard the queen.]

7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
And pay the Lord thy vows.

8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honour sing
In palaces of joy.

45 C. M. Staughton 19. Maidstone 216.
*The personal glories and government of
Christ.*

1 **I'**LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair:
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince!
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

45 PART I. L. M.
Warrington 51. Westbury 256.

The glory of Christ, and power of his gospel.

1 **N**OW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus, the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword!
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blessed
His first-born Son above the rest.

45 PART II. L. M.
Portugal 69. Adoraim 345.
Christ and his church; or, the mystical marriage.

1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen, arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls, and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favourite of his choice;
Let him be loved, and yet adored,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

6 Let endless honours crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

46

PART I. L. M.

New Sabbath 50. Genoa 252.

The church's safety and triumph among national desolations.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade,
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raving fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

46

PART II. L. M.

Bramcoate 65. Lavendon 367.

God fights for his church.

- 1 **L**ET Sion in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought;
What desolations he has made!
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear;
The sound and glory of his name.
- 5 'Be still, and learn that I am God,
I'll be exalted o'er the lands:
I will be known and feared abroad,
But still my throne in Sion stands.'
- 6 O Lord of hosts, Almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

47

C. M. Cambridge New 30. York 234.

Christ ascending and reigning.

- 1 **F**OR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
A-l hymns of triumph sing.

26

- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high,
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The British islands are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known.
While powers and princes, shields and
Submit before his throne. [swords,

48

PART I. Ver. 1—5. S. M.

Ipswich 15. Naseby 101.

The church is the honour and safety of a nation.

- 1 **[G**REAT is the Lord our God.
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]
- 3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
- 4 When kings against her joined
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled, with hasty fear.
- 5 When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempests roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.
- 6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.
- 7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

48

PART II. Ver. 10—14. S. M.

Prague 110. Needham 22.

The beauty of the church; or, general worship and order.

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Thy songs of honour raise.

- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill;
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;
- 4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.
- 6 The God, we worship now,
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

49

PART I. Ver. 6—14. C.M.

Newbury 36. Mysia 222.

Pride and death; or, the vanity of life and riches.

- 1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide?
- 2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay!
And boast, as though his flesh was born
Of better dust than they?]
- 3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve;
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.
- 4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold
That man may never die.]
- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.
- 6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,—
'My house shall ever stand;
And that my name may long abide,
I'll give it to my land.'
- 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his memory dies!
His name is written in the dust
Where his own carcase lies.

PAUSE.

- 8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.
- 9 Men, void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beasts, a thoughtless race,
And like the beasts they die.
- 10 [Laid in the grave, like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet break their sleep
In terror and despair.]

27

49

PART II. Ver. 14, 15. C.M.

Adelphi 29. Birmingham 135.

Death and the resurrection.

- 1 **Y**E sons of pride that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.
- 2 The last great day shall change the scene:
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorned them here?
- 3 God will my naked soul receive,
When separate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave
To raise my bones afresh.
- 4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

49

L. M. Babylon Streams 147. Penshurst 61.

The rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.

- 1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!
- 2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat:
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find the oppressor at their feet.
- 5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.
- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

50

PART I. Ver. 1—6. C.M.

Gorton 25. Walworth 329.

The last judgment; or, the saints rewarded.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin:"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come;
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace!
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And, if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

51

PART II. L. M.

Babylon Streams 147. Cologne 353.

Original and actual sin confessed.

- 1 LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin!
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 [Great God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold I fall before thy face!
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

51

PART III. L. M.

Neapolis 261. Goud 259.

*The backslider restored; or, repentance and faith
in the blood of Christ.*

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor lude thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort shall afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King!
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways.
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

51

PART I. Ver. 3-13. C. M.

Burford 44. Crowle 23.

Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.

- 1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!
- 2 Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.
- 3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And, as my days advanced, I grew
A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.
- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

51

PART II. Ver. 14-21. C. M.

Prestwich 238. Bethany 238.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

- 1 O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifers slain,
For sin could e'er atone :
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise ;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

53

Ver. 4—6. C. M.

Thorpe 137. Byzantium 242.

Victory, and deliverance from persecution.

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of Sion fools,
Who thus devour her saints ?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints ?
- 2 They shall be seized with sad surprise ;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.
- 3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array ;
When God has first despised their host
They fall an easy prey.
- 4 O for a word from Sion's King,
Her captives to restore !
Jacob, with all his tribes, shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

55

Ver. 1—8, 16—18, 22. C. M.

Adelphi 29. Maidstone 216.

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

- 1 **O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise
And triumph in my fears.
- 2 Their rage is levelled at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife
To shake my hope in God.
- 3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath :
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.
- 4 O were I like a feathered dove,
And innocence had wings ;
I'd fly ; and make a long remove,
From all these restless things.
- 5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.
- 6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To escape the rage of hell !
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

- 7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry ;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long delay.

31

- 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid ;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.

- 9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all ;
My courage rests upon his word,
" That saints shall never fall."

- 10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise ;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

55

Ver. 15—17, 19, 22. S. M.

Dunstable 302. Mornington 103.

Dangerous prosperity ; or, daily devotions encouraged.

- 1 **L**ET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord ;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

56

C. M. Newbury 56. Abbotsford 219.

Deliverance from oppression and falsehood ; or, God's care of his people, in answer to faith and prayer.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes the oppressor cease ;
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace !
- 2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord ;
But, as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.
- 3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust ;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.
- 4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults ;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.
- 5 Shall they escape without thy frown ?
Must their devices stand ?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand !

PAUSE.

- 6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.
- 7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.
- 8 In Thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.
- 9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word,
How righteous all thy ways!"
- 10 Thou hast secured my soul from death:
O set thy prisoner free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for thee.

57

L. M. Naples 249. Hale 70.

Praise for protection, grace, and truth.

- 1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

58

113th. Eschewbeck 73. Antioch 175.

Warning to magistrates.

- 1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When the injured poor before you stand?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners escape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hand?
- 2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heavens his justice reigns:
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

32

- 3 A poisoned arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries, or tears;
So the deaf alder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.
- 4 Break out their teeth, eternal God!
Those teeth of lions dyed in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.
- 5 The Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run;
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time—
Vain births, that never see the sun.
- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
A God that hears his children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay."

60

Ver. 1—5, 10—12. C. M.

Windsor 119.

Coventry 322.

On a day of humiliation for disappointments in war.

- 1 LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?
- 2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in diamay.
- 3 Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy threatening hand;
O heal the island thou hast broke,
Confirm the wavering land.
- 4 Lift up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confederate God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

61

Ver. 1—6. S. M.

Falmouth 300. St. Bride's 5.

Safety in God.

- 1 WHEN overwhelmed with grief
My heart within me lies,
Helpless, and far from all relief
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

62

Ver. 5—12. L. M.

Doversdale 66. Pyrton 363.

*No trust in creatures; or, faith in divine grace
and power.*

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face,
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke
And not believe what God hath spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,
'All power is his eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too.'

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord!
Shall well divide our last reward.

63

PART I. Ver. 1—5. C. M.

Prestwich 238. Woolwich Common 343.

The morning of a Lord's day.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek thy face,
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory, and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

33

63

PART II. Ver. 6—10. C. M.

Salem 390. Devizes 26.

Midnight thoughts recollected.

1 'T WAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed;
My soul arose on high;
'My God, my life, my hope,' I said,
'Bring thy salvation nigh.'

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the depths of hell.

63

L. M. Naples 349. Philadelphia 268.

*Longing after God; or, the love of God
better than life.*

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blessed.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood!

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love to appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face:
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blessed,
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

D

63 S. M. Ipswich 15. Derby 113.
Seeking God.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful hours at night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

65 PART L Ver. 1—5. L. M.
Bramcoate 65. Hafod 368.
Public prayer and praise

- 1 THE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.
- 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.
- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain,
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.
- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee,
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

- 5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays;
Babel, prepare for long distress,
When Sion's God himself arrays
In terror, and in righteousness.
- 6 With dreadful glory God fulfils,
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

65 PART II. Ver. 5—13. L. M.
Lavendon 367. Tyne 166.

*Divine providence in air, earth, and sea; or
the God of nature and grace.*

- 1 THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mixed with tears
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.
- 2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends;
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.
- 3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frightened souls to God;
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempest cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace;
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.
- 5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains established by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.
- 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky!
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
- 7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.
- 9 'Tis from his watery stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.
- 11 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language, speaks thy name.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

65 PART L C. M.
Eversley 18. Walworth 329.

A prayer-hearing God, and the gentiles called.

- 1 PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.
- 3 Blessed are them whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

65

PART II. C. M.

Staughton 38. Lichfield 324.

*The providence of God in air, earth, and sea; or,
the blessing of rain.*

- 1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains
God of eternal power; [stand,
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air, are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

65

PART III. C. M.

Wiltshire 40. Stafford 231.

The blessings of the spring; or God gives rain.

A psalm for the husbandman.

- 1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers, raised on high,
Pour out at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

- 4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The barren clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

66

PART I. C. M.

Gorton 25. Westmoreland 338.

*Governing power and goodness; or, our graces
tried by affliction.*

- 1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours, and your joys.
- 2 Say to the power that shakes the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they bow."
- 3 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frightened seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel passed the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]
- 5 He rules by his resistless might:
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke the Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?
- 6 O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.
- 7 Lord, thou hast proved our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.
- 8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promised place
By thine unerring hand.

66

PART II. Ver. 13-20. C. M.

St. David's 325. Bethany 236.

Praise to God for hearing prayer.

- 1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Power,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he hath done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

- 4 If sin lay covered in my heart,
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God (his name be ever blessed)
Hath set my spirit free;
Nor turned from him my poor request,
Nor turned his heart from me.

67 C. M. Cambridge New 30. University 340.
The nation's prosperity, and the church's increase.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 [Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the favourite land.]
- 3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad?
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt his praise;
And British hearts rejoice.
- 5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made
In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

68 PART I. Ver. 1—6, 32—35. L. M.
Selby 64. Epworth 248.
The vengeance and compassion of God.

- 1 LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.
- 2 [He comes arrayed in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names;
Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.]
- 3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high:
Sing to his name ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
- 4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress:
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song!
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne.
- 8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him
blessed:
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

68 PART II. Ver. 17, 18. L. M.
Portugal 69. Montgomery 246.
Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

- 1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait.
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives led.
- 4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

68 PART III. Ver. 19, 9, 20—22. L. M.
Bramcoate 65. Adoraim 345.
Praise for temporal blessings; or, common and special mercies.

- 1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food:
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord, that bruised the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread:
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas:
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

69

PART I. Ver. 1—14. C. M.

Burford 44. Crowle 225.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O God; the swelling floods
Break in upon my soul:
I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 'I cry till all my voice be gone,
In tears I waste the day:
My God, behold my longing eyes,
And shorten thy delay.
- 3 'They hate my soul without a cause;
And still their number grows,
More than the hairs around my head
And mighty are my foes.
- 4 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
That men could never pay;
And gave those honours to thy law
Which sinners took away.'
- 5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.
- 6 'Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
Salvation in my name,
For I have borne their heavy load
Of sorrow, pain, and shame.
- 7 'Grief, like a garment, clothed me round,
And sackcloth was my dress;
While I procured for naked souls
A robe of righteousness.
- 8 'Amongst my brethren and the Jews
I like a stranger stood,
And bore their vile reproach, to bring
The Gentiles near to God.
- 9 'I came in sinful mortals' stead
To do my Father's will;
Yet when I cleansed my Father's house,
They scandalized my zeal.
- 10 'My fasting and my holy groans
Were made the drunkard's song
But God, from his celestial throne,
Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 'He saved me from the dreadful deep,
Nor let my soul be drowned;
He raised and fixed my sinking feet
On well established ground.
- 12 'Twas in a most accepted hour
My prayer arose on high;
And for my sake my God shall hear
The dying sinner's cry.'

69

PART II. Ver. 14—21, 26, 29, 32. C. M.

Maidstone 216. Thorpe 137

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW let our lips, with holy fear
And mournful pleasure, sing
The sufferings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.
- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress:
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.

:7

- 3 'Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
Nor hide thy shining face;
Why should thy favourite look like one
Forsaken of thy grace?

- 4 'With rage they persecute the man
That groans beneath thy wound,
While for a sacrifice I pour
My life upon the ground.
- 5 'They tread my honour to the dust,
And laugh when I complain;
Their sharp insulting slanders add
Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 'All my reproach is known to thee,
The scandal and the shame;
Reproach hath broke my bleeding heart,
And lies defiled my name.
- 7 'I looked for pity, but in vain;
My kindred are my grief:
I ask my friends for comfort round,
But meet with no relief.
- 8 'With vinegar they mock my thirst:
They give me gall for food:
And sporting with my dying groans,
They triumph in my blood.
- 9 'Shine into my distressed soul,
Let thy compassion save;
And, though my flesh sink down to death,
Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 'I shall arise to praise thy name,
Shall reign in worlds unknown;
And thy salvation, O my God,
Shall seat me on thy throne.'

69

PART III. C. M.

Irish 32. Mysia 222.

*Christ's obedience and death; or, God glorified
and sinners saved.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has raised us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blessed.
- 5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join to advance the praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God!
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchased by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

69

PART I. L. M.

Crucifixion 152. Dorchester 251.

Christ's passion, and sinners' salvation.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold, the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their cursed design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

69

PART II. Ver. 7, &c. L. M.

Babylon Streams 147. Thessalonica 365.

Christ's sufferings and zeal.

- 1 **'T**WAS for my sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustained that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace
And shame defiled his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abused the man that checked their sin;
While he fulfilled thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 ['My Father's house,' said he, 'was made
A place for worship, not for trade';
Then, scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourged the merchants from the place.]
- 4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Consumed his life, exposed his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourned them as his own.]
- 5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]
- 6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung the Man that died for me.
- 7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans]
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mocked his thirst with vinegar.]
- 8 But God beheld; and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that raised him from the dead
Shall pour due vengeance on their head.

38

71

PART I. Ver. 8-9. C. M.

Bedford 241. Athens 244.

The aged saint's reflection and hope.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth:
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

71

PART II. Ver. 14-16, 22-24. C. M.

Devizes 26. Prestwich 238.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father, God.
- 4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God:
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drowned them in his blood.]
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darrest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

71

PART III. Ver. 17-21. C. M.

Eversley 18. Salem 336.

The aged Christian's prayer and song; or, old age, death, and the resurrection.

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days;
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age;
And leave a savour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endured the grief;
But when thy hand has pressed me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

72

PART I. L. M.

Berea 346. Melcombe 170.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distills,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

72

PART II. L. M.

New Sabbath 50. Pyrton 363.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

39

2 [Behold, the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold;
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.]

73

PART I. C. M.

Old Church 39. Waltham Abbey 328.

Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.

1 NOW I'm convinced the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,
And bordered on despair.

2 I grieved to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath:
"How pleasant and profane they live!
How peaceful is their death!"

3 "With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes
They lay their fears to sleep;
Against the heavens their slanders rise,
While saints in silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
And cleanse my heart in vain;
For I am chastened all the day,
The night renews my pain."

5 Yet while my tongue indulged complaints,
I felt my heart reprove!
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retired to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slippery place,
Beside a fiery pit.

- 8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.
- 9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promised grace,
And think the wicked blessed.
- 10 Yet was I kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown;
That blessed hand that broke the snare
Shall guide me to thy throne.

73 PART II. Ver. 23—28. C. M.
Bethany 236. Tiverton 337.
God our portion here and hereafter.

- 1 GOD my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold! the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

73 Ver. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. L. M.
Gilead 259. Lycaonia 369.
The prosperity of sinners cursed.

- 1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine!
- 2 But, O their end! their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when one awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
My life, my portion, and my God.

73 S. M. Kidderminster 1-2.
The mystery of providence unfolded.

- 1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain,
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
- 2 [I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes
In robes of honour shine.
- 3 Pampered with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas
And grows without their care.
- 4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure;
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.
- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.
- 6 But I, with flowing tears,
Indulged my doubts to rise;
'Is there a God that sees or hears
The things below the skies?'
- 7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word, with light and power
Did my mistakes amend;
I viewed the sinner's life before,
But here I learnt their end.
- 9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And O! that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below.
- 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

74 C. M. Walsal 42. Succoth 230.
*The church pleading with God under
sore persecution.*

- 1 WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?
- 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.
- 3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste;
Aloud our ruin calls;
See, what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.
- 4 Where once thy churches prayed and sang,
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear thy buildings down;
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
'Come, let us burn at once,' they cry,
'The temple and the priest.'

7 And still to heighten our distress
Thy presence is withdrawn:
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks, to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn;
There's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God, how long,
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy name profaned?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand?

11 What strange deliverance hast thou
In ages long before! [shown
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging sea,
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy power formed every coast
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that formed them first,
Avenge thine injured name?

16 Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

75 L. M. Woolstanton 62. Lavendon 367.
Power and government from God alone.

Applied to the Glorious Revolution by King
William, or the happy accession of King
George to the throne.

1 TO thee, most Holy, and most High,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 Britain was doomed to be a slave,
Her frame dissolved, her fears were great;
When God a new supporter gave
To bear the pillars of the state.

3 He from thy hand received his crown,
And swore to rule by wholesome laws;
His foot shall tread the oppressor down,
His arm defend the righteous cause.

4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the king that God hath made.

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne:
God, the great Sovereign of the earth,
Will rise and make his justice known.

7 [His hands hold out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance, mixed with various plagues
To make the wicked drink them up.
Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.]

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just;
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays thy glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

76 C. M. University 340. Dove Dale 27.
*Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed;
or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceed
from his church.*

1 IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Sion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints
His dwelling there he chose;
There he received their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

3 From Sion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threatening spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crushed the Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Sion's king that stopped the breath
Of captains and their hands;
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

7 What power can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with dreadful
'The earth lies still and fears. [light,

8 When God in his own sovereign ways
Comes down to save the oppressed,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

- 9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes, fear his frown;
His terror shakes the proudest king,
And cuts an army down.
- 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Sion still.]

77

PART I. C. M.

Bath Chapel 34. Florence 235.

Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.

- 1 **T**O God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And filed the night with fear.
- 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refused relief;
I thought on God, the Just and Wise,
But thoughts increased my grief.
- 3 Still I complained, and still oppressed,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And called thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I called back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit searched for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.
- 6 I called thy mercies to my mind
Which I enjoyed before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?
- 7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?
- 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame;
Remembering what thy hand hath wrought,
Thy hand is still the same. [wrought;
- 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.
- 10 Grace dwells with Justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

77

PART II. C. M.

St. David's 326. Byzantium 242.

*Comfort derived from ancient providences; or,
Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought
to Canaan.*

- 1 **H**OW awful is thy chastening rod!
(May thy own children say)
'The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
How holy is his way!'

42

- 2 I'll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.
- 3 Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppressed;
Long he delayed to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.
- 4 The sons of good old Jacob seemed
Abandoned to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeemed
The nation that he chose.
- 5 Israel, his people, and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their wails.
- 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frightened stood,
To make thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.
- 8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.
- 9 Thine arrows through the skies were
How glorious is the Lord! (hurled,
Surprise and trembling seized the world,
And his own saints adored.
- 10 He gave them water from the rock,
And safe, by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promised land.]

78

PART I. C. M.

Woolwich Common 343. New York 24.

*Providences of God recorded; or, pious education
and instruction of children.*

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

78

PART II. C. M.

Burford 44. St. Mary's 132.

Israel's rebellion and punishment; or, the sins and chastisement of God's people.

- 1 **WHAT** a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.
- 2 They broke the covenant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His power before their eyes.
- 3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his avenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!
- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And marched in safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had escaped the foe.
- 5 A wondrous pillar marked the road,
Composed of shade and light;
By day it proved a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.
- 6 He from the rock their thirst supplied;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle!
- 7 Yet they provoked the Lord most high,
And dared distrust his hand:
'Can he with bread our host supply
Amidst this desert land?'
- 8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caused his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepared
To vindicate his name.

78

PART III. C. M.

Matlock 332. Birmingham 135.

The punishment of luxury and intemperance; or, chastisement and salvation.

- 1 **WHEN** Israel sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heavenly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.
- 3 The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.
- 4 But they in murmuring language said,
'Manna is all our feast;
We loathe this light, this airy bread;
We must have flesh to taste.'
- 5 'Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,'
(The Lord in wrath replied)
And sent them quails like sand or dust,
Heaped up from side to side.

43

- 6 He gave them all their own desire;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain, the rest returned,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they feared and mourned,
But soon forgot their fears.
- 8 Oft he chastised, and still forgave;
Till by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolved to save
Possessed the promised land.

78

PART IV. Ver. 32, &c. L. M.

Chard 157. Bohemia 350.

Backsliding and forgiveness; or, sin punished and saints saved.

- 1 **GREAT** God! how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love!
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.
- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.
- 3 The Lord consumed their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain!
A tedious march through unknown ways
Wore out their strength and spent their days.
- 4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourned, and sought the Lord again;
Called him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.
- 5 Their prayers and vows before him rise,
As flattering words or solemn lies;
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant and his love.
- 6 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
The men who not deserved to live:
His anger oft away he turned,
Or else with gentle flame it burned.
- 7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail;
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abraham loved them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

80

L. M. Neapolis 261. Pyrron 263.

The church's prayer under affliction; or, the vineyard of God wasted.

- 1 **GREAT** Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led'st the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep.
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God! whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

- 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?
- 6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
- 7 Why is its beauty thus defaced?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.
- 8 Return, Almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 3 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too;
Attacked in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of promise rose.
- 10 Fair Branch, ordained of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble vine; and we
The lesser branches of the tree.
- 11 'Tis thine own Son, and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorned and blessed
With power and grace above the rest.
- 12 Oh! for his sake, attend our cry;
Shine on thy churches, lest they die:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

81

Ver. 1, 8—16. S. M.

Hopkins 10. Norwich 312.

*The warnings of God to his people; or, spiritual
blessings and punishments.*

- 1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God;
Let Israel hear his voice.
- 2 'From vile idolatry
Preserve my worship clean;
I am the Lord who set thee free
From slavery and sin.
- 3 'Stretch thy desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well;
But if ye will refuse your God,
If Israel will rebel,—
- 4 'I'll leave them,' saith the Lord,
'To their own lusts a prey;
And let them run the dangerous road;
Tis their own chosen way.
- 5 'Yet, O that all my saints
Would hearken to my voice!
Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
And bid their hearts rejoice.

44

- 6 'While I destroy their foes,
I'd richly feed my flock,
And they should taste the stream that flows
From their eternal Rock.'

82

L. M. St. Peter's 288. Ivy Lane 54.

*God the supreme governor, or, magistrates
warned.*

- 1 AMONG the assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat;
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support the unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne;
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our Judge, and he our God.

83

S. M. Westwood 207. Mornington 103.

A complaint against persecutors.

- 1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?
- 2 Behold, what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee
Lift up their threatening head.
- 3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.
- 4 The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap;
The lion and the stupid ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.
- 5 'Come, let us join,' they cry,
To root them from the ground,
Till not the name of saints remain,
Nor memory shall be found.'
- 6 Awake, almighty God!
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.
- 7 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.
- 8 Then shall the nations know
That glorious, dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

84

PART I. L. M.

Naples 349. Wandsworth 158.

The pleasures of public worship.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode ;
My panting heart cries out for God ;
My God ! my King ! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and thee ?
- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest :
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want ?
- 4 Blessed are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blessed are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ?
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 6 Blessed are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

84

PART II. L. M.

Melcombe 170. Oswestry 265.

God and his church ; or, grace and glory.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence
springs ;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun ; he makes our day :
God is our shield ; he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin ;
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too !
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee ;
Blessed is the man that trusts in thee.

84

Ver. 1—4, 10. Paraphrased. C. M.

Prestwich 238. Wiltshire 40.

*Delight in ordinances of worship ; or, God
present in his churches.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

45

- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays ;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place ;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will ;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode ;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God ?
- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove :
O make me, like the sparrows, blessed
To dwell but where I love.
- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity,
Employed in carnal joys.
- 8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.
- 9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blessed hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

84

148th.

Resurrection 195. Caernarvon 384.

Longing for the house of God.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest ;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest :
My spirit faints
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
There constant service there !
They praise thee still ;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears ;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears ;

O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

PAUSE.

- 5 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.
- 6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts his hands are filled
We draw our blessings thence ;
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.
- 7 The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls :
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

85

PART I. Ver. 1—8. L. M.

Epworth 248. Israel 67.

*Waiting for an answer to prayer ; or, deliverance
begun and completed.*

- 1 LORD, thou hast called thy grace to
mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom :
So God forgave when Israel sinned,
And brought his wandering captives
home.
- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate ;
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.
- 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word :
We wait for praise to tune our voice.
- 4 We wait to hear what God will say ;
He'll speak, and give his people peace ;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

85

PART II. Ver. 9, &c. L. M.
Morning Hymn 54. Philadelphia 268.*Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord ;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from
By his obedience, so complete, heaven ;
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

- 4 His righteousness is gone before
To give us free access to God ;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

86

Ver. 8—13. C. M.

St. George's 21. Bethany 236.

A general song of praise to God.

- 1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine ;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne !
For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.
- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet ;
Teach me thine heavenly ways ;
And my poor scattered thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.
- 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell ;
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

87

L. M. Westbury 256. St. Mark's 247.

*The church the birth-place of the saints ; or,
Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian church.*

- 1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise :
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were described of old !
What wonders are of Zion told !
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew ;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hail where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourished there !

89

PART I. L. M.

Montgomery 246. Brecon 361.

The covenant made with Christ.

- 1 FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven established by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
'With thee my covenant first is made ;
In thee shall dying sinners live,
Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 'Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
Thy children shall be ever blessed;
Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
Shall stand eternal, like my own.

4 'There's none of all my sons above
So much my image or my love:
Celestial powers thy subjects are:
Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 'David, my servant, whom I chose
To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
And raised him to the Jewish throne,
Was but a shadow of my Son.'

6 Now let the church rejoice, and sing
Jesus, her Saviour, and her King:
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

89

PART I. C. M.

Staughton 38. Westmoreland 336.

The faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts! thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thine unchanging love.

89

PART II. Ver. 7, &c. C. M.

Prestwich 238. Gorton 25.

The power and majesty of God.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compared with thine?

3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The raging billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell:
How did thine arm in vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

47

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

89

PART III. Ver. 15, &c. C. M.

Devizes 26. Morley 228.

A blessed gospel.

1 BLESSED are the souls that hear and
The gospel's joyful sound; [know
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

89

PART IV. Ver. 19, &c. C. M.

St. Stephen's 19. Broughton 140.

Christ's mediatorial kingdom.

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
'Sinners! behold your help is laid
On my Almighty Son.

2 Behold the Man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my grace.

3 'High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better King;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

4 'My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side;
While in my name through earth and sea
He shall in triumph ride.

5 'Me for his Father and his God
He shall for ever own;
Call me his Rock, his high abode;
And I'll support my Son.

6 'My first-born Son, arrayed in grace,
At my right hand shall sit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.

7 'My covenant stands for ever fast,
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long.

89

PART V. Ver. 30, &c. C. M.

York 234. Westham 233.

The covenant of grace unchangeable; or, afflictions without rejection.

1 'YET, saith the Lord, if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt mine anger down;

- 2 ' Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 ' My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath spoke
Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 ' Once have I sworn (I need no more,
And pledged my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race.
- 5 ' The sun shall see his offspring rise
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day.
- 6 ' Sure as the moon that rules the night
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fixed laws of shade and light
Shall be observed no more.'

89

PART VI. Ver. 47, &c. L. M.

Mortality and hope.
A funeral psalm.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
' Must death for ever rage and reign?
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?
- 3 Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turned to dust?
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord'

89

LAST PART. Ver. 47, &c. 113th Metre.
Life, death, and the resurrection.

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?
- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
' The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?'
Are not thy servants day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?
- 3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

48

- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach, and pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud Amen.

90

L. M. Montgomery 246.

Man mortal, and God eternal.
A mournful song at a funeral.

- 1 **T**HROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne, e'er heaven was
made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reigned e'er time began,
Or dust was fashioned to a man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
' Return, ye sinners, to your dust.'
- 4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

- 5 Death like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.
- 6 [Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.
- 7 But, O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear that power that strikes us dead.]
- 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of pity
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

90

PART I. Ver. 1-5. C. M.

St. David's 226. Evening 18.
Man frail, and God eternal.

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
' Return, ye ~~sons~~ of men.'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares.
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

8 Like flowery fields the nations stand
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering e'er 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

90 PART II. Ver. 8—12. C. M.
Crowle 225. St. Asaph 139.
Life, old age, and preparation for death.

1 LORD, if thine eye survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam with all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable, or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne!

7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
To improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

90 PART III. Ver. 15, &c. C. M.
Maidstone 216. Athens 244.
Breathing after heaven.

1 RETURN, O God of love return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show;
Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done;
Meet a divine reward.

90 Ver. 5, 10, 12. S. M.
Attalia 208. Naseby 104.
The frailty and shortness of life.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month, and every day
'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace;
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blessed eternity.

91 PART I. Ver. 1—7. L. M.
Genoa 232. Ulverston 171.
Safety in public diseases and dangers.

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, 'My God, thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I that am formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust.'

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a lion protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood
Under her feathers; so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life: his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.

6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

- 8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Passed all the doors of Jacob by.
- 9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blessed.
- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

91

PART II. Ver. 9—16. C. M.
Bath Chapel 34. Walworth 329.
Protection from death.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or, if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall,
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 'Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them,' saith the Lord;
'I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.
- 7 'My grace shall answer when they call;
In trouble I'll be nigh;
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.
- 8 'Those that on earth my name have
'I'll honour them in heaven; [known,
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given.'

92

PART I. L. M.
New Sabbath 50. Westbury 256.
A psalm for the Lord's day.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King.
To praise thy name, give thanks, and
To show thy love by morning-light, [sing,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word.
Thy works of grace, how bright they shew,
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

- 5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart.
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

92

PART II. Ver. 12, &c L. M.
Hungary 354. Portuguese Hymn 199, altered.
The church is the garden of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blessed with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive,
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

93

First Metre. As the 100th Psalm.
Berea 346. Emmaus 271.
The eternal and sovereign God.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high,
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting business
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

93

Second Metre. The old 50th, tune 99.
The eternal and sovereign God.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high,
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and established by his hand;
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

- 2 God is th' eternat King Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign;
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild com-
motion, [ocean.
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling
- 3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods be still
And the mad world submissive to his will;
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See his own sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

93 Third Metre. As the old 122nd Psalm.
Colosse 383.

The eternal and sovereign God.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands
The world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er re-
Thy saints with holy fear [move:
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

94 PART I. Ver. 1, 2, 7—14. C.M.
Charmouth 124. Camberwell New 22.

Saints chastised, and sinners destroyed.

- 1 **O** GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, 'The Lord nor sees nor hears.'
When will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf who formed their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.
- 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
Shall make them know their God.

- 5 Blessed is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
When they forget thy law.

- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

94 PART II. Ver. 16—23. C.M.
Liverpool 23. St. Asaph 139.
God our support and comfort.

- 1 **W**HO will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?
- 2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt;
My soul amongst the dead.
- 3 'Alas! my sliding feet,' I cried;
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.
- 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies;
He will defend my cause.
- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

95 C.M. Cambridge New 30. York 234.
A psalm before prayer.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know
How mean their natures seem;
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compared with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!
- 6 Now is the time: he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear.
'Ye shall not see my rest.'

95 S. M. Falcon Street 2, Amersham 308.
A psalm before sermon.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race,—
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance dressed,
Will lift his hand and swear.
'You that despise my promised rest
Shall have no portion there.'

95 L. M. Ver. 1, 2, 3, 6—11.
Westbury 256. Bristol 362.
Canaan lost through unbelief.

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face;
A faithless, unbelieving brood,
That tired the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, 'How false they
Forget my power, abuse my love! prove!
Since they despise my rest, I swear
Their feet shall never enter there.'
- 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessings by delay.
- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be for ever blessed.]

96 Ver. 1, 10, &c. L. M.
Cambridge New 30 Wingham 30
Christ's first and second coming

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys, rise,
Prepare the Lord his way!
- 5 Behold he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

96 As the 113th Psalm.
Escowbeck 73. Antioch 173.
The God of the Gentiles.

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord!
The wondering nations read thy word,
In Britain is Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made:
Our Maker is our God alone.
- 3 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauty how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!
- 4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim

97 PART I. Ver. 1—4. L. M.
St. Paul's 151. Brecon 361.
Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment

- 1 HE reigns! the Lord, the Saviour
reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains!
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the
Before him burns devouring fire, the
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

- 4 His enemies with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day :
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

97

PART II. Ver. 6—9. L. M.
Tinsbury 159. Chesterton 263.
Christ's Incarnation.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come; the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Judah shout, and Sion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

97

PART III. L. M.
Neapolis 261. Lavendon 367.
Grace and glory.

- 1 **T**HE Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O! ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless their eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

97

Ver. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. C. M.
St. George's 21. Watford 331.
Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.

- 1 **Y**E islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known:
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

53

- 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire:
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise, and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

98

PART I. C. M.
New York 24. University 340.
Praise for the gospel.

- 1 **T**our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blessed.
- 2 He spake the word to Abraham first;
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

98

PART II. C. M.
Wiltshire 40. Lichfield 324.
The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

- 1 **J**OY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ:
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

99

PART I. S. M.
Shelford 210. Kirkdale 12.
Christ's kingdom and majesty.

- 1 **T**HE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Sion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment, join
In all his works of grace.

99

PART II. S. M.

Annan 209. Attalia 206.

A holy God worshipped with reverence.

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

100

PART I. L. M.

Berea 346. Tunisbury 159.

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

100

PART II. L. M.

Montgomery 246. Psalms 100th 46.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore;
The British Isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.
- 2 Nations, attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone
He can create and he destroy.
- 3 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we bear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth with harp ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 6 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

101

L. M. Leicester 160. Ulverston 171.

The magistrate's psalm.

- 1 **M**ERCY and judgment are my song;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.
- 2 If I am raised to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth, and trust
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and favourites still.]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender shan't be spared.
- 7 The impious crew [that factious band]
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power shall be suppressed.

101

C. M. Maidstone 216. St. Stephen 216.

A psalm for the master of a family.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wiser;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help employ;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

102 PART I. Ver. 1—13, 21. C. M.

Thorpe 137. Hammersmith 316.

A prayer of the afflicted.

- 1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?
- 2 My days are wasted, like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag like withering grass
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.
- 5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.
- 6 Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears,
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread, like ashes, grows
Unpleasant to my taste.
- 8 Sense can afford no real joy,
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 9 My looks like withered leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint, as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.
- 10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise and show thy face;
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond the appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

102 PART II. Ver. 13—21. C. M.

Eversley 19. Tabernacle 136.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- 1 **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

- 4 He sits a Sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoner's groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemned to death,
And, when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

102 PART III. Ver. 23—28. L. M.

Wells 55. Anspach 371.

Man's mortality, and Christ's eternity.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?
- 3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage,
'Our Father and our Saviour live;
Christ is the same through every age.'
- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand:
This earth grows old, these heavens shall
fade,
And all be changed at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm on high:
Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

103 PART I. Ver. 1—7. L. M.

Warrington 51. Haarlem 264.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove
abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.
- 5 Our youth decayed, his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
- 6 He sees the oppressor and the oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.
- 7 [His power he showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

103

PART II. Ver. 8—18 L. M.

Adoraim 345. Cato 52.

God's tender mercy to his people.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wonderful are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his
grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!
- 5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hand and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

- 7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust:
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.
- 9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

103

PART I. Ver. 1—7. S. M.

Prague 110. Derby 313.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies be
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

103

PART II. Ver. 8—18. S. M.

Amersham 308. Exeter 6.

Abounding compassion of God.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
And, when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.
- 8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

103

PART III. Ver. 19—22. S.M.
Peckham 8. Lincoln College 213.*God's universal dominion.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fixed his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.
- 2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.
- 4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory; thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

104

L.M. Gloucester 78.

*The glory of God in creation and
providence.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise;
When clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

[*Note.*—This psalm may be sung to the tune
of the old 112th or 127th psalm, by adding these
two lines in every stanza; namely,

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th psalm.]

- 2 The heavens are for his curtains spread,
The unfathomed deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.
- 4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are poised, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.
- 5 When earth was covered with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thundered, and the ocean fled,
Confined to its appointed bed.
- 6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence conveyed by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the
plains.
- 7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

57

- 8 From pleasant trees which shade the
brink,
The lark and linnet 'light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 9 God from his cloudy cistern pours
On the parched earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man, of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice; [wine,
Our hearts are cheered with generous
With inward joy our faces shine.
- 12 O bless his name, ye Britons! fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Raised in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills ascends the goat,
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feeble creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face,
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning-beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.
- 17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift; that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.
- 18 How strange thy works! how great thy
And every land thy riches fill; [skill!
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.
- 19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.
- 20 There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE THE THIRD.

- 21 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

107

PART IV. L.M.

Gilead 259. St. Paul's 151.

Deliverance from storms and shipwreck.

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind;
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink in dreadful deeps again!
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears the loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm; the sailors smile to see,
The haven where they wished to be.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

107

PART IV. C.M.

Deviex 26. Warwick 334.

The mariner's psalm.

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record
Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
The men astonished mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.]
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath;
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He hears the loud request.
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allayed;
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
- 8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

(8)

107

LAST PART. L.M.

Israel 67. Fulham 355.

Colonies planted.—A psalm for New England.

- 1 **W**HEN God, provoked with daring crimes,
Scourges the malice of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the withered mountains green;
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.
- 3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' oppressed and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.]
- 4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
- 5 Thus they are blessed; and if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barbarous hands.
- 6 Their captive sons, exposed to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn;
The country lies unfenced, untilled,
And desolation spreads the field.
- 7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids their dying churches live.]
- 8 The righteous with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.
- 9 How few, with pious care, record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

109

Ver. 1—5, 31. C.M.

Old Church 39. Hammersmith 216.

Love to enemies, from the example of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed him around.
- 3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursued;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice raged without a cause,
Yet, with his dying breath,
He prayed for murderers on his cross,
And blessed his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

110

PART I. L. M.

Wareham 57. Brecon 361.

Christ exalted, and multitudes converted.

- 1 **T**HUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son, 'Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 'From Zion shall thy word proceed,
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing
minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines.
- 4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

110

PART II. L. M. Stirling 161.

The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS the great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore;
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
And change from hand to hand no more.
- 2 'Aaron and all his sons must die;
But everlasting life is thine,
To save for ever those that fly
For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 3 By me Melchisedec was made
On earth a king and priest at once;
And thou, my heavenly Priest, shalt
plead,
And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons.'
- 4 Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and success.
- 5 Through the whole earth his reign shall
spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel;
Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.
- 6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The sufferings of that dreadful day,
Shall but advance him near to God.

110

C. M. Staughton 38. Athens 244.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

61

- 3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
'Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

- 4 'Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man whom Abraham blessed,
Was but a type of thee.'

- 5 Jesus our priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

111

PART I. C. M.

Wiltshire 40. Watford 331.

The wisdom of God in his works.

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath
How glorious in our sight! [wrought!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise the Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.
- 4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?
- 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinely skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

111

PART II. C. M.

Clifton 123. Walworth 326

The perfections of God.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his covenant sure:
Holy and reverend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

116

PART I. C. M.
 Eversley 18. Prestwich 236.
Recovery from sickness.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
 And pitied every groan;
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord; he bowed his ear,
 And chased my griefs away;
 O let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray!
- 3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
 And I drew near the dead;
 While inward pangs and fears of hell
 Perplexed my wakeful head.
- 4 'My God,' I cried, 'thy servant save,
 Thou ever good and just;
 Thy power can rescue from the grave,
 Thy power is all my trust.'
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
 He bid my pains remove;
 Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
 And dried my falling tears;
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

116

PART II. Ver. 12, &c. C. M.
 St. Stephen's 19. Salem 238.
Vows made in trouble paid in the church.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
 My offerings shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God!
 How dear thy servants in thy sight!
 How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all thy servants are!
 How great thy grace to me!
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall thy purpose move;
 Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record;
 Witness, ye anoints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

117

C. M. Dover 45. Kibbuck 341.
Praise to God from all nations.

- 1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
 Each with a different tongue;
 In every language burst his word,
 And let his name be sung.

64

- 2 His mercy reigns through every land;
 Proclaim his grace abroad;
 For ever firm his truth shall stand;
 Praise ye the faithful God.

117

L. M. Denton 72.
The same.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

117

S. M. Sidmouth 201. Prague 136.
The same.

- 1 THY name, almighty Lord,
 Shall sound through distant lands;
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
 Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honours spread,
 And long thy praise endure,
 Till morning light, and evening shade
 Shall be exchanged no more.

118

PART I. Ver. 6—15. C. M.
 Derives 26. Snowdon 333.
Deliverance from a tumult.

- 1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
 Nor is my faith afraid
 Of what the sons of earth can do,
 Since heaven affords its aid.
- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
 And have my God my friend,
 Than trust in men of high degree,
 And on their truth depend.
- 3 Like bees, my foes beset me round,
 A large and angry swarm;
 But I shall all their rage confound
 By thine almighty arm.
- 4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,
 In him my lips rejoice;
 While his salvation is my song,
 How cheerful is my voice!
- 5 Like angry bees, they girt me round;
 When God appears they fly;
 So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
 Make a fierce blaze and die.
- 6 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs;
 The Lord protects their days;
 Let Israel tune immortal songs
 To his almighty grace.

118

PART II. Ver. 17—21. C. M.
 St. David's 238. Nottingham 142.
Public praise for deliverance from death.

- 1 LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
 And rescued from the grave
 Now shall he live and none can die,
 If God resolve to save.
- 2 Thy praise more constant than before,
 Shall fill his daily breath;
 The hand that hath chastised him sore,
 Defends him still from death.

- 3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there;
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.
- 4 Among the assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

118 PART III. Ver. 22, 23. C. M.
Northampton 41. Prestwich 238.
Christ the foundation of his church.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

118 PART IV. Ver. 24—26. C. M.
Cambridge New 29. Tabernacle 136.
Hosannah; the Lord's day.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blessed be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosannah in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

118 S. M. Ver. 22—27.
Amersham 308. Lonsdale 306.
An hosannah for the Lord's day.

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosannah to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

118 L. M. Ver. 22—27.
St. Mark's 247. Brecon 361.
The same.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners, rejoice; and saints be glad;
Hosannah, let his name be blessed;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, rest!
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

119. PART I. Ver. 1, 2, 3. C. M.
Old Church 39. Sheffield 327.

I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a *divine song* on each of them; but the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connexion.

In some places, among the words, *law, commands, judgments, testimonies, &c.*, I have used, *gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, &c.*, as more agreeable to the New Testament and the common language of Christians, and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.

The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.
- 2 Blessed are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

VER. 165.

- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

VER. 33, 34.

- 5 If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

VER. 50, 71.

- 6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

VER. 51.

- 7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

VER. 27, 171.

- 8 When I have learned my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

119

PART X. C. M.

Great Milton 216. Tiverton 337.
Pleading the promises.

VER. 38, 49.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

VER. 41, 58, 107.

- 2 Hast thou not writ salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

VER. 123, 42.

- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
Who dare reproach my hope.

VER. 49, 74.

- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

119

PART XI. C. M.

St. Ann's 28. Bethany 236.
Breathing after holiness.

VER. 5, 33.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

VER. 29.

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

VER. 37, 36.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise,
Within this soul of mine.

VER. 133.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

VER. 176.

- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

VER. 35.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

119

PART XII. C. M.

Adelphi 29. Coventry 722.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

VER. 153.

- 1 **M**Y God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinned against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

VER. 39, 116.

- 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

VER. 122, 135.

- 3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

VER. 82.

- 4 My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
'When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
And make my comforts rise?'

VER. 132.

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same
As thou art ever wont to afford
To those that love thy name.

119

PART XIII. C. M.

St. David's 326. St. James's 17.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

VER. 10.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought thy
O let me never stray {face};
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

VER. 11.

- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

VER. 63, 53, 158.

- 3 I'm a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

VER. 161, 163.

- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

VER. 161, 120.

- 5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

VER. 166, 174.

- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

119

PART XIV. C. M.

Newbury 36. Hammersmith 316.

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

VER. 153, 81, 82.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

VER. 71.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

VER. 50.

- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins—
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

VER. 92.

- 4 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

VER. 75.

- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

VER. 67.

- 6 Before I knew thy chastening rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

119

PART XV. C. M.

Devizes 26. Old Church 39.

Holy resolutions.

VER. 93.

- 1 **O** THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

69

VER. 15, 16.

- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

VER. 32.

- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains.
And set my feet at large!

VER. 13, 46.

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name; [hear.
I'll speak thy word, though kings should
Nor yield to sinful shame.

VER. 61, 69, 70.

- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right:
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

VER. 115.

- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

119

PART XVI. C. M.

Burford 44. St. Matthews 145.

Prayer for quickening grace.

VER. 25, 37.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

VER. 107.

- 3 When sore afflictions press me down
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

VER. 156, 40.

- 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

VER. 159, 40.

- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

VER. 93.

- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

119

PART XVII. L. M.

Penshurst 31. Cologne 353.

Courage and perseverance under persecution.

VER. 143, 28.

- 1 **W**HEN pain and anguish seize me,
 Lord,
 All my support is from thy word;
 My soul dissolves for heaviness:
 Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

VER. 51, 69, 110.

- 2 The proud have framed their scoffs and lies,
 They watch my feet with envious eyes,
 And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
 Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

VER. 161, 78.

- 3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
 They hate to see me love thy laws;
 But I will trust and fear thy name,
 Till pride and malice die with shame.

119

LAST PART. L. M.

Armathea 146. Bohemia 350.

Sanctified afflictions.

VER. 67, 59.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
 How kind was thy chastising rod
 That forced my conscience to a stand,
 And brought my wandering soul to God!
- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray
 Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
 I left my guide, and lost my way,
 But now I love and keep thy word.

VER. 71.

- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
 For pride is apt to rise and swell;
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
 That I might learn his statutes well.

VER. 72.

- 4 The law that issues from thy mouth
 Shall raise my cheerful passions more
 Than all the treasures of the south,
 Or western hills of golden ore.

VER. 73.

- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
 Thy spirit formed my soul within;
 Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
 And guard me safe from death and sin.

VER. 74.

- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
 At my salvation shall rejoice;
 For I have hoped in thy word,
 And made thy grace my only choice.

120

C. M. Antwerp 16. Broughton 140.

Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours.

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever-blessed,
 Pity my suffering state;
 When wilt thou set my soul at rest
 From lips that love deceit?

70

- 2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
 Among the sons of strife,
 Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
 My golden hours of life.

- 3 O might I fly to change my place,
 How would I choose to dwell
 In some wild lonesome wilderness,
 And leave these gates of hell!

- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
 How lovely are its charms!
 I am for peace; but when I speak
 They all declare for arms.

- 5 New passions still their souls engage,
 And keep their malice strong:
 What shall be done to curb thy rage,
 O thou devouring tongue!

- 6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
 Strict justice would approve;
 But I had rather spare my foe,
 And melt his heart with love.

121

L. M. Coombs's 149. Pyrron 32.

Divine protection.

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The eternal hills beyond the skies;
 Thence all her help my soul derives:
 There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
 That built the world, that spread the flood;
 The heavens with all her hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
 His morning smiles bless all the day;
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blessed,
 May rise secure, securely rest;
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
 Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
 Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
 Still thou shalt go, and still return,
 Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
 Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
 And in thy last departing hour,
 Angels, that trace the airy road,
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

121

C. M. Staughton 28. Walworth 220.

Preservation by day and night.

- 1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid:
 The Lord that built the earth and skies
 Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall
 Whom he designs to keep;
 His ears attend the softest call,
 His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come:
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

121 Psalm 148, 95. St. Thomas's 196.
God our preserver.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is high
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Or fall in fatal snares,
Since God my guard and guide
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

122 C.M. Mount Pleasant 37.
Going to church.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
'In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.'

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blessed!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

122 Proper Tune. Colosse 363.
The same.

1 HOW pleased and blessed was I
To hear the people cry,
'Come, let us seek our God to-day!'
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
'Peace to this sacred house!'
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blessed abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

123 C.M. Eversley 18. St. Asaph 139.
Pleading with submission.

1 OTHOU whose grace and justice reign,
Enthroned above the skies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke!
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God!
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

- 5 Our foes insult us ; but our hope
In thy compassion lies ;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

124 L. M. Hale 70. St. Peter's 255.
A song for the fifth of November.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintained our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide ;
- 2 The swelling tide had stopped our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallowed deep in death ;
Proud waters had o'erwhelmed our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escaped the fatal stroke ;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,
Who saved us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who formed the earth and built the skies :
He that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

125 C. M. Bedford 241. Morley 228.
The saints' trial and safety.

- 1 **U**NSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.
- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

125 S. M. Attalia 208. Farnworth 106.
The same.

- 1 **F**IRM and unmoved are they
That rest their souls on God ;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.

- 3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke ;
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

- 5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint ;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

- 6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

126 L. M. Portugal 69. Westbury 256.
Surprising deliverance.

- 1 **W**HEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our
theme ;
The grace beyond our hopes so great
That joy appeared a painted dream.
- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name ;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
- 3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they vanished so ;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man that in his furrowed field
His scattered seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

126 C. M. Prestwich 239. Ashley 225.
The joy of a remarkable conversion.

- 1 **W**HEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 'Great is the work,' my neighbours cried,
And owned the power divine ;
'Great is the work,' my heart replied,
'And be the glory thine.'
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope !
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.

127 L.M. Bramcoate 65. Piercefield 254.
*The blessing of God on the business and
comforts of life.*

- 1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blessed:
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our Sovereign make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove
When they are seasoned with his love.

127 C.M. York 234. London New 20.
God all in all.

- 1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew;
And till the stars ascend the skies
Your tiresome toil pursue;
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain, till God has blessed;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove;
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

128 C.M. St. James 17. Nottingham 142.
Family blessings.

- 1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is filled
With zeal and reverend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.
- 2 A careful providence shall stand
And ever guard thy head;
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.
- 5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

129 C.M. Bethany 236. Crowle 225.
Persecutors punished.

- 1 UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nursed in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assailed my riper age,
But not destroyed my life.
- 3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vexed my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And, with impartial eye,
Measured the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was their insolence surprised
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Sion seized
With horror to the soul.
- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.
- 7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despised in death.]
- 8 [So corn that on the house-top stands
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.]
- 9 It springs and withers on the place;
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

130 C.M. Antwerp 16. Thorpe 137.
Pardoning grace.

- 1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]
- 5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light
And meet them with their eyes:]

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first opening of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 [Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.]

8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslaved;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be saved.]

130 L.M. Angel's Song 47. Alsace 250.
Pardoning grace.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled
thoughts
To thee, my God, I raised my cries!
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou has built thy throne of grace
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long, and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fixed upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

131 C.M. Arlington 129. Lancaster 237.
Humility and submission.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow be resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

132 Ver. 5, 13—18. L.M.
Warrington 51. St. Marks 247.
At the settlement of a church.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find,
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for the Eternal mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest,
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blessed.

3 'Here I will fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever,' saith the Lord;
'Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.'

4 'Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door
With sweet provision shall be fed.'

5 'Girded with truth, and clothed with
grace,
My priests, my ministers, shall shine;
Not Aaron in his costly dress
Made an appearance so divine.'

6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

7 [Jesus shall see a numerous seed
Born here to uphold his glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are clothed with shame.]

132 Ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. C.M.
St. Stephen's 19. Maidstone 216.
** A church established.*

1 [NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.]

2 The Lord in Zion placed his name,
His ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came,
To worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints as cinble now,
There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blessed.

5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed stand;
Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and power divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

133 C.M. Woolwich Common 245
Brotherly love.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 What streams of love from Christ the
Descend to every soul, [spring
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole :

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head ;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That fall on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

133 S.M. Mansfield 7. Annan 209.
Communion of saints.

1 **B**LESSED are the sons of peace
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blessed is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blessed above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

133 As the 122nd Psalm. Colosse 383.
The blessings of friendship.

1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see,
Kindred and friends agree ;
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love !

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet ;
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume, [feet.
Ran through his robes, and blessed his

3 Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills ;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.
Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.

134 C.M. St. David's 326. Snowden 333.
Daily and nightly devotion.

1 **Y**E that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place ;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high ;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace ;
The God that spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

135 PART I. Ver. 1—4, 14, 19—21. L.M.
Selby 64. Montgomery 246.
The church is God's house and care.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good ;
To praise his name is sweet employ :
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;
He treats his servants as his friends ;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks the oppressor's rod ;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known the Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priest, exalt his name ;
Amongst his saints he ever dwells ;
His church is his Jerusalem.

135 PART II. Ver. 5—12. L.M.
Babylon Streams 147. Berea 346.
*The works of creation, providence, redemption of
Israel, and destruction of enemies.*

1 **G**RAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and every throne ;
Whate'er he please, in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar ;
He pours the rain, he brings the winds,
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land,
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeemed,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave.

5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell ;
And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

135 C.M. Wiltshire 40. Lichfield 324.
Praise due to God, not to idols.

1 **A**WAKE, ye saints ; to praise your King
Your sweetest passions raise ;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are his divine employ ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

- 3 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All power that gods or kings have claimed
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be named
Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5 Which of the stocks and stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were ne'er designed to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their relief
Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 O Britain, know thy living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there.

136 C.M. Staughton 38. Psalm 96th 223.
*God's wonders of creation, providence,
redemption of Israel, and salvation of his people.*

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, the Sovereign
His mercies still endure; [Lord;
And be the King of kings adored;
His truth is ever sure.
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea, he framed alone;
How wide is his command!
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light;
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night;
His works are all divine.
- 4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led;
How gracious is our God!
- 5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
His arm is great in might;
And gave the tribes a passage through;
His power and grace unite.
- 6 But Pharaoh's army there he drowned;
How glorious are his ways;
And brought his saints through desert
Eternal be his praise! [ground;
- 7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promised land;
And faithful is his word.]
- 8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move;
How sad the state the world was in!
How boundless was his love;
- 9 He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails;
From death, and hell, and every foe;
And still his grace prevails.

136 148th. Psalm 148th 95. Waterstock 194.
The same.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.
- 3 His wisdom framed the sun
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 4 [He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.
- 5 His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two;
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.
- 6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his host, he drowned;
And brought his Israel safe
Through a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.
- PAUSE.
- 7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.]

8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.

His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.

Thy mercies, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

136 L. M. Abridged. Southampton 63.

*God's wonders of creation, providence,
redemption, and salvation.*

1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more.

138 L. M. Selby 64. Emmaus 271.

Restoring and preserving grace.

1 **W**ITH all my powers of heart and
tongue

I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotion there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

4 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes:
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the
great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins:
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

139

PART I. L. M.

Arimathea 146. Neapolis 261.

The all-seeing God.

1 **L**ORD, thou hast searched and seen
me through,
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul with all the powers I boast
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight, [light:
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 10 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thine all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

139

PART II. L. M.

Caton 32. Portugal 69.

The wonderful formation of man.

- 1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Formed by the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were named,
And what thy sovereign counsels framed—
The breathing lungs, the beating heart—
Was copied with unerring art.
- 4 At last, to show my Maker's name,
God stamped his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment joined
The finished members to the mind.
- 5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great God! our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.
- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.
- 8 These on my heart are still impressed;
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

139

PART III. L. M.

Babylon Streams 147. Penshurst 61.

Sincerity professed, and grace tried.

- 1 **MY** God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy
will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet where'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

139

PART I. C. M.

St. Michael's 138. Northampton 41

God is every where.

- 1 **IN** all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.
- 7 Should I suppress my vital breath
To escape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
- 8 If winged with beams of morning light
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee :
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

139

PART II. C. M.

Prestwich 238. Clifton 123.

The wisdom of God in the formation of man.

1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey :
Lord, 'tis thy work ; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possessed
Where unborn nature grew :
Thy wisdom all my features traced,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eyes with nicest care surveyed
The growth of every part ; [laid,
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had
Was copied by thy art.

4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and
Show me thy wondrous skill ; [wind,
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise ;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

139

PART III. Ver. 14, 17, 18. C. M.

Devizes 26 Havannah 125.

*The mercies of God innumerable.**An evening psalm.*

1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
Let them strike me with surprise ;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill ;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep ;
How kind, how dear to me !
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee !

141

Ver. 1—5. L. M.

Morning Hymn 58. Pyrtou 363.

*Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.**A morning or evening psalm.*

1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house ;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way !
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

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4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief ;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

142

C. M. Newbury 6. Adelphi 29.

God is the hope of the helpless.

1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief ;
In long complaints before his throne
I poured out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelmed with woes,
My heart began to break ;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone ;
While friends and strangers passed me by,
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And called thy mercy near.—
'Thou art my portion when I die ;
Be thou my refuge here.'

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me know
I've an almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name ;
And holy men shall join with me
Thy kindness to proclaim.

143

L. M. Ulverston 171. Hafod 368.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God !
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne ;
O make thy truth and mercy known !

2 Let judgment not against me pass ;
Behold, thy servant pleads thy grace :
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me ;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within ;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up ;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;
When will thy smiling face return ?
Shall all my joys on earth remove ?
And God for ever hide his love ?

7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave ;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye ;
Make haste to help before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice!

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain;
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

144 PART I. Ver. 1, 2. C. M.
Liverpool 23. Walworth 329.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

144 PART II. Ver. 3-6. C. M.
Gorton 25. Tiverton 337.

The vanity of man, and condescension of God.

1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

2 O what is feeble, dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace?

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

144 PART III. Ver. 12-15. L. M.
Verona 148. Broadmead 386.
Grace above riches

1 **H**APPY the city where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polished stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely wake or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endowed,
But more divinely blessed are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

145 L. M. St. Paul's 151. Adorara 345.
The greatness of God.

1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream:
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

145 PART I. Ver. 1-7, 11-13. C. M.
Warwick 334. Kidbrook 341.
The name.

1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
L My King, my God of love!
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is managed by thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

145

PART II. Ver. 7, &c. C. M.

Prestwich 238. Patmos 144.

The goodness of God.

- 1 **S**WEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines.
His goodness to the skies; [shines,
Through the whole earth his bounty
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

145

PART III. Ver. 14, 17, &c. C. M.

Westmoreland 336. Loughton 141.

Mercy to sufferers.

- 1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the
And raise the poor that fall. [weak,
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed;
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.
- 6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
'They sought his aid in vain.']
- 7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

146

L. M. Bramcoate 65. Lavendon 367.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall
In work so pleasant, so divine; [join
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and
power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

146

113th. Escowbeck 73. Modin 373.

The same.

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp, and
power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience
He helps the stranger in distress, [peace;
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.
- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

147

PART I. L. M.

Anspach 371. Berea 346.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He formed the stars, those heavenly
flames; [names;
He counts their numbers, calls their
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are
drowned.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- PAUSE.
- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 8 But saints are lovely in his sight:
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

147

PART II. L. M.

Doversdale 66. Coombs's 149.

Summer and Winter.—A song for Great Britain.

- 1 **O** BRITAIN, praise thy mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
He bade the ocean round thee flow;
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.
- 2 Thy children are secure and blessed;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains;
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with clattering sound:
Where is the man so vainly bold
That dares defy his dreadful cold?
- 5 He bids the southern breezes blow:
The ice dissolves, the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call the Britons to his praise.

- 6 To all the isle his laws are shown,
His gospel's through the nation known;
He hath not thus revealed his word
To every land: praise ye the Lord.

147

Ver. 7—9, 13—18. C. M.

Salem 330. Staughton 38.

The seasons of the year.

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding
Address the Lord on high; [loud,
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the raven's cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.
- 7 He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

148

P. M. Psalm 148th 95. Trumpet 96.

Praise to God from all creatures.

- 1 **Y**E tribes of Adam join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise:
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:
His power declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command:

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

- 4 He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last:
In different ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

- 5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep;
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep;
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's power.
- 6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye the almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word:
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.
- 7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.
- 8 Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing;
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His power supreme.
- 9 Virgins and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.
- 10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

148

Paraphrased. L. M.

Gloucester 78, 6 lines. Hale 70, 4 lines.

Universal praise to God.

- 1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures
dwell;

Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

[*Note.*—This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza; viz.

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of Long Metre.]

- 2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee,
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun! and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his.
- 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
- 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.
- 6 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from every hill
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.
- 7 Ye stubborn oaks and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore;
Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.
- 8 Birds, ye must make his praise your
theme,
Nature demands a song from you;
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up, and mean his praises too.
- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue! [Lord,
But saints, who best have known the
Arc bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

148

S. M. Prague 110. Christchurch 101.

Universal praise.

- 1 **L** ET every creature join
To praise the eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.
- 5 Winds, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
His honours be expressed;
But saints that taste his saving love
Shall sing his praises best.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
- 8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs, and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.
- 9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
- 10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.
- 11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show;
And flies in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dressed you so.
- 12 By all the earth-born race,
His honours be expressed;
But saints that know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye the eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.
- 14 Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and withering age,
Their feeble voices try.
- 15 United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise:
God is the Lord: his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
- 16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blessed;
But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

149 C. M. Eastham 131. Watford 22.
Praise God, all his saints.

- 1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders show.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise
While Zion owns her King.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that he despised in dust
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their
tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,—
The vengeance of the Lord.
- 6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all his friends
Who humbly loved him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dared rebel;
And join the sentence of their God
On tyrants doomed to hell.
- 8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye and love the Lord.

150 Ver. 1, 2, 6. C. M.
Cambridge New 30. Dove Dale 27.
A song of praise.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his
His grace he there reveals; (praise,
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blessed;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

L. M. Evening Hymn 80. Armathea 14.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

C. M.

Braintree 121. Welby 126.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored, [known,
Where there are works to make him
Or saints to love the Lord.

C. M.

St. Matthews 145. Psalm 103rd 245.

1 **T**HE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

S. M.

Peckham 8. Exeter 6.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

Escowbeck 73.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is
known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

As the 148th Psalm.

Tune No. 95.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

END OF THE PSALMS.

H Y M N S

AND

S P I R I T U A L S O N G S,

In Three Books :

- I. COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.
 - II. COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.
 - III. PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.
-

P R E F A C E

THE following extracts from the Doctor's Preface contain the substance of his plan in the three different parts into which the Hymns are divided ; the whole would have exceeded the limits of a small book.

"Far be it from my thoughts to lay aside the Book of Psalms in public worship ; few can pretend so great a value for them as myself: it is the most noble, most devotional, and divine collection of poesy ; and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven than some parts of that book ; never was a piece of experimental divinity so nobly written, and so justly revered and admired : but it must be acknowledged still, that there are a thousand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days to assume as its own. There are also many deficiencies of light and glory which our Lord Jesus and his apostles have supplied in the writings of the New Testament : and with this advantage I have composed these Spiritual Songs, which are now presented to the world. Nor is the attempt vain-glorious or presuming : for in respect of clear evangelical knowledge, 'The least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than all the Jewish prophets,' Matt. xi. 11.

"Now let me give a short account of the following composures.

"The greatest part of them are suited to the general state of the gospel, and the

most common affairs of Christians ; I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be used in a religious assembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to some seasons either of private or public worship. The most frequent tempers and changes of our spirit, and conditions of our life, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expressed according to the variety of our passions, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire, our sorrow, our wonder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the blessed Spirit: all conversing with God the Father, 'by the new and living Way' of access to the throne, even the person and the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. To him also, even 'to the Lamb that was slain, and now lives,' I have addressed many a song ; for thus doth the Holy Scripture instruct and teach us to worship in the various patterns of Christian Psalmody described in the Revelation

"I have aimed at ease of numbers, and smoothness of sound, and endeavoured to make the sense plain and obvious. If the verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the censure of feebleness, I may honestly affirm, that sometimes it cost me labour to make it so."

In the first part I have borrowed the sense and much of the form of the song from some particular portions of Scripture, and have paraphrased most of the doxologies in the New Testament, that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical ; and many parts of the Old Testament also, that have a reference to the times of the Messiah."

"The second part consists of hymns whose form is mere human composure ; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought some text or other, and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part ; but except they lay aside the humour of criticism, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing."

"I have prepared the third part only for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, we may sing an hymn after we have partaken of the bread and wine."

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1 C. M. York 234. Prestwich 238.
A new song to the Lamb that was slain.
Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

1 **B**EHOOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise,—
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son desires it well:
Lo! in his hand the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell!]

6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

2 L. M. Neapolis 261. Epworth 248.
The deity and humanity of Christ.
John i. 1, 3, 14; Col. i. 16; Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretched
abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God he was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
Hè led the host of morning stars:
Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number or thy years?

4 But lo! he leaves those heavenly forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
The eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his eyes the Godhead
shone.

6 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

3 S. M. Kirkdale 12. Attalia 208.
The nativity of Christ.
Luke i. 30, &c., ii. 10, &c.

1 **B**EHOOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfilled;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

- 2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.
- 3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar away;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]
- 4 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 5 'Go, humble swains,' said he,
'To David's city fly;
The promised infant born to day
Doth in a manger lie.
- 6 'With looks and hearts serene
Go visit Christ your King:'
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing:
- 7 'Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.'
- 8 [In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:
- 9 'Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!']

4 PART I. C. M.
Philippi 133. Warwick 334.
The nativity of Christ.
Luke ii. 10, &c.

- 1 'SHEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the regions of the skies,
Salvation's born to-day.
- 2 'Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 'No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.
- 4 'Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:
- 6 'Glory to God that reigns above!
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth.'
- 7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose our useless tongues
When they forget to praise.

- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there 's a Saviour born.

4 PART II. L. M.
New College 56. Altona 262.
The inward witness to Christianity.
1 John v. 10.

- 1 QUESTIONS and doubts be heard no
more,
Let Christ and joy be all our theme;
His Spirit seals his gospel sure,
To every soul that trusts in him.
- 2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within;
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.
- 3 'Tis God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew;
Blasphemers can no more withstand,
But bow, and own thy doctrine true.
- 4 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;
The sinful soul, averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.
- 5 Learning and wit may cease their strife,
When miracles with glory shine;
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty and divine.

5 C. M. Burford 44. Samos 318.
Submission to afflictive providences.
Job i. 21.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first;
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, blessed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
His praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.'

6 C. M. Bethany 236. Bath 358.
Triumph over death.
Job xix. 25—27.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;
My God, my Saviour, comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes;
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

7 C. M. Irish 32. Westmoreland 336.
The invitation of the gospel.
Isaiah lv. 1, 2, &c.

1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice:
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin.

7 Come, naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepared by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his own blood.]

8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

8 C. M. Morley 228. Day Spring 33.
The safety and protection of the church.
Isa. xxvi. 1—6.

1 **H**OW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

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2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6 [What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.]

7 [On Babylon our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.]

9 C. M. Bath Chapel 34. Eversley 18.
The promises and the covenant of grace.
Isa. lv. 1, 2; Zech. xiii. 1; Micah vii. 19;
Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat,
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives, by covenant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted
And wash away our stains [souls,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

6 And, lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His Spirit shall bedew our souls
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatenings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolved by love:

8 Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refined;
And from the treasures of his grace,
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

10 S. M. Lonsdale 306 Hopkins 10.
The blessedness of gospel times
Isa. lii. 7—10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice
How sweet the tidings are!
'Zion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here.'

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

11 L. M. Israel 67. Honiton 153.
*The humble enlightened, and carnal reason
humbled.*
Luke x 21, 22.

1 **T**HERE was an hour when Christ
rejoiced,
And spoke his joy in words of praise:
'Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.'

2 'I thank thy sovereign power and love,
That crowns my doctrine with success;
And makes the babes in knowledge learn
The heights, and breadths, and lengths
of grace.

3 'But all this glory lies concealed
From men of prudence and of wit;
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
And their own pride resists the light.

4 'Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
Chose and ordained it should be so;
'Tis thy delight to abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 'There's none can know the Father right
But those who learn it from the Son;
Nor can the Son be well received
But where the Father makes him known.'

6 Then let our sons adore our God,
Who deals his graces as he please;
Nor gives to mortals an account
Of of his actions or decrees.

12 C. M. St. James's 17. Lancaster 237.
Free grace in revealing Christ.
Luke x. 21.

1 **J**ESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoiced aloud,
And turned his joy to praise:

2 'Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
That hath revealed thy Son
To men unlearned, and to babes
Has made thy gospel known.

3 'The mysteries of redeeming grace
Are hidden from the wise,
While pride and carnal reasonings join
To swell and blind their eyes.'

4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sovereign will.

13 L. M. Wandsworth 158. Doversdale 66.
The Son of God incarnate.
Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

1 **T**HE lands that long in darkness lay
Now have beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are blessed with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promised Son is born;
Behold the expected child appear;
What shall his names or titles be?
'The Wonderful, the Counsellor.'

3 [This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and adored;
The eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

14 L. M. Lebanon 71. Tyne 166.
The triumph of faith.
Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power ;
It triumphs in the dying hour :
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

15 L. M. Portugal 69. Stirling 161.
Our own weakness, and Christ our strength.
2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,
'Strength shall be equal to the day,'
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me :
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 [So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost ;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.]

16 C. M. Stephens 19. Havannah 125.
Hosannah to Christ.
Matt. xxi. 9 ; Luke xix. 38, 49.

1 **H**OSANNAH to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line !
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here, we find,
And offspring is the same :
Eternity and time are joined
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blessed he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven !
Hosannahs of the highest strain,
To Christ the Lord be given !

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
The hosannah on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and
Their silence into songs. [break

17 C. M. Dove Dale 27. Clifton 123.
Victory over death.
1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 **O**FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours ;
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers !

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2 Joyful with all the strength I have
My quivering lips should sing—
Where's thy boasted victory, Grave ?
And where the monster's sting ?

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its damning power ;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living head.

18 C. M. Newbury 36. Gorton 23.
Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.
Rev. xiv. 13.

1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead ; [claims,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

19 C. M. Devizes 26. Mysia 222.
The song of Simeon.
Luke ii. 27, &c.

1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
O make our joys the same !

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was filled,
When fondly in his withered arms
He clasped the holy child ?

3 'Now I can leave this world,' he cried,
'Behold thy servant dies ;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 'This is the light prepared to shine
Upon the Gentile lands,
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope
To break their slavish bands.'

5 [Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms ;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings—
How sweet my minutes roll ! [break,
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

20 C. M. Mount Pleasant 37. Kingsland 224.
Spiritual apparel.
Isa. lxi. 10.

1 **A**WAKE, my heart ; arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice ;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

- 2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great Sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all my powers agree.

21 C. M. Northampton 41. Walworth 329.
A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.
Rev. xxi. 1—4.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing—
'Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.
- 4 'The God of glory down to men
Removes his blessed abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.
- 5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye, [fears,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself shall die.'
- 6 How long, dear Saviour! O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

22

PART I. L. M.

St. Mark's 247. New Sabbath 50.
Christ the eternal life.
Rom. ix. 5.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Saviour and our God,
Arrayed in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.
- 2 All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our surety and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.
- 3 Let Atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
The eternal life and Jesus' name;
A word of thy almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

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- 4 But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and taste thy love.

22

PART II. C. M.

Old Church 39. Crowle 225.

Flesh and spirit.

Rom. viii. 1.

- 1 **W**HAT vain desires and passions vain,
Attend this mortal clay!
Oft have they pierced my soul with pain,
And drawn my heart astray.
- 2 How have I wandered from my God!
And, following sin and shame,
In this vile world of flesh and blood
Defiled my nobler frame!
- 3 For ever blessed be thy grace
That formed my soul anew,
And made it of a heaven-born race,
Thy glory to pursue.
- 4 My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains;
But views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.
- 5 Cheerful in death I close my eyes
To part with every lust;
And charge my flesh whene'er it rise
To leave them in the dust.
- 6 My purer spirit shall not fear
To put this body on;
Its tempting powers no more are there,
Its lusts and passions gone!

23

PART I. L. M.

Islington 59. Nain 354.

Absent from the body, and present with the Lord
2 Cor. v. 8.

- 1 **A**BSENT from flesh! O blissful
thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,
From pains, and fears, and all their
springs.
- 2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke
That rends the prison of my clay;
And I can feel my fetters broke.
- 3 Absent from flesh! then rise my soul
Where feet nor wings could never climb,
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
Measuring the joys and cares of time.
- 4 I go where God and glory shine.
His presence makes eternal day!
My all that's mortal I resign,
For angel's wait and point my way.

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PART II. L. M.

Woolstanton 62. Leicester 180.

A hopeful youth falling short of heaven.
Mark x. 21.

- 1 **M**UST all the charms of nature, then,
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?

- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due;
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
And thought he wanted nothing new.
- 3 But mark the change; thus spake the Lord—
[day:]
'Come, part with earth for heaven to—
The youth, astonished at the word,
In silent sadness went his way.
- 4 Poor virtues that he boasted so,
This test unable to endure;
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure!
- 5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Must this base world be bought so dear?
Are life and heaven so cheaply sold?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion govern me:
Transform my soul, O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.
- 5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
'Worthy art thou alone,' they cry,
'To read the book, to loose the seals.']
- 6 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,—
'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To be our Teacher and our King!'
- 7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs:
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
- 8 Thou hast redeemed our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel
Are now made favourites of their God.
- 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord
That died for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be adored,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.
- 26 C. M. Abridge 31. Prestwich 238.
Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.
1 Peter i. 3—5.
- 1 BLESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,—
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.
- 25 L. M. Warrington 51. Melcombe 170.
A vision of the Lamb.
Rev. v. 6—9.
- 1 ALL mortal vanities, begone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
Behold, amidst the eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Marked with the bloody death he bore;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.
- 3 Lo! he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.]
- 4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel sound
Address their honours to his name.
- 27 C. M. Adelphi 29. Hammersmith 316.
Assurance of heaven.
2 Tim. iv. 6—8, 18.
- 1 [D EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]
- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
The appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—Amen.

28 C. M. Cambridge New 30.
*The triumph of Christ over the enemies of
his church.* Isa. lxi. 1—3, &c.

1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate?

2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious king:
'Tis I, the Just, the Almighty One,
That your salvation bring.'

3 'Why, mighty Lord,' thy saints inquire,
'Why thine apparel's red?
And all thy vesture stained like those
Who in the wine-press tread?'

4 I by myself have trod the press,
And crushed my foes alone;
My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
My fury stamped them down.

5 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
With joyful scarlet stains;
The triumph that my raiment wears
Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6 'Thus shall the nations be destroyed
That dare insult my saints;
I have an arm to avenge their wrongs,
An ear for their complaints.'

29 C. M. Antwerp 16. Hammersmith 31b.
The ruin of Antichrist.
Isa. lxi. 4—7.

1 **I** LIFT my banner,' saith the Lord,
'Where Antichrist has stood;
The city of my gospel foes
Shall be a field of blood.'

2 'My heart has studied just revenge
And now the day appears;
The day of my redeemed is come
To wipe away their tears.'

3 'Quite weary is my patience grown,
And bids my fury go;
Swift as the lightning it shall move,
And be as fatal too.'

4 'I call for helpers, but in vain;
Then has my gospel none;
Well, mine own arm has might enough
To crush my foes alone.'

5 'Slaughter and my devouring sword
Shall walk the streets around,
Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
And stagger to the ground.'

6 Thy honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our deliverer praise.

30 L. M. Arundel 147. Zwick 141.
Prayer for deliverance answered.
Isa. lxxvi. 8—20.

1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our soul's desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee.
'Mongst the black shades of loneliness
My earnest cries salute the slum (night),
Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God!
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes;
A voice of music to his friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children, to your Father's arms.
Hide in the chambers of my grace.
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain.
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heavenly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

31 C. M. PART I.
Abridge 31. Brompton 70.
Condescending grace.
Ps. lxxviii. 6.

1 **W**HEN the Eternal bows the skies
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings.

2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul
With pleasure in his eyes.

3 Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

4 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways,
How deep thy judgments be!

31 C. M. PART II.
St. Stephen's 19. Walsworth 70.
The Christian's hidden life.
Gal. iii. 3.

1 **O** HAPPY soul that lives on high
While men be grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen
Beyond this world and time;
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his life, appear.

6 He looks to heaven's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day;
But patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

32 C. M. Walsal 42. Thorpe 137.
Strength from heaven.
Isa. xl. 27—30.

1 **WHENCE** do our mournful thoughts
arise?

And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot the almighty name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

33 C. M. London New 20. Tiverton 337.
Absurdity of infidelity.
1 Cor. i. 26—31.

1 **SHALL** atheists dare insult the cross
Of our Redeemer, God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

2 What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if his gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are called to win.

4 What if the foolish and the poor
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophet spake.

5 Do some that own his sacred name
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong.
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

34 L. M. PART I.
Tyne 166. Trevilian 169.

The gospel the power of God to salvation.
Rom. i. 16.

1 **WHAT** shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven?
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers and passions
clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As save rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

34 C. M. PART II.
Salem 330. St. Magnus 35.
None excluded from hope.
Rom. i. 16; 1 Cor. i. 24.

1 **JESUS**, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow the aspiring Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers;
But to his sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

- 5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.
- 6 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

35

PART I. L. M.

Israel 67. Epworth 248.

Faith the way to salvation.

Rom. i. 16; Eph. ii. 8, 9.

- 1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.
- 3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renewed;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardoned and subdued.
- 4 O may thy grace its power display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

35

PART II. C. M.

Derives 26. Waltham Abbey 328.

Truth, sincerity, &c.

Phil. iv. 8.

- 1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil;
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oath they take,
Though to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.
- 4 They hate the appearance of a lie
In all the shapes it wears;
They live in truth, and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.
- 5 While hypocrites and liars fly
Before the Judge's frown,
His faithful friends, who fear a lie,
Receive the immortal crown.

36

C. M. St. George's 21. Byzantium 242.

A lovely carriage.

Matt. x. 16.

- 1 **O**'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life, agree
To act a useful part.

- 2 When envy, strife, and wars, begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek
Nor let their fury rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their frame is prudence mixed with love,
Good works fulfil their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind,
Such pleasures he pursued;
His flesh and blood were all refined,
His soul divinely good.
- 6 Lord, can these plants of virtue grow,
In such a heart as mine?
Thy grace my nature can renew,
And make my soul like thine.

37

PART I. L. M.

Berea 345. Montgomery 246.

Christ's humiliation, exaltation, and triumph.

Phil. ii. 8, 9; Mark xv. 20, 24, 29; Col. ii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love designed,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love:
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay!
- 4 What black reproach defiled his name,
When with our sins he took our shame!
He whom adoring angels blessed
Is made the impious rebel's jest.
- 5 He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans!
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death!
- 6 But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dashed the rising hopes of hell.
- 7 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood;
Thus he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.
- 8 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

37

PART II. C. M.

Prestwich 238. Arlington 128.

Zeal and fortitude.

Matt. v. 16.

- 1 **D**O I believe what Jesus saith,
And think his gospel true?
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.
- 2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heavenly zeal,
That I may make thy power appear,
And works of praise fulfil.
- 3 If men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the power, the praise is thine,
My Saviour and my God!
- 4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace;
They cast their honours at thy feet,
And own their borrowed rays.

PAUSE.

- 5 Are we the soldiers of the cross?
The followers of the Lamb?
And shall we fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 6 Now must we fight if we would reign:
Increase our courage, Lord!
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 7 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.
- 8 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

38

PART I. C. M.

Newbury 36. Hammersmith 316.

The atonement of Christ.

Rom. iii. 25.

- 1 **H**OW is our nature spoiled by sin!
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.
- 2 In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 3 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread;
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.
- 4 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Came down by Jesus' hands.
- 5 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets in their visions see
Salvation through his name.

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- 6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blessed.

38

PART II. L. M.

Ivy Bridge 54. Bohemia 350.

The universal law of equity.

Matt. viii. 12.

- 1 **B**LESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine!
'To do to all men just the same
As we expect or wish from them.'
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.
- 3 How blessed would every nation be,
Thus ruled by love and equity!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.
- 4 Jesus, forgive us that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy blessed maxims be our guide.

39

C. M. Athens 244. Walworth 329.

God's tender care of his church.

Isa. xlix. 13, &c.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Zion hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions, and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb?
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?
- 5 'Yet,' saith the Lord, 'should nature
And mothers monsters prove, [change,
Zion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.
- 6 'Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engraved her name;
My hands shall raise her ruined walls,
And build her broken frame.'

40

L. M. Broadmead 366. New College 56.

The business and blessedness of glorified saints.

Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 **W**HAT happy men, or angels, these,
That all their robes are spotless
white?
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heavenly light?

- 2 From torturing racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has washed their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach the almighty throne
With loud hosannas night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great Three One
Measure their blessed eternity.
- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;
He bids their parching thirst begone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings
To screen them from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne
Shall shed around his milder beams;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.
- 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Through the vast round of endless years;
And the soft hand of sovereign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,
Are forced into a flame;
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a watery grave;
The frightened sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.
- 5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hailstones hurled:
Who dares engage his fiery rage,
That shakes the solid world?
- 6 Yet, mighty God, thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne;
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour,
While we, beneath thy sheltering wings,
Thy just revenge adore.

41 C. M. Kidbrook 341. Eversley 18.
The same.

Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 **THESE** glorious minds, how bright
they shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?
- 2 From torturing pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely washed their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unveiled glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

42 C. M. Charmouth 124. Antwerp 16.
Divine wrath and mercy.

Nahum i. 1—3; Heb. xii. 29.

- 1 **ADORE** and tremble, for our God
Is a consuming fire!
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.
- 2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasured for his foes.

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43 PART I. L. M.
Penshurst 61. Tishhead 253.

Jesus our surety and Saviour.

1 Peter i. 18; Gal. iii. 13; Rom. iv. 25.

- 1 **A**DAM, our father and our head,
Transgressed, and justice doomed us
The fiery law speaks all despair: [dead:
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 But, O unutterable grace!
The Son of God takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.
- 3 Justice was pleased to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood:
What unknown racks and pangs he bore;
Then rose; the law could ask no more.
- 4 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.
- 5 Lo! they adore the incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won!
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns!
- 6 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all the flaming hosts adored;
And say, dear Conqueror, say how long
Ere we shall rise to join their song.
- 7 Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and paved with love;
Raise us beyond the ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

43 PART II. L. M.
Woolstanion 62. Pyrton 254.

The Christian's treasure.

1 Cor. iii. 21.

- 1 **H**OW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

- 2 All things are ours: the gifts of God;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.
- 4 I would not change my blessed estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still;
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

44

PART I. L. M.
Gilead 259. Tyne 166.

Christ's dying, rising, and reigning.

Luke xxiii. 27, 29, 44—46; Matt. xxvii. 50, 57,
xxviii. 6, &c.

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groaned beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see;
Jesus the dead revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 Say, 'Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy
sting?' [Grave?]
And, 'Where's thy victory, boasting

44

PART II. C. M.
St. James's 17. St. Mary's 132.
The true improvement of life.
Ps. xc. 12.

- 1 **A**ND is this life prolonged to me?
Are days and seasons given?
O let me, then, prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.
- 2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offered grace,
I bow before thy throne.

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- 3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin
By my Redeemer's blood;
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honours of my God.
- 4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys;
Let cheerful hope increasing still
Approach to heavenly joys.
- 5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savour of thy name
Where'er I spend my days.
- 6 On earth let my example shine;
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine,
To bliss supremely great.

45

C. M. Lichfield 324. Westham 233.
The last judgment.

Rev. xxi. 5—8.

- 1 **S**EE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne!
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.
- 2 ['I am the first, and I the last,
Through endless years the same;
I AM is my memorial still,
And my eternal name.
- 3 'Such favours as a God can give
My royal grace bestows;
Ye thirsty souls, come, taste the stream,
Where life and pleasure flows.
- 4 'The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
I'll own him for a son;
The whole creation shall reward
The conquests he has won.
- 5 'But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
And all the lying race,
The faithless and the scoffing crew,
That spurn at offered grace;—
- 6 'They shall be taken from my sight,
Bound fast in iron chains,
And headlong plunged into the lake
Where fire and darkness reigns.]
- 7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head!
- 8 May I with those for ever dwell
Who here were my delight!
While sinners, banished down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

46

PART I. C. M.
Kidbrook 341. Eastham 131.
God glorious, and sinners saved.
Rom. i. 30, v. 8, 9; 1 Pet. iii. 22.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand
signs,
By thousand through the skies.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are opened wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont to abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years.

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevvers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

56 C. M. St. David's 326. Patmos 141.
The song of Moses and the Lamb
Rev. xv. 3, xvi. 19, xvii. 6.

1 **WE** sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God! how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dare refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne?
Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Through all the nations known.

4 Great Babylon that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mixed,
And she must drink the dregs:
Strong is the Lord, her sovereign Judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

57 C. M. Adelphi 29. Hammersmith 316.
Original sin.
Rom. v. 12, &c.; Ps. li. 5; Job. xiv. 4.

1 **BACKWARD** with humble shame we
On our original; (look
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 [Conceived in sin, O wretched state!
Before we draw our breath;
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins.]

5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be,
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

6 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

7 Yet, mighty God! thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new creates our dust!

58 L. M. New College 56. Chicago 357.
The devil vanquished.

Rev. xii. 7.

1 **LET** mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heaven, when Michael
stood
Chief general of the Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assumed his reigning power;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies to rise no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word and powerful name
They gained the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice, ye heavens; let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky;
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your Deliverer's name on high.

59 L. M. Timsbury 159. Bohemia 350.
Babylon fallen.

Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

1 **IN** Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon;
'Prophets, rejoice, and all ye saints,
'God shall avenge your long complaints.'

2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the millstone in the flood:
'Thus terribly shall Habel fall,
Thus, and no more be found at all.'

60 L. M. Zorah 351. Broadmead 366.
The virgin Mary's song.
 Luke i. 46, &c.

- 1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
 In God our Saviour we rejoice :
 While we repeat the virgin's song,
 May the same Spirit tune our voice !
- 2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
 And mighty things his hand hath done :
 His overshadowing power and grace
 Make her the mother of his Son.
- 3 Let every nation call her blessed,
 And endless years prolong her fame ;
 But God alone must be adored :
 Holy and reverend is his name.]
- 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
 His mercy stands for ever sure :
 From age to age his promise lives,
 And the performance is secure.
- 5 He spake to Abraham and his seed,
 'In thee shall all the earth be blessed :'
 The memory of that ancient word
 Lay long in his eternal breast.
- 6 But now no more shall Israel wait,
 No more the Gentiles lie forlorn :
 Lo, the desire of nations comes ;
 Behold the promised seed is born !

61 L. M. Naples 349. Hafod 368.
Christ coming to judgment.

Rev. i. 5—7.

- 1 NOW to the Lord that makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love ;
 Be humble honours paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,
 And washed us in his richest blood ;
 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our superior King,
 Be everlasting power confessed,
 And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
 And every eye shall see him move ;
 Though with our sins we pierced him once,
 Now he displays his pardoning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
 While we rejoice to see the day :
 Come, Lord ; nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariot long delay.

62 C. M. Wiltshire 40. Westmorland 336.
*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped
 by all the creation.*

Rev. v. 11—13.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

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- 2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
 'To be exalted thus :'
 'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
 'For he was slain for us.'

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

- 5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

63 L. M. Portugal 69. Hungary 364.
Christ's humiliation and exaltation.

Rev. v. 12.

- 1 WHAT equal honour shall we bring,
 To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
 When all the notes that angels sing
 Are far inferior to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace that groaned and
 died ;
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
 At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due
 Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar ;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus, too, [here.
 Though he was charged with madness
- 4 All riches are his native right,
 Yet he sustained amazing loss :
 To him ascribe eternal might
 Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
 While glory shines around his head,
 And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb
 Who bore the curse for wretched men ;
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And every creature say, Amen.

64 S. M. Ipswich 15. Amersham 308.
Adoption.

1 John iii. 1, &c. ; Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
 The Father has bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God !
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
 That we should be unknown ;
 The Jewish world knew not their King—
 God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made ;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.

- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

65 L. M. Oldham 48. Zorah 351.
*The kingdoms of the world become the
kingdoms of the Lord.*
Rev. xi. 15-18.

- 1 **L**ET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the
sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus the Lamb who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

66 L. M. Ivy Bridge 54. Ingersness 249
Christ the King at his table.
Solomon's Song i. 2, &c.

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine interest in his heavenly love;
The voice that tells me, 'Thou art mine,'
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
- 2 On thee the anointing Spirit came,
And spread the savour of thy name;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
- 3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms,
My soul shall fly into thine arms!
Our wandering feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.
- 4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice
To speak thy praises and our joys;
Our memory keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Though in ourselves deformed we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear,
Yet, when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.
- 6 [While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the
room.]

- 7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me;
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

- 8 [No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait, until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

67 L. M. German Hymn 53. Lavendon 367.
Seeking the pastures of Christ the Shepherd.
Solomon's Song i. 7.

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove
Would never seek another love.
- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and
tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my beloved leads me home.]

68 L. M. Hungary 364. Gilead 259.
The banquet of love.
Solomon's Song ii. 1-7.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the rose of Sharon here,
The hily which the valleys bear:
Behold the tree of life that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.
- 2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed mine eyes and please my taste.
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.
- 5 With living bread and generous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And opening his own heart to me,
He shows his thoughts how kind they be.]
- 6 O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down, and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

- 69 L.M. Ulverston 171. Hungary 364.
*Christ appearing to his church, and seeking
 her company.*
 Solomon's Song ii. 8—13.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds
 Over the rocks and rising grounds;
 O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now through the veil of flesh I see
 With eyes of love he looks at me;
 Now in the gospel's clearest glass,
 He shows the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
 Both with his beauties and his tongue;
 'Rise,' saith my Lord, 'make haste away,
 No mortal joys are worth thy stay.'
- 4 'The Jewish wintry state is gone,
 The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
 The sacred turtle-dove we hear
 Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 'The immortal vine of heavenly root
 Blossoms, and buds, and gives her fruit.'
 Lo! we are come to taste the wine;
 Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.
- 6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
 'Rise up, my love, make haste away!'
 Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
 And leave all earthly loves behind.

- 70 L.M. Leicester 160. Selby 64.
*Christ inviting, and the church answering
 the invitation.*
 Solomon's Song ii. 14—17.

- 1 **[H**ARK! the Redeemer from on high
 Sweetly invites his favourites nigh:
 From caves of darkness and of doubt,
 He gently speaks and calls us out.
- 2 'My dove who hidest in the rock,
 Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
 Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
 And let thy voice delight mine ear.
- 3 'Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
 My graces in thy countenance meet;
 Though the vain world thy face despise,
 'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.'
- 4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
 The hope thine invitation gives;
 To thee our joyful lips shall raise
 The voice of prayer and of praise.]
- 5 [I am my love's, and he is mine;
 Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join;
 Nor let a motion, nor a word,
 Nor thought, arise to grieve my Lord.
- 6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
 Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
 Amongst the saints, whose robes are
 white,
 Washed in his blood, is his delight.
- 7 Till the day break, and shadows flee,
 Till the sweet dawning light I see,
 Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
 Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

- 8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
 Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
 Nor guilt nor unbelief divide
 My love, my Saviour, from my side.]

- 71 L.M. Bostock 154. Philadelphia 268.
*Christ found in the street, and brought to
 the church.*
 Solomon's Song iii. 1—5.

- 1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night,
 Jesus, my love, my soul's delight;
 With warm desire and restless thought
 I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise, and search the street,
 Till I my Lord my Saviour meet;
 I ask the watchman of the night,
 'Where did you see my soul's delight.'
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
 Directed by a heavenly ray;
 I leap for joy to see his face,
 And hold him fast in mine embrace.
- 4 [I bring him to my mother's home,
 Nor does my Lord refuse to come
 To Zion's sacred chambers, where
 My soul first drew the vital air.
- 5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
 Pierced for my sake with deadly smart;
 I give my soul to him, and there
 Our loves their mutual tokens share.]
- 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
 Approach not to disturb my joys;
 Nor sin nor hell come near my heart,
 Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

- 72 L.M. Honiton 153. Naples 349.
*The coronation of Christ, and espousals
 of the church.*
 Solomon's Song iii. 11.

- 1 **D**AUGHTERS of Zion, come, behold
 The crown of honour and of gold,
 Which the glad church, with joys un-
 known,
 Placed on the head of Solomon.
- 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
 Accept the tribute which we bring;
 Accept the well-deserved renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 3 Let every act of worship be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
 Like the dear hour when from above
 We first received thy pledge of love:
- 4 The gladness of that happy day,
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay!
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 5 Each following minute as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
 Till we are raised to sing thy name
 At the great supper of the Lamb.
- 6 O that the months would roll away,
 And bring that coronation day!
 The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
 With all his Father's glories on.

73 L. M. German Hymn 53. Ulverston 171.

The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ.

Solomon's Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7-9.

1 **K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word:
'Lo! thou art fair, my love,' he cries,
'Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.'

2 ['Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
Salutes mine ear with secret joys,
No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk nor honey tastes so well.]

3 'Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,
I will behold no spot in thee:
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

4 Defiled and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.

5 'My sister and my spouse,' he cries,
'Bound to my heart by various ties,
Thy powerful love my heart detains
In strong delight and pleasing chains.'

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beasts and men,
To Sion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

74 L. M. Portugal 69. Lavendon 367.

The church the garden of Christ.

Sol. Song iv. 12-15, v. 1.

1 **W**E are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Sion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind! and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine! descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God;
And faith, and love, and joy, appear,
And every grace be active here.

5 'Let my Beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast:
'I come, my spouse, I come!' he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

7 'Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
The blessings that my Father sends;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love.'

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8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board
And sing the bounties of our Lord;
But the rich food on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongue can give.]

75 L. M. Hungary 364. Neapolis 261.

The description of Christ the beloved.

Sol. Song v. 2-16.

1 **T**HE wondering world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so;
'What are his charms,' say they, 'above
The objects of a mortal love?'

2 Yes! my Beloved to my sight
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from hlemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4 [His head the finest gold excels
There wisdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands that on the tree
Were nailed, and torn, and bled, for me!

7 Though once he bowed his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]

8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle tempered with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.]

9 His mouth that poured out long complaints
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints;
His countenance more grateful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord;
Must be beloved, and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

76 L. M. Melcombe 170. Israel 67.

Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth.

Solomon's Song vi. 1-3, 12.

1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they ~~few~~ would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.]

4 He has engrossed my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly rapture can describe.]

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.]

77 L. M. Hafod 368. Broadmead 366.
*The love of Christ to the church, in his
language and provisions.*

Sol. Song vii. 5—13.

1 NOW in the galleries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
'How fair my saints are in my sight!
My love how pleasant for delight!'

2 Kind is thy language, sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.

4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5 In Paradise, within the gates,
A higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

78 L. M. Hafod 368. Hale 70.
The strength of Christ's love.

Solomon's Song viii. 5—7, &c.

1 WHO is this fair one in distress
That travels from the wilderness:
And, pressed with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans?

2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood
And her request and her complaint
Is but the voice of every saint.]

3 'O let my name engraven stand,
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

4 'Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.

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5 'But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from thee depart;
Then let thy name be well impressed
As a fair signet on my breast.

6 'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy countenance let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me.

7 'Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where spices grow.'

79 L. M. Morning Hymn 58. Oldham 48.
A morning hymn.
Ps. xix. 5, 8; lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 GOD of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 [But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in the world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.]

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightened our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

80 L. M. Evening Hymn 60. Pyrton 363.
An evening hymn.
Ps. iv. 8; iii. 5, 6; cxliii. 8.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.]

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

81 L. M. Naples 349. Caton 32.
A song for morning or evening.
Lam. iii. 23; Isa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st at the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days :
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

82 L. M. Bohemia 350. Ramah 356.
God far above creatures.
Job iv. 17—21.

1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God ?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he ?

2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne :
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay !
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and perish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight ;
Buried in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow ;
How frail are we, how glorious thou !
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

83 C. M. St. David's 356. Mysia 222.
Afflictions and death under providence.
Job v. 6—8.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance ;
Yet we are born to cares and woes ;
A sad inheritance !

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne ;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promised grace ;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

84 L. M. Old 100th 46. Melcombe 170.
Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ.
Isa. xlv. 21—25.

1 JEHOVAH speaks ! let Israel hear :
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honours and his names.

2 ' I am the last, and I the first,
The Saviour God, and God the just ;
There's none beside pretends to show
Such justice and salvation too.

3 ' [Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to me from distant lands,
Light, life, and heaven, are in my hands.

4 ' I by my holy name have sworn,
Nor shall the word in vain return ;
To me shall all things bend the knee,
And every tongue shall swear to me.]

5 ' In me alone shall men confess
Lies all their strength and righteousness ;
But such as dare despise my name,
I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 ' In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
Of Israel from their sins be freed,
And, by their shining graces, prove
Their interest in my pardoning love.'

85 S. M. Brentford 11. Attalia 206.
The same.
Isa. xlv. 21—25.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne
' Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.

2 ' Ye dying souls that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recovering grace.'

3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
Their thankful tongues shall own—
' Our righteousness and strength is found
In thee, the Lord, alone.'

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven ;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

86 C. M. Old Church 39. Walsworth 229.
God holy, just, and sovereign.
Job ix. 2—10.

1 HOW should the song of Adam's race
Be pure before thy God !
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence ;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt the unequal war?

4 [Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.]

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
The obedient sun forbears;
His hands with sackcloth spread the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

87 L. M. Berea 346. Timsbury 159.
God dwells with the humble and penitent.
Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One:
'I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 'But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 'The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live,
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 ['When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.]

5 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.]

88 L. M. Woolstanton 62: Hale 70.
Life the day of grace and hope.
Eccles. ix. 4, &c.

1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 [Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 [Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device or work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

89 L. M. Penshurst 61. Adoraim 345.
Youth and judgment.
Eccles. xi. 9.

1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your
tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire;

2 Pursue the pleasures you design, [wine;
And cheer your hearts with songs and
Enjoy the day of mirth, but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror
through:
How will you stand before his face,
Or answer for his injured grace?

5 Almighty God! turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

90 C. M. University 340. Canterbury 229.
The same.
Eccles. xi. 9.

1 **L**O! the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove;
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frightened earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand that fiery test?
I give all mortal joys away,
To be for ever blessed.

91 L. M. St. Pancras 162. Eisenach 68.
Advice to youth
Eccles. xii. 1—7; Isa. lxx. 20.

1 **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator God;
Behold the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, 'My joys are gone!'

2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

- 3 The dust returns to dust again,
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

92 S. M. Shelford 210.
Christ the wisdom of God.
Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

- 1 SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard?
- 2 'I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation was begun.
- 3 ['Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 'When he adorned the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.
- 5 'When he poured out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.]
- 6 'Upon the empty air
The earth was balanced well;
With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 'My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust,
Was fashioned to a man.
- 8 'Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them dies.'

93 L. M. Woolstanton 62. Westbury 256.
Wisdom obeyed or resisted.
Prov. viii. 34—36.

- 1 THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
'Blessed is the man that hears my
word,
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.
- 2 'The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
Immortal life is his reward.
Life and the favour of the Lord.
- 3 But the vile wretch that flies from me
Doth his own soul an injury;
Fools that against my grace rebel
Seek death, and love the road to hell.'

94 C. M. Prestwich 238. Northampton 41.
Justification by faith, not by works.
Rom. iii. 19—22.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

95 C. M. Prestwich 238. Bethany 236.
Regeneration.
John i. 13; iii. 3, &c.

- 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death:
On heavenly things we fix our eyes
And praise employs our breath.

96 C. M. Bath Chapel 34. Warwick 334.
Election excludes boasting.
1 Cor i. 26—31.

- 1 BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of Grace.
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature has all its glories lost
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

97 L. M. Philadelphia 268.
Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c.
 1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **B**URIED in shadows of the night,
 We lie till Christ restores the light;
 Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
 And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
 Till his atoning blood appears;
 Then we awake from deep distress,
 And sing, 'The Lord our righteousness.'
- 3 Our very frame is mixed with sin,
 His Spirit makes our natures clean;
 Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
 At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
 Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
 He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
 The iron bondage from their necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
 Grace, wisdom, power, and righteous-
 Thou art our mighty all, and we [ness;
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

98 S. M. St. Bride's 5. Wurtzburg 212.
The same.
 1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 Till Christ with his reviving light
 Over our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of heaven;
 But, in his righteousness arrayed,
 We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways;
 His hands infected nature cure
 With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways
 To bring us near to God;
 Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

99 C. M. St. George's 21. York 234.
Grace not hereditary.
 Matt. iii. 9.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes that rebels place
 Upon their birth and blood,
 Descended from a pious race,
 Their fathers now with God.
- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell
 Can take the hardest stones,
 And fill the house of Abraham well
 With new-created sons.
- 3 Such wondrous power doth he possess
 Who formed our mortal frame,
 Who called the world from emptiness;
 The world obeyed and came.

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100 L. M. Bramcoate 65. Ivy Bridge 54.
Believe and be saved.
 John iii. 16—18.

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men,
 Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
 No weapons in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He loved the race of man so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
 Trust in his mighty name and live;
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
 On rebels who refuse the grace,
 Who God's eternal Son despise;
 The hottest hell shall be their place.

101 L. M. Oldham 48. Wandsworth 158.
Joys in heaven for a repenting sinner.
 Luke xv. 7, 10.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
 Through all the courts of paradise,
 To see a prodigal return,
 To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his eternal love;
 The Son with joy looks down and sees
 The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul he formed anew;
 And saints and angels join to sing,
 The growing empire of their King.

102 L. M. St. Paul's 151. Pyrtou 363.
The beatitudes.
 Matt. v. 2—12.

- 1 **[BLESSED** are the humble souls that
 Their emptiness and poverty; [see
 Treasures of grace to them are given,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.]
- 2 [Blessed are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.]
- 3 [Blessed are the meek who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.]
- 4 [Blessed are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness;
 They shall be well supplied, and fed
 With living streams and living bread.]
- 5 [Blessed are the men whose bowels move
 And melt with sympathy and love;
 From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
 Like sympathy and love again.]
- 6 [Blessed are the pure whose hearts are
 From the defiling powers of sin; [clean
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 A God of spotless purity.]

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- 7 [Blessed are the men of peaceful life
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]
- 8 [Blessed are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.]

103 C. M. Prestwich 239. Ashley 232.
Not ashamed of the gospel.
2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

104 C. M. London New 20. Matlock 332.
A state of nature and grace.
1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

- 1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor slanderers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.
- 3 But we are washed in Jesus' blood,
We're pardoned through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.
- 4 O for a persevering power
To keep thy just commands;
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

105 C. M. Philippi 133. Warwick 334.
Heaven invisible and holy.
1 Cor. ii. 9, 10, Rev. xxi. 27.

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

106 S. M. Bridgeford Hill 3.
Dead to sin by the cross of Christ.
Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin
Because thy grace abounds;
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucified
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free;
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

107 L. M. Camnor 155. Penshurst 61.
The fall and recovery of man.
Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17; Gal. iv. 4; Col. ii. 15.

- 1 DECEIVED by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father, fell;
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Proposed the fruit that God forbid.
- 2 Death was the threatening: death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race received the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.
- 3 But Satan found a worse reward:
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord:
'Let everlasting hatred be
Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.'
- 4 'The woman's seed shall be my Son;
He shall destroy what thou hast done;
Shall break thy head, and only feel
Thy malice raging at his heel.'
- 5 [He spake; and bid four thousand years
Roll on: at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.]
- 6 Lo! by the sons of hell he dies:
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumphed o'er the powers below.]

108 S. M. Kirkdale 12. Amersham 308.
Christ unseen and beloved.
1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

109 L. M. Neapolis 261. Hale 70.
The value of Christ, and his righteousness.
Phil. iii. 7—9.

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.

- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

110 C. M. Prestwich 233. Walworth 329.
Death and immediate glory.
2 Cor. v. 1, 5—8.

- 1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

- 3 'Tis he by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

111 C. M. St. James's 17. Charmouth 121.
Salvation by grace.
Titus iii. 3—7.

- 1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

- 2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
For ever love his name
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

- 3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding through his Son.]

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- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

- 6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

112 C. M. Welby 126. Adelphi 29.
The brazen serpent.
John iii. 14—16.

- 1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

- 2 'Look upward in the dying hour,
And live,' the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When Faith lifts up her eyes.

- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns:
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring Gentile lives.

113 C. M. St. Stephen's 19.
Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles.
Gen. xvii. 7; Rom. xv. 8; Mark x. 14.

- 1 HOW large the promise! how divine!
To Abraham and his seed!
'I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.'

- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

114 C. M. Devizes 26. Peterborough 130.
The same.
Rom. xi. 16, 17.

- 1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood:
Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

- 2 With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God:
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

115 C. M. St. Anne's 29. Hammersmith 316.
Conviction of sin by the law.
Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14—24.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came,
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 [My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again,
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

116 L. M. Doversdale 66. Hafod 368.
Love to God and our neighbour.
Matt. xxii. 37—40.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
'Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigour and delight.

2 'Then shall thy neighbour next in place
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him.'

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove:
For want of this the law is broke;
And the whole law's fulfilled by love.

4 But, oh! how base our passions are
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

117 L. M. St. Mark's 247. Eisenach 68.
Election sovereign and free.
Rom. ix. 21—24.

1 [BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he please;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

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2 Doth not the workman's power extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?]

3 May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favours as he will,
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

4 [What if to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suffering vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?]

5 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joys?]

6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

7 But, O my soul! if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

8 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

118 S. M. Salamis 202. Hopkins 10.
Moses and Christ.

John i. 17; Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6; x. 28, 29.

1 THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

119 C. M. Northampton 41. Havannah 125.
The different success of the gospel.
1 Cor. i. 23, 24; ii. 6, 7; 2 Cor. ii. 16.

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath :
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

120 C. M. Mount Pleasant 37. Romsey 325.
Faith of things unseen.

Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and
And dwells in heavenly light. [sense,

2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word ;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by the eternal hands,
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

121 C. M. Irish 32. Bexley 217.
Children devoted to God.

Gen. xvii. 7, 10 ; Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

[For those that practise Infant Baptism.]

1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
'I'll be a God to thee ;
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me.'

2 Abra'm believed the promised grace,
And gave his son to God ;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word ;
Thus the believing gaoler gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King !
Thine ancient truth embrace ;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

122 L. M. Woolstanton 62. Chicago 357.
Believers buried with Christ in baptism.

Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord,
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death ;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

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3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again :
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

123 C. M. Eversley 18. Athens 244.
The repentant prodigal.

Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 **B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust and
Had wasted his estate, [wine
He begs a share amongst the swine,
To taste the husks they eat !

2 'I die with hunger here,' he cries,
'I starve in foreign lands,
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

3 'I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face,—
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace.'

4 He said, and hastened to his home,
To seek his father's love ;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kissed his son ;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

6 'Take off his clothes of shame and sin,'
The father gives command,
'Dress him in garments white and clean,'
With rings adorn his hand.

7 'A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound ;
My son was dead and lives again,
Was lost and now is found.'

124 L. M. Gilead 259. Oldham 48.
The first and second Adam.

Rom. v. 12, &c.

1 **D**EEP in the dust before thy throne
Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;
Great God ! we own the unhappy name
Whence sprang our nature and our shame ;

2 Adam the sinner, at his fall
Death like a conqueror seized us all ;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruined race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who joined our nature to his own :
Adam the second from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

5 [By the rebellion of one man
Through all his seed the mischief ran ;
And by one Man's obedience now,
Are all his seed made righteous too.

6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.]

125 C. M. Prestwich 238 Abingdon 117.
Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted.

Heb. iv. 15, 16; v. 7; Matt. xii. 20.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meaneast name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

126 L. M. Wells 55. Epworth 248.
Charity and uncharitableness.
Rom. xiv. 17, 19; 1 Cor. x. 32.

- 1 **N**OT different food, or different dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banished hence;
Meekness and love our souls pursue,
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

127 L. M. Neapolis 261. Portugal 69.
Christ's invitation to sinners.
Matt. xi. 28—30.

- 1 **C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 'They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like a sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

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3 'Blessed is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.'

4 **J**ESUS, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

128 L. M. Wareham 57 Adoraim 345.
The apostles' commission.

Mark xvi. 15, &c., Matt. xxviii. 19, &c.

- 1 **G**O preach my gospel,' saith the Lord,
'Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
He shall be damned that won't believe.
- 2 ['I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 'Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid [pheme.
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-
- 4 'Teach all the nations my command,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend.'
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

129 L. M. Melcombe 170. St. Mark's 247.
Submission and deliverance.
Gen. xii. 6, &c.

- 1 **S**AINTS, at your heavenly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.
- 3 'Abra'm, forbear!' the angel cried,
'Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed,
Shall the whole earth be blessed indeed!'
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

130 L. M. Philadelphia 268. Islington 119.
Love and hatred.
Phil. ii. 2; Eph. iv. 2, &c.

- 1 **N**OW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

- 2 Clamour, and wrath, and war, begone,
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known,
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.
- 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

131 L. M. Stirling 161. Inverness 249.
The pharisee and publican.
Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father! let me never be
Joined with the boasting pharisee!
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

132 L. M. New College 56. Leicester 160.
Holiness and grace.
Titus ii. 10—13.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst justice, temperance, truth, and
Our inward piety approve. [love,
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

133 C. M. St. George's 21. Philippi 133.
Love and charity.
1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

- 1 **L**ET pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

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- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endure the wrong.]
- 4 [She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.
- 5 She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

134 L. M. Wandsworth 158. Brecon 361.
Religion vain without love.
1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name:
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

135 L. M. Naples 349. Montgomery 246.
The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.
Eph. iii. 16, &c.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Thou shalt we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

136 C. M. Gorton 25. Havannah 125.

Sincerity and hypocrisy.

John iv. 24; Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my
And make my soul sincere; [ways,
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

137 L. M. Warrington 51. Broadmead 366.

Salvation by grace in Christ.

2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

- 1 **N**OW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell, we bless his name,
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transaction's past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

138 C. M. Chimes 24. York 234.

Saints in the hands of Christ.

John x. 28, 29.

- 1 **F**IRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favourites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

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139 L. M. Naples 349. Bohemia 350.

Hope in the covenant.

Heb. vi. 17—19.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

140 C. M. Salem 330. Eversley 15.

A living and a dead faith.

Collected from several scriptures.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls, that dream of
heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.]
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.
- 7 [His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.]

141 S. M. Falcon St. 2. Attalia 226.

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ

Isa. lvi. 1—5, 10—12.

- 1 **W**HO hath believed thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

- 2 The Jews esteemed him here
Too mean for their belief;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.
- 3 They turned their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.
- 4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleased to bruise
His best-beloved Son.
- 5 'But I'll prolong his days,
And make his kingdom stand;
My pleasure,' saith the God of grace,
'Shall prosper in his hand.'
- 6 ['His joyful soul shall see
The purchase of his pain,
And by his knowledge justify
The guilty sons of men.]
- 7 ['Ten thousand captive slaves,
Released from death and sin,
Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
And own his power divine.]
- 8 ['Heaven shall advance my Son
To joys that earth denied;
Who saw the follies men had done,
And bore their sins, and died.']

142 S. M. Falmouth 309. Greenhithe 107.

The same.

Isa. liii. 6—12.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away,
Joined with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.
- 6 'I'll give him,' saith the Lord,
'A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honours long.'

143 C. M. St. Michael's 138. Kidbrook 341.

Characters of the children of God.

From several scriptures.

- 1 **A**S new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

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- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]
- 3 [Not all the flattering baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.]
- 4 Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conqueror, can produce
A thousand victories.]
- 5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]
- 6 [Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.]
- 7 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.
- 8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!
- 9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.
- 10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, 'My Father God!'
With an unwavering tongue.

144 C. M. York 234. St. David's 326.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

Rom. viii. 14, 16; Eph. i. 13, 14.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

145 C. M. Prestwich 238. Westmorland 336.

Christ and Aaron.

Heb. vii. and ix.

- 1 **J**ESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

- 2 They first their own burnt offerings
brought
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.]
- 4 [Thy priesthood ran through several
For mortal was their race ; (hands.
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.]
- 5 [Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.]
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill ;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face :
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

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L. M. Warrington 51. Morning Hymn 56.

*Characters of Christ borrowed from
inanimate things in scripture.*

- 1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compared to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed ;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.]
- 4 [Is he a tree ? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves ;
That righteous branch, that fruitful
bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]
- 5 [Is he a rose ? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrantcy in all her fields ;
Or if the lily he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.]
- 6 [Is he a vine ? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit :
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine !]
- 7 [Is he the head ? Each member lives,
And owns the vital power he gives ;
The saints below and saints above
Joined by his Spirit and his love.]
- 8 [Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death ;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]
- 9 [Is he a fire ? He'll purge my dross ;
But the true gold sustains no loss :
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]
- 10 [Is he a rock ? How firm he proves !
The Rock of ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.]
- 11 [Is he a way ? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]
- 12 Is he a door ? I'll enter in :
Behold the pastures large and green ;
A paradise divinely fair ;
None but the sheep have freedom there.]
- 13 [Is he designed the corner-stone,
For men to build their heaven upon ?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]
- 14 [Is he a temple ? I adore
The indwelling majesty and power ;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]
- 15 [Is he a star ? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.]
- 16 [Is he a sun ? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness ;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.
- 17 O let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise !
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate
God.]
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

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L. M. Doversdale 66. Morning Hymn 70

*The names and titles of Christ,
From several scriptures*

- 1 'TIS from the treasures of my Lord
I borrow titles for my Lord ;
Nor art nor nature can supply,
Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminished rays ;
The eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.]
- 3 The King of kings, the Lord most high ;
Writes his own name upon his thigh ;
He wears a garment dipped in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injured love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and Life of men;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part;
A Friend and Brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

148 148th. Psalm 148, 95. St. Thomas's 196.

The same.

From several scriptures.

1 [WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word:
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright,
With mild and lovely rays:
The eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.]

3 The sovereign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is called
The Word of God:
He rules the earth
With gentle rod.

4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar,
And tear the prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
Light of the world,
And Life of men:
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part:
He is a Friend
And Brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

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7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends:
Then shall the saints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

149 L. M. Bramcoate 65. Hafod 368.
The offices of Christ.

1 JOIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 [The Angel of the covenant stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make his great salvation known.]

4 [Great Prophet! let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeased, of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.]

5 [My bright Example and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

6 [I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wandering soul among the sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

7 [My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

8 [Jesus, my great High Priest, has died;
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

9 [My Advocate appears on high;
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

10 [My Lord, my Conqueror, and my King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of salvation leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]

12 Should death, and hell, and powers un-
known,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.

150 148th. Psalm 148, 96. Waterstock 194.

The same.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore :
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.
- 2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Does our Redeemer use
To teach his heavenly grace !
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears for me.
- 3 [Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands ;
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands :
Commissioned from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name :
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came :
The joyful news
Of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued,
And peace with heaven.]
- 5 [Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my Guide ;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side :
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way.]
- 6 [I love my Shepherd's voice ;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flocks,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.]

- 7 [To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws :
Behold my soul
At freedom set ;
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered his blood, and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside :
His powerful blood
Did once atone ;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears
For my defence on high ;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by :
Not all that hell
Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.]
- 10 [My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing :
Thine is the power :
Behold I sit
In willing bonds,
Beneath thy feet.]
- 11 [Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down ;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown :
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Though death and hell
Obstruct the way.]
- 12 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on
I shall be safe :
For Christ displays
Superior power,
And guardian grace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

- 1 L. M. Portugal 69. Naples 349.
Praise to God from Great Britain.
- 1 NATURE with all her powers shall sing
God the Creator and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 [Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the
sound
To the creation's utmost bound.]
- 3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilst with our souls and with our voice
We sing his honours and our joys.]
- 4 [To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave;
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.]
- 5 [This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.]
- 6 He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]
- 7 Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders through the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
- 8 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of the eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]
- 9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain, pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 10 [Yet, mighty God! our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint is the worship and the praise.]
- 2 C. M. Hammersmith 316. Antwerp 16.
The death of a sinner.
- 1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!
- 2 Linger about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay,
Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains!
Tortured with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace! that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
And well insured his love!

3 C. M. Walsal 42. Coventry 222.
The death and burial of a saint.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations, under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

4 L. M. Penshurst 61. Alsace 250.
Salvation in the cross.

- 1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me
thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

5 L. M. Bostock 154. Philadelphia 268.
Longing to praise Christ better.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder
roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repaired and honoured by thy cross;
- 2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquished by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groaned and died,
Sit glorious by his Father's side;

- 3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm winged with faith, and fired with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

- 4 Put my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains;
And, in such humble notes as these,
Must fall below thy victories.

- 5 Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These elogs of clay, and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

6 C. M. Mount Pleasant 37. Loughton 141
A morning song.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light.
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

7 C. M. Salem 330. Prestwich 236.
An evening song.

- 1 **[D**READ Sovereign! let my evening
Like holy incense rise; [song
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.]
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee;
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renewed by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

8 C. M. Staughton 38. 96th Psalm 223.
A hymn for morning or evening.

1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word,
And every day and every hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our wearied head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

9 C. M. Newbury 36. Mysia 222.
*Golly sorrow arising from the sufferings of
Christ.*

1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine
The glorious Sufferer stood!]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

10 C. M. Walworth 329. Kidbrook 341.
Parting with carnal joys.

1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight
And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your power.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 The almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.]

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour dressed in love,
And there my smiling God.

11 L. M. Melcombe 170. Hafod 368.
The same.

1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away:
I Away ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair,
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes,
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

12 C. M. St. George's 21. Eastham 131.
*Christ is the substance of the Levitical
priesthood.*

1 **T**HE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain;
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The offering and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 'Father,' he cries, 'forgive their sins,
For I myself have died;'
And then he shows his opened veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

12 L. M. Berea 346. Lavendon 367.
*The creation, preservation, dissolution, and
restoration of this world.*

1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that reared this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He formed the seas, and formed the hills,
Made every drop and every dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And pushed them into motion first.

3 Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last
Till all his saints are gathered in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again!

5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

14 S. M. Kirkdale 12. Salamis 202.
The Lord's day.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

15 L. M. Montgomery 246. Coombs's 149.
Delight in ordinances.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world,
begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see:
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right hand;
And in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5 Blessed Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

16 PART II. L. M.
Neapolis 261. Hungary 364.
The same.

1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy
face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say, 'My God is mine,'
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 [There shall we drink full draughts of
bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees;
Yet, now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

17 C. M. St. David's 326. Bethany 236.
God's eternity.

1 RISE, rise my soul, and leave the
ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise the eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah filled his throne;
Or Adam formed, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When the old creation dies.

18 L. M. Montgomery 246. Haarlem 264.
The ministry of angels.

1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretched for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 'Go,' saith the Lord, 'my Gabriel, go,
Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;
Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.'

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heavenly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts!
Wait on thy wandering church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts;
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

19 C. M. Abridge 31. Tiverton 337.
Our frail bodies, and God our preserver.

1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to the almighty name
That reared us from the dust.

5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and
In all their motions rose; [brains
'Let blood,' said he, 'flow round the
And round the veins it flows. [veins,'

6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

20 C. M. Eversley 18. St. Asaph 139.
Backslidings and returns.

1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 [Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is passed,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 [Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.]

6 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

7 [Sin's promised joys are turned to pain,
And I am drowned in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.]

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

9 [Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false delight;
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose my sight.]

10 [Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

21 L. M. Woolstanton 62. Ivy Bridge 54.
A song of praise to God the Redeemer.

1 **L**ET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my
Is my Redeemer and his love. [tongue

2 Behold, a God descends and dies
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How the black gulf where Satan lies
Yawned to receive me when I fell!

3 How justice frowned, and vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son proposed his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.

- 4 Infinite Lover! gracious Lord!
To thee be endless honours given;
Thy wondrous name shall be adored
Round the wide earth and wider heaven.

22 L. M. Penhurst 61. Chesterton 263.
With God is terrible majesty.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God, that reignest on high,
How awful is thy thundering hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

- 2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown;
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath the eternal load:
'With endless burnings who can dwell?
Or bear the fury of a God?'

- 4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne;
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

- 5 And ye, blessed saints, that love him too,
With reverence bow before his name;
Thus all his heavenly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

23 L. M. Warrington 57. Hafod 369.
The sight of God and Christ in heaven.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal
Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne:
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

- 5 O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

24 L. M. Tinsbury 159. Trevilian 169.
The veil of sin visible in the fall of angels and men.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Builder arched the
skies,
And formed all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tuned his praise,
And every bending throne adored.

- 2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel sat;
Amongst the morning stars he sung,
Till sin destroyed his heavenly state.

- 3 'Twas sin that hurled him from his
Grovelling in fire the rebel lies: [throne;
'How art thou sunk in darkness down,
Son of the morning, from the skies!'

- 4 And thus our two first parents stood,
Till sin defiled the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruined all their unborn race.

- 5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's
bower,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the cursed name, that in one hour
Spoiled six days' labour of a God!]

- 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to the Lord for quick relief!
Oh may he slay this treacherous guest!

- 7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise:
Thine everlasting arm we sing;
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

25 C. M. Prestwich 238. Hammersmith 316.
Complaining of spiritual sloth.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

- 2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we who have a heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live!

- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down
And laboured for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from the heavenly hill
And sit and warm our hearts.

- Then shall our active spirits move.
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize.

26 L. M. Anspach 371. Philadelphia 269.
God invisible.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals band,
We can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature mind
To glance a thought half way to God!

- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

27 L. M. Psalm 100th 46. Venice 267.
Praise ye him, all his angels.

Ps. cxlviii. 2.

1 **G**OD! the eternal awful name
That the whole heavenly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames! declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sovereign King.

4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array;
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5 Speak, for you feel his burning love,
What zeal it spreads through all your
frame;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

6 [Sing of his power and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his
That vanquished Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]

7 [What mighty storms of poisoned darts
Were hurled upon the rebels there!
What deadly javelins nailed their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair.]

8 [Shout to your King, ye heavenly host,
You that beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost:
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]

9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let every distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

28 C. M. Charnmouth 124. Camberwell New 22.
Death and eternity.

1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that use to
Converse awhile with death; [rise,
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few;
Then speechless, with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.

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3 But oh! the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust,
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into the dust.

29 C. M. Havannah 125. Maidstone 216.
Redemption by price and power.

1 **J**ESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Blessed be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who hought me with his blood,
And quenched his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

30 S. M. Lonsdale 306. Annan 209.
Heavenly joys on earth.

1 **C**OME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 [The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place:
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.]

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But favourites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thought of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 [The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.] [ground

31 L. M. Chicago 357. Gilead 254.
Christ's presence makes death easy.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals
Death is the gate of endless joy, [are]
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

32 C. M. Bedford 241. Newbury 36.
Prasity and folly.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That might the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel
That break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

33 C. M. Kilmorock 341. Charlottetown 134.
The blessed society in heaven.

1 RAISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say, there's nought below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

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2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meaneast love.]

3 There on a high majestic throne
The almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down,
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright like a sun the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever-shining skies,
Behold the sacred Dove!
While banished sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne,
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

7 [But O! what beams of heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face
And love in every smile.]

8 Jesus! and when shall that dear day
That joyful hour, appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there?

34 C. M. Prestwich 238. Salem 200.
Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers—
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Howanias languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers—
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

35 C. M. Evans 122. Westminster 124.
Praise to God for creation and redemption.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to the united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas he, and we'll adore his name,
That formed us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruined frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

36 S. M. St. Matthias 108. Attalia 208.
Christ's intercession.

1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer's gone
To appear before our God;
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus the priest receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high:
'Hosanna to the God of grace,
That lays his thunder by.]

6 'On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above';
But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love!

7 [How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

37 C. M. Braintree 121. St. Stephen's 19.
The same.

1 **L**IFT up your eyes to the heavenly seats
L Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood;
Appeased stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their offerings bring;
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.

4 [Let papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to the heavenly host.]

5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne;
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.

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6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
'Hosanna in the highest!'
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.]

38 C. M. Prestwich 238. Lichfield 321.
Love to God.

1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings.
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

39 C. M. Windsor 119. Coventry 322
The shortness and misery of life.

1 **O**UR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
'Evil and few,' the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

40 C. M. Lichfield 324. Byzantium 241.
Comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

1 **O**UR God! how firm his promise stands,
Even when he hides his face;
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

41

L. M. Caton 62. St. Mark's 247.

A sight of God mortifies us to the world.

- 1 [UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!
- 3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies!
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!]
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All! Eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

42

C. M. London New 20. Bryglas 344.

Delight in God.

- 1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand!
Thy courts below, how amiable!
Where all thy graces stand!
- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upward to the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat;
- 3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues;
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.
- 4 While Jesus shines with quickening grace,
We sing, and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.
- 5 [Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widowed state,
Wandering she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.
- 6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove;
Just so we droop and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.]

43

L. M. Selby 64. Montgomery 246.

Christ's sufferings and glory.

- 1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

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- 2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came to atone almighty wrath;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]
- 4 [Hell and its lions roared around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt;
While weighty sorrows pressed him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
The almighty Captive prisoner lay;
The almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face!
- 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

44

L. M. Penshurst 61. Dorchester 251.

Hell; or the vengeance of God.

- 1 WITH holy fear and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Reverence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.
- 2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- 3 [Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals.
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.
- 4 There Satan the first sinner lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands.]
- 5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod!
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

45

L. M. New Sabbath 50. Nain 354.

God's condescension to our worship.

- 1 THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls:
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But the heavenly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

- 3 Great God ! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine !
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

46 L. M. Adoraim 345. Oldham 48.
God's condescension to human affairs.

- 1 UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
- 2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod ;
His goodness, how amazing great !
And what a condescending God !]
- 3 [God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards too.]
- 4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs ;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God ;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform ;
For worms were never raised so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.
- 7 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

47 L. M. Warrington 51. Adoraim 345.
Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue !
Hosanna to the eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands ;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name :
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !
- 6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face !
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

48 C. M. Maidstone 216. York 234.
Love to the creatures is dangerous.

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood ;
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

49 C. M. Camberwell New 22.
Moses dying in the embraces of God.

- 1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there ;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid ;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clapsed in my heavenly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

50 L. M. Neapolis 261. Bostock 154.
Comforts under sorrows and pains.

- 1 NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And show my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.
- 2 But O, it swells my sorrows high
To see my blessed Jesus frown ;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.
- 3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints ?
Still while he frowns his bowels move ;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.
- 4 My name is printed on his breast ;
His book of life contains my name ;
I'd rather have it there impressed
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by the eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

51 L. M. Warrington 51. Broadmead 366.
God the Son equal with the Father.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat,
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 [Thy power hath formed, thy wisdom
sways,
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread com-
mand.]

4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 [Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one, [names,
Though they are known by different
The Father God, and God the Son.]

7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.]

52 C. M. Crowle 225. Walsal 42.
Death dreadful or delightful.

1 DEATH 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes.
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear,
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long for-ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face,
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recovering grace.

5 He is a God of sovereign love
That promised heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day,
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

53 C. M. Prestwich 236. Mayo 221.
The pilgrimage of the saints.

1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply!
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns through all the
And mortal poisons grow, [ground,
And all the rivers that are found
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

4 [Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet,
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]

5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]

7 [By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road,
Through dismal deeps and dangerous
We make our way to God.] [snare]

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still!
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 [See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus the forerunner waits,
To welcome travellers home!]

10 There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

11 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through,
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

54 C. M. Morley 228. Sunbury 190.
God's presence is light in darkness.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

55 C. M. Burford 44. St Mary's 132.
Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!
- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.]
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the
To push us to the tomb, [ground,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath,
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

56 C. M. Broughton 140. Syracuse 226.
The misery of being without God in this world.

- 1 **N**O, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod! [through,
Well, they may search the creature
For they have ne'er a God.
- 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes hastening on to you,
To mow your glory down.

- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed
To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

57 L. M. Neapolis 261. Syria 359.
The pleasures of a good conscience.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure and blessed are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and
sea, [within.
Their minds have heaven and peace
- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come
But fly not half so swift away; [on,
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.]
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.
- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grovelling in the dust below:
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

58 C. M. Succoth 230. Thorpe 137.
The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

- 1 **T**IME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 [The present moments just appear,
That slide away in haste,
That we can never say, 'They're here,
But only say, 'They're past.']
- 3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.]
- 4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be his name adored!

- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

59 C. M. Northampton 41. Stafford 231.
Paradise on earth.

- 1 **G** LORY to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through;
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.
- 2 [Glory to God that stoops his throne
That dust and worms may see it,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.
- 3 When Christ, with all his graces crowned,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.
- 4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.
- 5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.
- 6 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down;
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]
- 7 But ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!
- 8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?
- 9 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go,
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwithering grow.

60 L. M. Adoraim 345. Hale 70.
The truth of God the promiser.

- 1 **P** RAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears
arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comfort that our Maker gives.

6 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.

- 7 Then should the earth's old pillars shal
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

61 C. M. Newbury 36. Mysia 222.
A thought of death and glory.

- 1 **M** Y soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]
- 3 O could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead:
- 4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 [How we should scorn these clothes of
These fetters, and this load! [flesh,
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.]
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

62 C. M. Camberwell New 22. Lystra 239.
God the thunderer.
[Made in a great sudden storm of thunder,
Aug. 20, 1697.]

- 1 **S** ING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore;
Let death and hell through all their coasts
Stand trembling at his power.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.

- 4 Think, O my soul! the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad!
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord;
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

63 C. M. Adelphi 29. Eversley 18.
A funeral thought.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry;
'Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours!'
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly,
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

64 L. M. Doversdale 66. Lavendon 367.
God the glory and the defence of Zion.

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his highest praise.

65 C. M. Prestwich 238. Chester 116.
The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

66 C. M. Lichfield 324. Evans 122.
A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

67 C. M. Canterbury 229. Bethany 236.
God's eternal dominion.

- 1 **G**REAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are
And vexed with trifling cares, [drawn,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

- 6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

68 C.M. Kidbrook 341. Northampton 41.
The humble worship of heaven.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspcakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear
The adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before the eternal All.
- 6 There would I vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss;
While 'less than nothing,' I could boast,
And 'vanity' confess.]
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

69 C.M. Wiltshire 40. University 340.
The faithfulness of God in the promises.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly
theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim 'salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 [Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.]
- 5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfills his great decrees.
- 6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises,

- 7 He said, 'Let the wide heaven be spread,
And heaven was stretched abroad;
'Abraham, I'll be thy God,' he said,
And he was Abraham's God.

- 8 O might I hear thine heavenly tongue
But whisper, 'Thou art mine!'
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

70 L.M. Selby 64. St. Mark's 247.
God's dominion over the sea.
Ps. cxi. 23.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas! thy thundering voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly flocks amidst the sea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.
- 4 [The larger monsters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.
- 5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still and fears;
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]
- 6 How is thy glorious power adored
Amidst these watery nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise!
- 7 [What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide!
- 8 Anon they plunge in watery graves,
And some drink death among the waves;
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescued them.]
- 9 O for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land,
Great Judge, descend! lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.

71 C.M. Salem 330. Samos 316.
Praise to God from all creatures.

- 1 **T**HE glories of my maker God
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right hand that shaped our clay
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the angelic songs.

4 Let grovelling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole,

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

72 C. M. Prestwich 238. Clitheroe 43.
The Lord's day.

1 **B**LESSED morning, whose young
dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode!

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay;
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim,
The triumph of the day.

5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

73 C. M. Old Church 39. Hammersmith 316.
Doubts scattered.

1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts,
And leave me to my joys; [begone,
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veiled my mind,
And drowned my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace, with shining rays
Dispelled my gloomy fears.

3 O what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

74 S. M. Amersham 308. Devonshire Sq. 1.
Repentance from a sense of divine goodness.

1 **I**S this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 [On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men,
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh; [stone
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

75 C. M. Gorton 25. Loughton 141.
Spiritual and eternal joy.

1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 [Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blessed abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

76 C. M. Nottingham 142. Dove Dale 27.
The resurrection and ascension of Christ.

1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes!
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns
And scatters blessings down:
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blessed abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.]
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

77 L. M. Montgomery 246. Emmaus 271.
The Christian warfare.

- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy
fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 [What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.]
- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life:
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

78 C. M. Camberwell New 22. Patmos 144.
Redemption by Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race
Rebelled, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;
- 2 Infinite pity touched the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapped his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

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- 4 His living power, and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blessed Jesus, take us for thine own,
For we are doubly thine.
- 6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

79 C. M. Adelphi 29. Athens 244.
Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **P**LUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We that were doomed his endless slaves
Are raised above the skies.]
- 6 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.]
- 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

80 S. M. Shelford 210. Exeter 3.
God's awful goodness and power.

- 1 **O**H! the almighty Lord!
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word
While all the heavens adore.
- 2 Let proud, imperious kings
Bow low before his throne
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.
- 3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

- 4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.
- 5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Zion well;
And heavenly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.
- 6 Salvation to the King
That sits enthroned above!
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

81 C. M. Adelphi 29. Abbotsford 219.
Our sin the cause of Christ's death.

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
Oh, the cursed deeds my sins have done!
What murderous things they be!
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stained those heavenly
With floods of purple gore! [limbs]
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seized God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace,
I'll wound my God no more:
Hence from my heart, my sins, begone,
For Jesus I adore.
- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.

82 C. M. Clifton 123. Samos 318.
Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He raised me from the depths of sin
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed;
And on the Rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blessed abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
- 6 Arise, my soul; awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

83 C. M. Irish 32. Tintern Abbey 118.
The passion and exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the skies:
'Awake, my dreadful sword;
Awake, my wrath, and smite the Man,
My fellow,' saith the Lord.
- 2 Vengeance received the dread command,
And armed, down she flies;
Jesus submits to his Father's hand,
And bows his head and dies.
- 3 But O! the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let every nation sing;
And angels sound with endless joy
The Saviour and the King.

84 S. M. Peckham 5. Amersham 308.
The same.

- 1 **C**OME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murderous weapons dyed.]
- 4 [The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]
- 5 Down to the shades of death
He bowed his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the cruel spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.
- 8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

85 C. M. Charmouth 124. Bath Chapel 31.
Sufficiency of pardon.

- 1 **W**HYY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your
And nourish your despair? [faith,
- 2 What though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at the eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise;
- 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its cursed foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell;
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace:
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase;
- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults;
And pardoning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

86 C. M. St. Anne's 28. Mysia 222.
Freedom from sin and misery in heaven.

- 1 **O**UR sins, alas, how strong they be!
And like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.
- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.
- 5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

87 C. M. Havannah 125. St. David's 326.
The divine glories above our reason.

- 1 **H**OW wondrous great, how glorious
Must our Creator be, [bright,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!
- 2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise
Toward the celestial throne;
Fain would we see the blessed Three
And the almighty One.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grovelling reason lies!

4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.]

- 5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our labouring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.
- 6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep the immortal string.]

88 C. M. Ashley 232. Hertford 319.
Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

89 C. M. St. Stephen's 19. Marlstone 216.
Christ's victory over Satan.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies;
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescued sheep;
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.
- 3 Hosanna to our conquering King!
All hail incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

90 C. M. Antwerp 16. Coventry 322.
Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
'Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.'
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help my unbelief!

- 4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

91 C. M. Warwick 334. Dove Dale 27.
The glory of Christ in heaven.

- 1 **O**H! the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers, rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his
That once rude iron tore;
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
- 6 His head, the dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!]
- 7 This is the Man, the exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face
Our hearts shall love him more.
- 8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy blessed abode!
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God!]
- 9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

92 C. M. Lichfield 324. Wiltshire 40.
*The church saved, and her enemies
disappointed.*

Composed for the 5th of November, 1694.

- 1 **S**HOUL to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run;
Ye British skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

- 2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir
To praise the eternal King.
- 3 Thy power the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.
- 4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.
- 5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns stroke in vain
To escape all-searching eyes.
- 6 Their dark designs were all revealed,
Their treasons all betrayed:
Praise to the Lord that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]
- 7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die.
- 8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious power;
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

93 S. M. Silverdale 114. Shirland 13.
God all, and in all.
Ps. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love!
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]
- 3 [The smile of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.]
- 4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]
- 5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 [To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

94 C. M. Chimes 24. Brynglas 344.
God my only happiness.
 Ps. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
 My everlasting all!
 I've none but thee in heaven above,
 Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 [What empty things are all the skies,
 And this inferior clod!
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.]
- 3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun,
 Scatters his feeble light;
 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
 If thou withdraw, 'tis night.]
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
 Amongst the shades I roll,
 If my Redeemer shows his head,
 'Tis morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
 And health, and safe abode;
 Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
 But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
 If once compared to thee;
 Or what's my safety or my health,
 Or all my friends to me?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
 And called the stars my own,
 Without thy graces and thyself
 I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore,
 Grant me the visits of thy face,
 And I desire no more.

95 C. M. Newbury 36. Windsor 119.
Look on Him whom they pierced, and mourn.

- 1 INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
 Behold my bleeding Lord!
 Hell and the Jews conspired his death,
 And used the Roman sword.
- 2 O the sharp pangs of smarting pain
 My dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty whips, and rugged thorns,
 His sacred body tore!
- 3 But knotty whips and rugged thorns
 In vain do I accuse;
 In vain I blame the Roman bands,
 And the more spiteful Jews.
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
 His chief tormentors were;
 Each of my crimes became a nail,
 And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pulled the vengeance down
 Upon his guiltless head:
 Break, break, my heart, O burst, mine
 And let my sorrows bleed. [eyes,
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
 Till melting waters flow,
 And deep repentance drown mine eyes
 In undissolved woe.

96 C. M. Antwerp 16. Chertsey 329.
Angels punished, and men saved.

- 1 DOWN headlong from their native skies
 The rebel angels fell,
 And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
 Pursued them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
 Rebellious man was hurled;
 And Jesus stooped beneath the grave
 To reach a sinking world.
- 3 O love of infinite degree!
 Unmeasurable grace!
 Must heaven's eternal darling die,
 To save a traitorous race?
- 4 Must angels sink for ever down,
 And burn in quenchless fire,
 While God forsakes his shining throne
 To raise us wretches higher?
- 5 O for this love let earth and skies
 With hallelujahs ring,
 And the full choir of human tongues
 All hallelujahs sing.

97 L. M. Oldham 48. Tilshend 253.
The same.

- 1 FROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
 And wrath and darkness chained them
 down;
 But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
 And mercy lifts him to a crown.
- 2 Amazing work of sovereign grace
 That could distinguish rebels so!
 Our guilty treasons called aloud
 For everlasting fetters too.
- 3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
 Our souls, ourselves, our all, we pay:
 Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
 On the bright hills of heavenly day.

98 C. M. Walsal 42. Chertsey 339.
Hardness of heart complained of.

- 1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
 How heavy here it lies!
 Heavy and cold within my breast,
 Just like a rock of ice!
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
 Upon this flinty throne,
 And every grace lies buried deep
 Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,
 Or taste the joys above!
 This mountain presses down my faith,
 And chills my flaming love.
- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
 With all its heavenly charms,
 This stubborn, this relentless thing,
 Would thrust it from my arms.
- 5 Against the thunders of thy word
 Rebellious I have stood;
 My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
 And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

99 C. M. Northampton 41. Samos 318.
The book of God's decrees.

1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before their God;
Whate'er his sovereign voice has formed
He governs with a nod.

2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow or a worm
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as he please.]

4 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concerned
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

100 L. M. Alsace 230. Thessalonica 365.
*The presence of Christ is the life of
my soul.*

1 **H**OW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God, at last, my sovereign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul 'Depart!'

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home;
For I have learned no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven, without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

7 [Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

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8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.]

9 [My God! and can an humble child
That loves thee with a flame so high
Be ever from thy face exiled,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10 Impossible!—for thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends must be.]

101 C. M. Bethany 236. Chimes 24.
The world's three chief temptations.

1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food
To indulge a sordid lust.]

4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dashed with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew:
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

102 L. M. St. Mark's 247. Hawthornden 49.
A happy resurrection.

1 **N**O. I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, withering limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come:
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!

4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips,
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

5 [Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

103 C. M. Psalm 98 223. Kidbrook 341.
Christ's commission.
 John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God,
 With new melodious songs;
 Come, tender to almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pitied dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son
 To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
 With a revenging rod,
 No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry;
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
 And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
 Accept thine offered grace;
 We bless the great Redeemer's love,
 And give the Father praise.

104 S. M. Ipswich 15. Lonsdale 306.
Reconciliation.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love,
 Its chief Beloved chose,
 And bid him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
 Nor terror clothes his brow;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrows cease;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offered peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
 We lay an humble claim
 To the salvation thou hast brought,
 And love and praise thy name.

105 C. M. Bedford 241. Woodford 323.
*Repentance flowing from the patience
 of God.*

- 1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
 And do we yet rebel?
 'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
 That bears us up from hell!

- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt
 Would sink us down to flames,
 And threatening vengeance rolls above,
 To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, 'Forbear!'
 And straight the thunder stays:
 And dare we now provoke his wrath,
 And weary out his grace?
- 4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,
 Too long indulged our sin,
 Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
 What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
 No more will we obey;
 Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
 And drive thy foes away.

106 C. M. Adelphi 29. Snowdon 333.
Repentance at the cross.

- 1 OH, if my soul were formed for woe,
 How would I vent my sighs!
 Repentance should like rivers flow
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groaned away a dying life
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucified my God,
 Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood!
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My heart has so decreed;
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,
 My murdered Lord I view,
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murderers too.

107 C. M. Walsal 42. Mysia 223.
The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
 The appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
 Thou sovereign of my heart!
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound 'Depart!'
- 3 [The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.]
- 4 [What! to be banished for my life,
 And yet forbid to die?
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death for ever fly?]
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love!

6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands!

8 [Give me one kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

108 C. M. Epping 240. Abridge 31.
*Access to the throne of grace by a
Mediator.*

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appeared 'consuming fire,'
And 'Vengeance' was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calmed his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high:
And glory to the eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

109 L. M. Altona 262. New College 56.
The darkness of providence.

1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou arrayest thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile;
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briars and the night.

4 Dear Father! if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

110 S. M. St. Dunstan's 9. Sidmouth 201.
*Triumph over death in hope of the
resurrection.*

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives;
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

111 C. M. Eversley 18. Walworth 329.
Thanksgiving for victory.

1 ZION, rejoice, and Judah, sing;
The Lord assumes his throne;
Let Britain own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurled;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3 He reigns upon the eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fixed beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquished by his breath;
And legions armed with power and pride
Descend to watery death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

6 [Long may the king, our sovereign, live,
To rule us by thy word;
And all the honours he can give
Be offered to the Lord.]

112 L. M. Wells 55. Genoa 252.
*Angels ministering to Christ and the
saints.*

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

- 2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance and of love.
- 3 His orders run through all the hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard the British coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.
- 4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode;
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heavenly road.
- 5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

113 C. M. 96th Psalm 223. Dove Dale 27.
The same.

- 1 **T**HE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold!
The servants waiting round his throne,
The ivory and the gold!
- 2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.
- 3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this earth,
A shining army downward fled
To celebrate his birth.
- 4 And when, oppressed with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heavenly form appears
To allay his agonies.]
- 5 Now to the hands of Christ our King
Arc all their legions given;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.
- 6 Pleasure and praise run through their
To see a sinner turn; [host,
Then Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.
- 7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.
- 8 O! could I say without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

114 C. M. Eversley 18. Prestwich 238.
Christ's death, victory, and dominion.

- 1 **I** SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquered when he fell:
'Tis finished!' said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 'Tis finished!' our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done:
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise;
His kingdom is begun.

- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints, from his propitious eye,
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

115 C. M. St. George's 21. York 231.
God the avenger of his saints.

- 1 **H**IGH as the heavens above the ground,
Reigns the Creator God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.
- 2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.
- 3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.
- 4 Then let the sovereigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.
- 5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

116 C. M. London New 20. Kingsland 221.
Mercies and thanks.

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.
- 3 All that I am and all I have
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give him all.

117 L. M. Arimathæa 145.
Living and dying with God present.

- 1 **I** CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And with a smile upon my face
Pass the important hour of death.

118 L. M. Tyne 166. Hafod 368.
The priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the skies:
'Revenge!' the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream when Christ was slain
Speaks peace as loud from every vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels that deserve his sword
Become the favourites of the Lord.
- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

119 C. M. St. Mary's 132. Succoth 230.
The holy scriptures.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.
- 3 [This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.]
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

120 S. M. Lymington 115. Reading 305.
The law and gospel joined in scripture.

- 1 **T**HE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe!
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
The epistles of his love.

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- 3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.
- 4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasured here,
And armour of defence.
- 5 We learn Christ crucified,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and sciences beside
Will do us little good.]
- 6 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offered grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.
- 7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the
Where beams of mercy shine. [page,

121 L. M. Islington 59. Pyrton 363.
The law and gospel distinguished.

- 1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us
know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

122 L. M. Morning Hymn 58. Silicia 360.
Retirement and meditation.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God my Saviour go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

123 L. M. Naples 349. Melcombe 170.
The benefit of public ordinances.

- 1 **A**WAY from every mortal care,
 Away from earth our souls retreat;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
 We see thy feet, and we adore;
 We gaze upon thy lovely face
 And learn the wonders of thy power.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
 United groans ascend on high;
 And prayer bears a quick return
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 [If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
 Here we receive some cheering word;
 We gird the gospel armour on
 To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
 Our conscience galled with inward
 stings
 Here doth the righteous Sun arise
 With healing beams beneath his wings.]
- 6 Father! my soul would still abide
 Within thy temple, near thy side;
 But if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

124 C. M. Eversley 18. Stafford 231.
Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

- 1 'TIS not the law of ten commands
 On holy Sinai given,
 Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
 Can bring us safe to heaven.
- 2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
 Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
 Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
 Or save our soul from hell.
- 3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath
 At God's immediate will;
 And in the desert yields to death
 Upon the appointed hill.
- 4 And thus on Jordan's yonder side
 The tribes of Israel stand,
 While Moses bowed his head and died,
 Short of the promised land.
- 5 Israel rejoice, now Joshua * leads,
 He'll bring your tribes to rest;
 So far the Saviour's name exceeds
 The ruler and the priest.

125 L. M. Altona 262. Bohemia 350.
Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.

- 1 **L**IFE and immortal joys are given
 To souls that mourn the sins they've
 done:
 Children of wrath made heirs of heaven
 By faith in God's eternal Son.

* Joshua the same with Jesus, and signifies
 a Saviour.

- 2 Woe to the wretch that never felt
 The inward pangs of pious grief,
 But adds to all his crying guilt
 The stubborn sin of unbelief.

- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead:
 Under the wrath of God he lies;
 He seals the curse on his own head,
 And with a double vengeance dies.

126 C. M. Bethany 236. London New 20.
God glorified in the gospel.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
 Invites his children near;
 While power, and truth, and boundless
 Display their glories here. *[ave*
- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
 Fresh wisdom we pursue;
 A thousand angels learn thy name
 Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
 Thy wonders here we trace;
 Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
 And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
 To our incarnate God;
 And thy revenging justice shows
 Its honour in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
 Our warmer thoughts employs,
 Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
 And more exalts our joys.

127 L. M. Ulverston 171. Wells 55.
Circumcision and baptism.

[Written only for those who practise the
 baptism of infants.]

- 1 **T**HUS did the sons of Abra'm pass
 Under the bloody seal of grace;
 The young disciples bore the yoke,
 Till Christ the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
 His Father's covenant and his love;
 He seals to saints his glorious grace,
 And not forbids their infant race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
 Their children set apart for God;
 His Spirit on their offspring shed,
 Like water poured upon the head.
- 4 Let every saint with cheerful voice
 In this large covenant rejoice;
 Young children in their early days
 Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

128 C. M. Patmos 144. Braintree 121.
Corrupt nature from Adam.

- 1 **B**LESSED with the joys of innocence,
 Adam our father stood,
 Till he debased his soul to sense,
 And ate the unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
 To sinful joys inclined;
 Reason has lost its native place,
 And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruined frame,
Our broken powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

129 L. M. Neapolis 261. New College 56.
We walk by faith, not by sight.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as
night,
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

130 C. M. Troas 239. Daventry 335.
The new creation.

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories show:
'Behold, I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.

2 'Nature and sin are passed away,
And the old Adam dies;
My hands a new foundation lay,
See the new world arise.

3 'I'll be a Sun of righteousness
To the new heavens I make;
None but the new-born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake.'

4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

131 L. M. Thyatira 352. Lathbury 269.
The excellency of the Christian religion.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 [Not the feigned fields of heathenish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refined.]

6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

132 C. M. Troas 239. Sunbury 120.
The offices of Christ.

1 WE bless the prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King:
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

133 L. M. Syria 358. Hierapolis 347.
The operations of the Holy Spirit.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin,
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

134 C. M. Brunswick 227. Lystra 220.
Circumcision abolished.

- 1 **T**HE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace ;
'I will the God of Abra'm be,
And of his numerous race,'
2 He said ; and with a bloody seal
Confirmed the words he spoke ;
Long did the sons of Abra'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.
3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed ;
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.
4 The God of Abra'm claims our praise,
His promises endure,
And Christ, the Lord, in gentler ways
Makes the salvation sure.

135 L. M. Angel's Song 47. Wisbeach 266.
Types and prophecies of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the woman's promised seed !
Behold the great Messiah come !
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room.
2 Abra'm the saint rejoiced of old
When visions of the Lord he saw ;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.
3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased ;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head ;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promised seed.

136 L. M. Kington 167. Lawes 156.
Miracles at the birth of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth ;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth !
2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet !
An unknown star arose and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim ;
Inward they felt the sacred fire, [name.
And blessed the babe, and owned his
4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn ;
Our souls adore the eternal God
Who condescended to be born.

137 L. M. New Sabbath 50.
Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the blind their sight receive ;
Behold the dead awake and live ;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
3 He dies ; the heavens in mourning stood ;
He rises, and appears a God !
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die !
4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

138 L. M. Wells 55. Nain 354.
The power of the gospel.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above ;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.
2 This remedy did wisdom find
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.
3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live ;
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
4 [Where Satan reigned in shades of night
The gospel strikes a heavenly light ;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]
5 [Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb ;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]
6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too !
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

139 L. M. Aphek 163. Hawthornden 49.
The example of Christ.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer :
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb !

140 C. M. Charlestown 134. Mayo 221.
The examples of Christ and the saints.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears,
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

141 C. M. Braintree 121. St. Alban's 320.
Faith assisted by sense.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour-God, my Sovereign-Prince,
Reigns far above the skies ;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.
- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word ;
My touch and taste shall do the same
When they receive the Lord.
- 3 Baptismal water is designed
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.
- 4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.
- 5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low
To give his word a seal ;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figures still.

142 S. M. Exeter 6. Silverdale 114.
Faith in Christ our sacrifice.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

143 C. M. Clitheroe 43. Arlington 128.
Flesh and spirit.

- 1 **W**HAT different powers of grace and
Attend our mortal state ! ^[sin]
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign ;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light
Till perfect day arise,
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.
- 4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace ;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

144 L. M. Adoraim 345. Warrington 51.
The effusion of the Spirit.

- 1 **G**REAT was the day, the joy was great
When the divine disciples met ;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !
And power to kill, and power to save !
Furnished their tongues with wondrous
words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth
From east to west, from south to north :
'Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
Go, spread the mystery of his cross.'
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude
Are by these heavenly arms subdued ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace ! my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

145 C. M. Samos 318. Westminster New 243.
Sight through a glass, and face to face.

- 1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
 Through which my Lord is seen,
 And long to meet my Saviour's face
 Without a glass between.
- 2 O that the happy hour were come
 To change my faith to sight!
 I shall behold my Lord at home
 In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove
 These interposing days;
 Then shall my passions all be love,
 And all my powers be praise.

146 L. M. St. Pancras 182. Seville 256.
The vanity of creatures.

- 1 MAN has a soul of vast desires,
 He burns within with restless fires,
 Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
 From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
 Some solid good to fill the mind:
 We try new pleasures, but we feel
 The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,
 We shift from side to side by turns;
 And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
 To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
 This love to vanity and dust;
 Cure the vile fever of the mind,
 And feed our souls with joys refined.

147 C. M. Tintern Abbey 118.
The creation of the world.
 Gen. i.

- 1 'NOW let a spacious world arise,'
 Said the Creator Lord:
 At once the obedient earth and skies
 Rose at his sovereign word.
- 2 [Dark was the deep, the waters lay
 Confused, and drowned the land;
 He called the light; the new-born day
 Attends on his command.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
 The clouds ascend, and bear
 A watery treasure to the sky,
 And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below
 Was gathered by his hand;
 The rolling seas together flow,
 And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
 The naked globe he crowned,
 Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
 Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then he adorned the upper skies;
 Behold the sun appears,
 The moon and stars in order rise,
 To mark our months and years.

- 7 Out of the deep the almighty King
 Did vital beings frame,
 The painted fowls of every wing,
 And fish of every name.]

- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
 At once their wondrous birth,
 And grazing beasts of various form
 Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was framed of equal clay
 Though sovereign of the rest;
 Designed for nobler ends than they,
 With God's own image blessed.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye,
 The young creation stood:
 He saw the building from on high,
 His word pronounced it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
 Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
 But the new world of grace demands
 A more exalted song.

148 C. M. Prestwich 238. Syracuse 226.
God reconciled in Christ.

- 1 DEAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus and my God,
 Who can resist thy heavenly love,
 Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The Father smiles again.
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three,
 Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy, begins;
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love the incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

149 C. M. Gorton 25. Westmorland 336.
Honour to magistrates.

- 1 ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
 And Lord of all below,
 We mortals to thy majesty
 Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
 And bless thy providence
 For magistrates of meaner name,
 Our glory and defence.
- 3 [The crowns of British princes shine
 With rays above the rest,
 Where laws and liberties combine
 To make the nation blessed.]
- 4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
 While virtue finds reward;
 And sinners perish from the land
 By justice and the sword.

- 5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

150 C. M. Coventry 322. Curfew 129.
The deceitfulness of sin.

- 1 **SIN** has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering looks she tempts our
But leaves a sting behind. [hearts,
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

151 L. M. Ellesmere 348. Trevilyan 169.
Prophecy and inspiration.

- 1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly
fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they
wrought,
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure,
This is thy word, and must endure.

152 C. M. Northampton 41. Arnsby 317.
Sinai and Zion.
Heb. xii. 18, &c.

- 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God:
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!
- 4 Behold the blessed assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

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- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.

- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blessed.

153 C. M. Walsal 42. Succoth 230.
The distemper, folly, and madness of sin.

- 1 **SIN**, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign grace,
And the physician, God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.
- 3 Madness by nature reigns within,
The passions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son with skill divine
The inward fire assuage.
- 4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.
- 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But heaven prevents the fall.]
- 6 [The man possessed, among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh and cries;
He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

154 L. M. Ivy Bridge 54. Arimathea 146.
Self-righteousness insufficient.

- 1 'WHERE are the mourners,' saith the
Lord.
'That wait and tremble at my word?
That walk in darkness all the day?
Come, make my name your trust and stay.'
- 2 '[No works nor duties of your own
Can for the smallest sin atone;
The robes that nature may provide
Will not your least pollutions hide.
- 3 'The softest couch that nature knows
Can give the conscience no repose:
Look to my righteousness, and live;
Comfort and peace are mine to give.]
- 4 'Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
With your own hands to warm your souls,
Walk in the light of your own fire,
Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.
- 5 'This is your portion at my hands;
Hell waits you with her iron bands;
Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
In death, in darkness, and despair.'

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C. M. Crowle 225. Antwerp 16.
Christ our passover.

- 1 **I**O! the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.
- 2 He passed the tents of Jacob o'er
Nor poured the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And blessed the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break the Egyptian yoke,
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procured
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

156

C. M. Eversley 18. Brading 127.
Presumption and despair.

- 1 **I**HATE the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flattering breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, 'How easy 'tis
To walk the road to heaven;'—
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
'They cannot be forgiven.'
- 4 [He bids young sinners, 'Yet forbear
To think of God or death;
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath.'
- 5 He tells the aged, 'They must die,
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day.')
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God! cut short his power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

157

C. M. Burford 44. Woodford 323.
Satan's devices.

- 1 **N**OW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

158

- 2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish him alone.
- 3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love;
But the old serpent lurks within
When he assumes the dove.
- 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

158

L. M. Angel's Song 47. Aphek 163.
Few saved; or, the almost Christian, the hypocrite, and apostate.

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

159

C. M. Canterbury 229. St. Alban's 320.
An-unconverted state.

- 1 **G**REAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.]
- 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.
- 3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace!
Engaged in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]
- 4 We live estranged afar from God,
And love the distance well;
With haste we run the dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.
- 5 And can such rebels be restored?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power of thine.
- 6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

160

L.M. Warrington 51. Bristol 362.

Custom in sin.

- 1 **L**ET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin,
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control;
None but a power divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy power divine
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be formed anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

161

C.M. St. Asaph 139. Florence 235.

The difficulty of religion.

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 [Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banished hence,
That vile idolatry;
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.]
- 6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

162

C.M. Chester 116. Epping 240.

Meditation of heaven.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts surmount these lower
And look within the veil: [skies,
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

159

- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

- 5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

163

C.M. St. Anne's 28. Ad-Elphi 29.

Complaint of desertion and temptations.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! behold our sore distress;
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace,
And let thy foes be slain.
- 2 [The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble sheep:
Reveal the glory of thy power,
And chain him to the deep.
- 3 Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?]
- 4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An Advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.
- 5 He brought the Spirit's powerful sword
To slay our deadly foes;
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.
- 6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

164

C.M. St. Anne's 28. Chester 116.

The end of the world.

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows
And every pleasure dies? [grow,
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour.
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolved and die,
The sun must end his race.
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

165

C.M. Salem 330. Northampton 41.

Unfruitfulness lamented.

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!
- 3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]
- 4 [How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]
- 5 Great God! thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 [Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

166 C. M. Canterbury 229. Brunswick 227.

The divine perfections

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise the eternal God,
That infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?
- 2 [The great Invisible! he dwells
Concealed in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.]
- 3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.]
- 4 [Speak we of strength? His arm is strong
To save or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]
- 5 [He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.]
- 6 [Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]
- 7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
- 8 Now to my soul, immortal King!
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

167 L. M. Chant 157. Evening Hymn 60.

The same.

- 1 **G**REAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honour bring
Their tribute to the eternal King.

- 2 [Earth, and the stars, and worlds
unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]
- 3 [His sovereign power, what mortal
knows?
If he command who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]
- 4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]
- 5 [His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]
- 6 [The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncovered to his eye.]
- 7 [The eternal law before him stands;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]
- 8 [His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and died,
To engage his justice on our side.]
- 9 [Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]
- 10 O tell me, with a gentle voice,
'Thou art my God,' and I'll rejoice!
Filled with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

168 L. M. Berea 346. Doversdale 66.

The same.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

169 148th. St. Thomas's 196.

The same

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs:
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sovereign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
'My Father and my Friend?'
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my powers,
And praise the Lord.

170 L. M. St. Paul's 151. Epworth 248.
God incomprehensible and sovereign.

- 1 CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
Born like a wild young colt he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty wind.
- 4 God is a King of power unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?
- 6 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 7 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent, and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 8 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

1 L. M. Gilead 259. Gethsemane 164.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes :

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake :
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !

3 'This is my body, broke for sin ;
Receive and eat the living food :'
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine ;
' 'Tis the new covenant in my blood.'

4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;
And justice poured upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 'Do this,' he cried, 'till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.'

7 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

2 S. M. Gosport 14. Madely 205.

Communion with Christ, and with saints.

1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favour ! matchless grace
Of our descending God !

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread ;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

3 C. M. Prestwich 238. Broughton 140.
The new covenant sealed.

- 1 'THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good ;'
He said ; and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name ;
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning
And glory, shall be mine ; ^{[grace,}
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers, are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath ;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.
- 5 Sweet is the memory of his name
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

4 C. M. Patmos 144. Arlington 128.
The unparalleled love of Christ.

- 1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son !
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 [When Justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.]
- 3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.]
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.
- 6 [Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he died ;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.]
- 7 [Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love :
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]
- 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

5 C. M. St. Asaph 139. Arnsby 317.
Christ the bread of life.
John vi. 31, 35, 39.

- 1 LET us adore the eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed :
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou the immortal bread.
- 2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise.
And rivers flow with love.
- 3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread ;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.]
- 4 Blessed be the Lord that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls should draw their heavenly
Whilst Jesus finds supplies ; ^{[breath}
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.
- 6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come ;
His unresisted power shall raise,
Our bodies from the tomb.]

6 L. M. Montgomery 246. Ellesmere 348.
The memorial of our absent Lord.
John xvi. 16 ; Luke xxii. 19 ; John xiv. 3.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we
Apt to forget his lovely face : ^{[have,}
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood ;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.
- 6 [Our eyes look upwards, to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

7 L. M. Bostock 154. Oldham 48.
Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.
Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

8 C. M. Evans 122. Eastham 131.
The tree of life.

1 [COME, let us join a joyful tune,
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshments have ye found
From this immortal food.]

3 The tree of life, that near the throne
In heaven's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever smiling boughs.

4 [Hovering amongst the leaves there
The sweet, celestial Dove; ^{[stands}
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

5 ['Tis a young heaven of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste so sweet.

6 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]

7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees;
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruit as these.

8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.

9 S. M. St. Matthias 108. Emberton 103.
The Spirit, the water, and the blood.

1 John v. 6.

1 LET all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

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2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name:
Jesus, the ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God:
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Poured out a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardoned by the blood.]

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offered with his groans.]

6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert;
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfills his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

10 L. M. Wareham 57. Syria 359.
*Christ crucified, the wisdom and power
of God.*

1 NATURE with open volume stands.
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join.
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased pleasures mine.

5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

6 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

11 C. M. St. Ann's 28. Warwick 334.
Pardon brought to our senses.

1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says that 'I am his,
And my Beloved's mine.'

3 'Here,' says the kind, redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side;
'See here the spring of all your joys,
'That opened when I died.'

4 [He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain;
'All this,' says he, 'I bore for thee;
And then he smiles again.]

5 What shall we pay our heavenly King,
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6 [Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

7 [To him that washed us in his blood
Be everlasting praise;
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.]

12 L. M. Wurttemberg 257. St. Pancras 162.
The gospel feast.
Luke xiv. 16, &c.

1 [**H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnished from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But at the gospel call we came,
And every want received supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair.
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

5 [What shall we pay the eternal Son,
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God?

6 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransomed sinners lost;
And pitied rebels when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

13 C. M. York 234. Old Church 39.
*Divine love making a feast, and calling
in the guests.*
Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here every bowl of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 [While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues
Lord, why was I a guest?

4 'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands made a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?']

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

6 [Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

14 L. M. German Hymn 53. Naples 354.
*The song of Simeon; or, a sight of Christ
makes death easy.*
Luke ii. 28.

1 **N**OW have our hearts embraced our
God,
We would forget all earthly charms;
And wish to die, as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepared like his!
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy word depart in peace.

3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And viewed salvation with our eyes,
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.

4 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

5 He is our light; our morning star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

15 C. M. Prestwich 238. Abingdon 117.
Our Lord Jesus at his own table.

- 1 [THE memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue;
How rich he spread his royal board,
And blessed the food, and sung!
- 2 Happy the men that eat this bread;
But doubly blessed was he
That gently bowed his loving head,
And leaned it, Lord, on thee.
- 3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great favourite did;
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends:
'Come, my beloved, eat,' he cries;
'And drink salvation, friends.
- 5 ['My flesh is food and physic too,
A balm for all your pains;
And the red streams of pardon flow
From these my pierced veins.']
- 6 Hosanna to his bounteous love
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.
- 7 [Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at the heavenly feast.]

16 C. M. Philippi 133. Romsey 325.
The agonies of Christ.

- 1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compared with thine.
- 2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hope, he died for me,
And then our griefs remove.
- 3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.
- 4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew;
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too!
- 5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying, he conquered hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, joined and
The wonders of that day; [wrought
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.
- 7 Our hymns should sound like those above
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

17 S. M. Christchurch 101. Gisburn 307.
Feeding on the flesh and blood of Christ.

- 1 [WE sing the amazing deeds
That grace divine performs;
The eternal God comes down, and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.
- 2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, is thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.]
- 3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heavenly things;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.
- 4 In vain had Adam sought
And searched his garden round;
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all that happy ground.
- 5 The angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.
- 6 On us the almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.
- 7 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing—
- 8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ;
Through the wide earth his grace pro-
His glory in the highest. [claim,

18 L. M. Neapolis 261. Altona 262.
The flesh and blood of Christ.

- 1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet;
Thy table is divinely stored;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat;
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord!
- 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous wine
Mingled with love; the fountain flowed
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food;
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.
- 5 Joy to the Master of the feast;
His name our souls for ever bless;
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

19 L. M. Philadelphia 268. Melcombe 170.
Glorying in the cross.

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

20 C. M. Cambridge New 30.
The tree of life and river of love.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet, celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.
- 2 [The tree of life adorns the board
With rich, immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to it.
- 3 The cup stands crowned with living juice
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use
In rivulets of love.]
- 4 The food's prepared by heavenly art,
The pleasure's well refined;
They spread new life through every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

21 C. M. Morley 228. Kingsland 224.
Christ's victory over sin, death, and hell.

- 1 **[C**OME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the God, that fought and bled,
And conquered when he fell;
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragged all the powers of hell.]
- 3 [Jesus, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]

- 4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O! what melting words he says
To every humble ear!

- 5 'For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I died;
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side.
- 6 'These are the wounds for you I bore,
The tokens of my pains,
When I came down to free your souls
From misery and chains.
- 7 ['Justice unsheathed its fiery sword,
And plunged it in my heart;
Infinite pangs for you I bore,
And most tormenting smart.
- 8 'When hell and all its spiteful powers
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours,
I gave my own away.
- 9 'But while I bled, and groaned, and died,
I ruined Satan's throne;
High on my cross I hung, and spied
The monster tumbling down.
- 10 'Now you must triumph at my feast,
And taste my flesh and blood;
And live eternal ages blessed,
For 'tis immortal food.'
- 11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

22 L. M. Tyne 166. Haarlem 264.
The compassion of a dying Christ.

- 1 **O**UR spirits join to adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name!
And melting as his dying love!
- 2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.
- 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threatenings set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nailed the curses to the tree.]
- 4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.
- 5 Here we have washed our deepest stains,
And healed our wounds with heavenly
blood;
Blessed fountain! springing from the
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

23 C. M. Eversley 18. Bethany 226.
Grace and glory by the death of Christ.

1 [SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views the atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss;
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 O! 'tis impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

24 C. M. Mount Pleasant 37. Mayo 221.
Pardon and strength from Christ.

1 [FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine:
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread
We drink the sacred cup;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dressed in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the memory of his name
More than the wine we taste.]

25 C. M. Bedford 241. Matlock 332.
Divine glories and graces.

1 HOW are thy glories here displayed!
Great God, how bright they shine!
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with every grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heaven directs her sight;
Here every warmer passion meets,
And warmer powers unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight;
Let sin for ever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And every tear be dry.

DOXOLOGIES.

[I CANNOT persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns, till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman church, and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it, by a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone or at the conclusion of another hymn. I have added also a few *hosannas*, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.]

26 L. M. Melcombe 170. St. Peter's 235.
A song of praise to the ever blessed Trinity.

1 BLESSED be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

27 C. M.
Mount Pleasant 37. Charlestown 134.

1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his favourites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay;
And to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above,
The eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

28

S. M.

Gosport 14. Lymington 115.

1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues:
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and
By offering up his own. [death

3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace,
Salvation down to men. [conveys

4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardoned sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.

5 To the great One in Three,
That seal this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory given.

29

L. M.

Wareham 37. Altona 262.

1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity, [known;
Whose name has mysteries un-
In essence One, in persons Three,
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest powers are joined
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

30

C. M.

St. Michael's 139. Byzantium 212.

1 **T**HE God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

31

S. M.

Amersham 308. Boyce's 113.

1 **L**ET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear;
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

169

2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thine eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

32

L. M.

Psalm 100, 46. Evening Hymn 80.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory, given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

33

L. M.

Angel's Song 47. Morning Hymn 58.

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

34

C. M.

Staughton 38. Braintree 121.

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him
Or saints to love the Lord. [known,

35

C. M.

Irish 32. Arlington 128.

HONOUR to the almighty Three
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

36

S. M.

St. Matthias 108. Exeter 6.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

37

S. M.

Mount Ephraim 4. Norwich 312.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

38

148th.

Psalm 143, 95. Resurrection 195.

A song of praise to the blessed Trinity.

1 **I** GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:

He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That men had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:

His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

- 4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails
And love adores.

39

149th.

Psalm 149, 95. Caernarvon 364.

- 1 TO him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To him that formed
Our hearts anew,
Are endless praise
And glory due.
- 2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address
The Spirit's name
With equal praise,
And zeal the same.
- 3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise
His honours high,
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

40

149th.

Caesarea 292. Waterstock 194.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we sing.

41

149th.

Trumpet 96. St. Thomas's 196.

TO our eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
Three mysteries in One:

Salvation, power,
And praise be given,
By all on earth,
And all in heaven.

42

L. M. Pyrton 363. Anspack 371.

The hosanna.

- 1 HOSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.
- 2 Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

43

C. M.

Westmorland 336. Lichfield 324.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of grace!
Sion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 Hosanna to the incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

44

S. M.

Sutton 203. Kirkdale 12.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ the anointed King
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

45

149th.

Psalm 149, 95. Resurrection 195.

- 1 HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood!
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.
- 2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim:
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And every age
Pronounce him blessed.

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THE ENTIRE PROFITS TO BE GIVEN TO THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF BAPTIST
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MDCCCL.

PREFACE.

THE Trustees of the Hymn-book which was published ten years ago under the title of "A New Selection," have had great reason to rejoice in the success which has attended the undertaking. More than 60,000 copies have been sold; the capital which had been borrowed for the enterprise has been repaid; and profits, to the amount of nearly £900, have been distributed among the widows of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries.

The introduction of the volume into many congregations has however been impeded by the absence of certain hymns which had established themselves in the affections of devout persons who had been long accustomed to their use. In some of the churches in which the book has been cordially received, it has also been thought that it would be an improvement if these hymns were added. The Trustees were long restrained from compliance with a wish in which they themselves participated, by a reluctance to make such alterations as might occasion inconvenience to the possessors of the volume in its existing state. They felt also that a new hymn-book must always sustain disadvantage in a comparison instituted between it and the hymn-book, be it what it might, which had enlisted in its favour the recollections of youth, and of those early scenes in Christian experience, which are often remembered with emotions of deep interest in more advanced stages of the human life. The hymn-book which a Christian used in the morning of his day, is often associated in his subsequent

feelings with the first surrender of his heart to Christ, with the consolation which succeeded to fear and anxiety, and with the friends with whom he then worshipped, some of whom have been endeared since by removal to other apartments in their Father's house. To make any material alteration in the work, was to encounter again these prepossessions, and to part with advantage which was beginning to accrue from the same principles of our nature. At length, however, the Trustees determined to consult judicious friends in various parts of the kingdom on the subject, and the answers which they received evinced a prevalent desire both that an addition should be made to the number of the hymns, and that a new arrangement of the whole should be adopted.

A Committee was therefore appointed to revise and enlarge the work. They have deliberated both separately and unitedly on a great number of suggestions made to them, from various quarters, respecting the omission, addition, and alteration of particular hymns. In doing this, they have had ample evidence of the diversity of taste existing among their friends, and of the absolute impossibility of producing a hymn book which should secure unanimous approval. In submitting the result to the attention of the churches, they feel, nevertheless, a strong hope that this hymn-book will be generally regarded as a decided improvement upon its precursors. The responsibility has not rested on any one individual: each member of the Committee has found it necessary in some cases to yield to the opinion of his coadjutors. Each has had to surrender some hymns the introduction of which he advocated, and to submit to the admission of some against which he gave his individual vote. They believe, however, that nothing essential to the excellence of a hymn-book for the denomination has been omitted, and that nothing worthy of decided disapprobation has been retained. Their task would have been far easier if it could have been supposed to accord with general convenience to make the book double its present size. It now contains one hundred hymns more than the former editions. A very few have been omitted—principally hymns derived from Dr. Watts's Lyrics and Sermons, which are usually printed in recent editions

of his hymn-book, and which could therefore be spared from the supplementary volume.

To obviate the inconvenience to the possessors of former editions which would otherwise arise from the introduction of this new one, the hymns have been printed with double numbers, the number of the hymns in the old editions being inclosed in brackets. For example, as the 100th hymn in the former arrangement is the 215th in this, the hymn can be announced to the congregation thus: "The 215th hymn in the Selection; old editions, hymn 100th." In congregations into which the book is now for the first time introduced, this will of course be unnecessary. Should any congregation in which the work has gained acceptance prefer confining themselves, for the present, to the hymns which were in the former editions, the person who selects the hymns can do this, as he can see at a glance whether a hymn is one of the new, or one of the old ones. Still further to obviate difficulty, a table is appended by which a hymn announced according to the arrangement in the old book, can at once be found in this.

The Committee have felt exceedingly averse to a practice in which the compilers of hymn-books have generally indulged, of altering according to their respective tastes the compositions which they have selected. In by far the greater number of instances, such alterations have impaired the consistency and beauty of the hymn, instead of improving it. Yet so extensively has this practice prevailed, that it is often impossible to return to the original without seeming to introduce a novelty. No plan can be adopted which shall not wear the appearance of having made arbitrary amendments. If four persons have used four different selections, it will be found on comparison that many a verse has four different readings, while perhaps the original differs from them all; in coming, therefore, to the use of one book, three of them at least must find a different reading from that with which he is familiar. In some popular hymns the various readings are so numerous that identity is almost lost, and the original cannot now be ascertained. In many cases the Committee have felt that they had only a choice of evils before them; but they have

generally, other things being equal, given a preference to the words of the original writer. Sometimes, however, when the variation was not injurious, and had been familiarized to the public ear, it has been thought best to adopt it.

Great care has been taken to render the indexes of texts and subjects both copious and correct.

May the result of this undertaking which has proved to some who have engaged in it far more laborious than they had anticipated, be an alleviation of the sorrows of many who have shared in the privations and cares to which the ministers of Christ are often subject; the advancement of devotional propriety in the churches of our Lord; and an increase of glory to him who deserves our best homage, and whom we hope to praise hereafter in strains incomparably superior to any which the most gifted inhabitants of this vale of tears can furnish.

The preceding observations were written in the year 1838. Since that time the sale of the hymn-book has materially increased. When the accounts were made up at Midsummer 1844, more than one hundred and forty thousand copies had been sold, and the sum which the Trustees had had the pleasure of distributing among the widows and orphans of ministers and missionaries exceeded eighteen hundred pounds.

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BY WHICH THE NUMBER OF A HYMN IN THE FORMER EDITIONS BEING
KNOWN IT MAY BE FOUND IN THE NEW ONE.

Old.	New.	Old.	New.	Old.	New.	Old.	New.	Old.	New.	Old.	New.
1	205	46	502	91	155	133	100	177	629	225	244
2	209	47	20	92	259	134	88	178	621	226	229
3	212	48	33	93	131	135	101	179	630	227	239
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7	381	53	194	98	134	139	144	186	611	231	530
8	265	54	85	99	175	140	114	187	625	232	320
9	208	55	237	100	215	141	107	188	624	233	518
10	180	56	204	101	206	142	108	190	626	235	311
11	210	57	58	102	218	143	109	191	617	236	385
12	211	58	59	103	213	144	110	192	622	237	309
13	225	59	60	104	133	145	269	193	637	238	325
14	232	60	61	105	224	146	163	194	634	239	310
17	23	61	62	106	217	147	166	195	640	240	326
18	3	62	118	107	66	148	243	196	645	241	526
19	2	63	69	108	117	149	242	199	641	242	324
20	26	64	73	109	331	150	119	200	642	243	534
21	21	65	64	110	86	151	121	201	635	244	395
22	8	66	76	111	87	152	122	202	648	245	382
24	25	67	74	112	145	153	123	203	391	246	403
25	35	68	75	113	150	154	65	205	618	247	390
26	14	69	78	114	89	155	126	206	662	248	286
27	6	70	79	115	63	156	127	207	647	249	394
28	16	71	80	116	90	157	186	208	652	251	396
29	15	72	81	117	91	158	185	209	636	252	388
30	37	73	84	118	124	159	177	210	657	253	392
31	583	76	71	119	92	160	181	211	623	254	195
33	22	77	151	120	68	161	189	212	663	255	521
34	12	78	135	121	279	162	184	213	664	256	378
35	19	79	214	122	93	163	187	214	666	257	338
36	24	80	56	123	216	164	183	215	650	258	383
37	5	81	219	124	94	165	255	216	656	259	370
38	27	82	221	125	95	166	174	217	667	260	539
39	30	83	220	126	96	167	4	218	253	261	313
40	52	84	137	127	97	168	245	219	665	262	527
41	28	85	142	128	275	169	173	220	659	263	486
42	31	86	136	129	98	170	254	221	660	264	532
43	323	87	146	130	99	171	179	222	658	265	393
44	49	88	138	131	112	175	609	223	646	266	295
45	50	89	147	132	113	176	619	224	654	267	363

TABLE.

Old.	New.	Old.	New.	Old.	New.	Old.	New.	Old.	New.	Old.	New.
268	231	320	448	372	105	425	433	479	369	530	601
269	537	321	441	373	170	426	263	480	402	531	603
271	336	322	446	374	191	427	262	481	148	532	512
272	536	323	449	375	169	428	264	482	261	533	511
273	349	324	450	376	577	429	387	483	143	534	509
274	354	325	451	377	578	430	367	484	141	535	510
275	341	327	471	378	165	431	384	485	129	536	513
276	315	327	335	379	168	432	301	486	132	537	514
277	329	328	487	380	597	433	522	487	154	538	515
278	340	329	454	381	161	434	543	488	164	539	506
279	334	330	456	382	588	435	248	489	153	540	507
280	344	331	457	383	596	436	53	490	193	541	504
281	330	332	458	384	584	437	374	491	282	542	339
282	350	333	459	385	573	438	375	492	278	543	496
283	379	334	676	386	589	439	280	493	293	544	495
283	288	335	533	388	484	440	298	494	252	545	497
284	373	336	460	389	485	441	305	495	270	546	492
285	289	337	653	390	297	442	268	496	342	547	491
287	356	338	461	391	490	443	271	497	322	548	494
288	360	340	464	392	413	444	296	498	284	549	48
289	281	341	106	393	414	445	273	499	528	550	47
290	604	342	397	394	418	446	272	500	312	551	376
291	516	343	463	395	407	447	544	501	538	552	303
292	517	344	655	396	416	448	545	502	523	553	377
293	540	345	287	397	417	449	546	503	318	554	39
294	429	346	615	398	424	451	547	504	361	555	40
295	423	347	475	399	406	453	548	505	355	556	41
296	428	348	476	400	410	454	549	506	240	557	42
297	276	349	197	401	420	455	304	507	249	558	43
298	462	350	202	402	408	457	277	508	404	559	44
299	190	351	480	403	422	458	314	509	555	560	45
300	550	352	213	404	426	459	366	510	559	561	46
301	581	353	478	405	247	460	368	511	556	562	535
302	579	354	684	406	421	461	365	512	562	563	38
303	554	355	482	407	675	462	386	513	558	564	196
304	571	356	481	409	427	463	399	514	557	565	612
305	192	357	567	410	425	464	55	515	564	566	389
306	593	358	222	411	409	465	54	516	561	567	651
307	565	359	566	412	411	466	11	517	465	568	614
308	582	360	587	413	430	467	371	518	466	569	610
309	595	361	568	414	431	468	503	519	469	570	613
310	234	362	162	415	432	469	400	520	470	571	291
311	591	363	576	416	438	470	401	521	306	572	290
312	586	364	572	417	67	471	7	522	307	573	292
313	594	365	569	418	246	472	10	523	607	574	299
314	439	366	575	419	434	473	328	524	606	575	649
315	440	367	678	420	435	474	36	525	501	576	669
316	447	368	574	421	226	475	9	526	602	577	683
317	442	369	570	422	541	476	160	527	29	578	380
318	445	370	590	423	227	477	130	528	598	579	682
319	477	371	171	424	436	478	51	529	608	581	681

SELECTION OF HYMNS.

THE CREATOR.

1 L.M. Warrington 51. Caton 52.

The one living and true God.
Deuteronomy vi. 4. Acts xiv. 15.

1 **E**TERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest,
Controlled by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread thy great name through every land;
Each idol deity dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command,
And reign unrivalled, God alone.

WILLIAMS.

2 L.M. Oldham 48. Melcombe 170.

The self-existent Jehovah.
Exod. iii. 13, 14. Rom. xi. 34—36. [19]

1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo,
Creation rose at his command!
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

4 There rests the earth, there roll the
spheres,
There nature leans and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

5 [The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon;
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.]

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round;
The lofty tune let Michael raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound;
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

1

WATTS.

3 L.M. Oldham 48. Baden 150.

The high and lofty One.
Isa. lvii. 15. 1 Tim. vi. 16. [18]

1 **E**TERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step beneath thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet:
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thy height with wondering eyes.

3 Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping and spread the ground.

4 Lord! what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
"The great, the holy, and the high."

5 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

6 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

WATTS.

4 L.M. Warrington 51. Arimathea 146.

The Author of Light.
Gen. i. 3. 2 Cor. iv. 6. [167]

1 **P**RAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above;
The unchanging source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth, his eye beheld
When, in substantial darkness veiled,
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread;
Nature arrayed in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine,
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand revealed,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

DODDRIDGE.

5 L.M. Morning Hymn 56.
Displaying his glory in the heavens.
Ps. xix. 1—6. Rom. i. 20. [37]

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

6 L.M. Wareham 57.
The Maker of all things.
Psalm cvii. Acts xiv. 17. [27]

1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

3 See earth in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade,
Peopled with life of various forms,
Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms.

4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made!

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore;
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undehning day.

DODDRIDGE.

7 C.M. New York 24.
The Maker of all things.
Psalm cxlviii. Rev. iv. 11. [471]

1 BEGIN, my soul, the lofty strain,
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's Almighty King.

2

2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.

3 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.

4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.

5 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds as ye arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.

6 Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain,
And answer from the crystal vault,
To every bounding strain.

7 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky:
Let angels with immortal skill
Improve the harmony.

8 Whilst we with sacred rapture fired,
The great Creator sing,
And utter consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King. ROWE.

8 L.M. Coombs's 149. Zion College 56.
The Maker of all things.
1 Chron. xxix. 11, 12. Rev. xv. 3, 4. [22]

1 YE sons of men! in sacred lays
Attempt your great Creator's praise:
But who an equal song can frame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 He sits enthroned amidst the spheres,
And glory like a garment wears;
His boundless wisdom, power, and grace,
Command our awe, transcend our praise.

3 Before his throne, a shining band
Of cherubs and of seraphs stand;
Ethereal spirits, who in flight
Outstrip the rapid speed of light.

4 To God all nature owes its birth;
He formed this ponderous globe of earth;
He raised the glorious arch on high,
And measured out the azure sky.

5 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works through all this wondrous
frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

6 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
His high perfections let us sing;
O let his praise employ our tongue,
Whilst listening worlds applaud the song!
BLACKLOCK.

9 87. Northampton Chapel 186. Baun 282.
The Maker of all things.
Neh. ix. 5—7. Rev. xv. 11. [475]

1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

- 2 Father! Source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine.
Hail the God of our salvation!
Praise him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and
heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

FAWCETT.

- 10 C.M. Stephens 19. Maidstone 219.
The Maker of all things.
Psalm cxlix. Heb. xiii. 15. [472]

- 1 LORD of the world's majestic frame!
Stupendous are thy ways;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.
- 2 The heavens thy matchless skill display,
With all the stars of light,
The splendid sun that rules the day,
The silver moon by night.
- 3 And while those radiant orbs of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll—
- 4 O shall not we of human race
The glorious concert join?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine?
- 5 Not all the feeble notes of time
Can show forth God's high praise;
Nor all the noblest strains sublime
That earth or heaven can raise.
- 6 Yet this shall be our best employ,
Through life's uncertain days;
And in the realms of boundless joy,
Eternal be thy praise!

JERVIS.

- 11 C.M. Liverpool 23. York 234.
His Supremacy.
Psalm xxxiii. Isaiah xlii. 10. [466]

- 1 LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 By his almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was reared;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appeared.
- 3 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.
- 4 How happy, then, are they to whom
The Lord our God is known;
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own!
- 5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend!
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

3

TATE AND BRADY.

- 12 C.M. Gorton 23. Patmos 144.
Condescension.
Psalm cxlii. 4—6. Isa. lxvi. 1, 2. [34]

- 1 ETERNAL Power, Almighty God!
Who can approach thy throne?
The purest light is thine abode,
To angels' eyes unknown.
- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shades of thine.
- 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe.
- 4 How strange, how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore;
Not all the exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.
- 5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and speak thy praise.

STEELE.

- 13 C.M. Bedford 241. Dovedale 27.
Love.
Jer. xxxii. 17, 18. 1 John iv. 8—10.

- 1 AMID the splendours of thy state,
My God, thy love appears
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 Nature through all her ample round
Thy boundless power proclaims,
And in melodious accent speaks
The goodness of thy names.
- 3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
Our solemn awe excite;
But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.
- 4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Sion sings in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.
- 5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs—
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.
- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful—the transporting news,
That God the Lord is Love.

- 14 L.M. Morning Hm. 58. Wandsworth 158.
Goodness.

1 Chron. xvi. 34. Psalm xxxiv. 8. [26]

- 1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness
reigns,
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to the abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruined frame
A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 O give to every human heart,
To taste and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love, and reverend fear,
To know how blest thy children are!

- 4 Let nature burst into a song,
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong,
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise.
- 5 Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue,
Its sweetest notes belong to you;
Called by your condescending King,
For ever round his throne to sing.

DODDGE.

15 C.M. St. George's 21. Ashley 232.

Goodness.

Jonah iv. 2. 2 Cor. i. 3. [29]

- 1 **THY** goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore!
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest,
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen:
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

GIBBONS.

16 C.M. Eversley 18. Philippi 133.
*His goodness especially displayed in the
gospel. Isaiah xiv. 4. John iii. 16. [28]*

- 1 **YE** humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee:
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

STEELE.

17 Hla. Ps. 104, 91. Portuguese Hm. 190.

Mercy.

Psalm lxxviii. 1. Heb. viii. 72.

- 1 **THY** mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
tongue;

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul
fast.

- 2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But through thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me, still keeps me alive.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart:
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart,
Dissolved by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the
tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine!

18 112th. Gloucester 78. Canada 176.

Pardoning grace.

Micah vii. 18. Eph. i. 7.

- 1 **G**REAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivalled shine:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Such dire offences to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare;
This is thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share!
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace!
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze!
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood:
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

DAVIES.

19 C.M. Charnmouth 124.

Holiness.

Isaiah vi. 3. Rev. iv. 8. [30]

- 1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.
- 2 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

3 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

4 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

5 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see. NEEDHAM.

20 L.M. German Hymn 53. Leicester 160.
Omnipresence.

Jer. xxiii. 23, 24. Heb. xi. 27. [47]

1 FATHER and Friend! thy light, thy
love,
Beaming through all thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with
thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since thou their God art every where,
They cannot be where thou art not.

BOWRING.

21 C.M. Canterbury 229. Gorton 25.
Omniscience.

Gen. xvi. 13. Psalm cxxxix. 1—12. [21]

1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just;
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust;

3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impress!
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast!

4 By thee observed, by thee upheld,
Should earth or hell oppose;
I press with dauntless courage on,
To meet the proudest foes.

5 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind the immortal crown
Of glory on my head. SCOTT.

22 C.M. London New 30. Morley 228.
All-sufficiency.

Isaiah xii. 2. Isaiah xxvi. 4. [33]

1 JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight:
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.

5

2 What though our mortal comforts fade,
And droop like withering flowers?
Nor time, nor death, can break that band
Which makes Jehovah ours.

3 My cares, I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust;
Well may I trust my all with him,
With whom my soul I trust.

DODDRIDGE.

23 C.M. Liverpool 23.
Immutability.

Ps. cii. 24—28. Heb. i. 10—12. [17]

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the
O thou eternal God! [same,
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid,
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven,
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be like a vesture laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy eternal state, O Lord!
No length of time shall waste:
Thy power and wisdom, truth and grace,
From age to age shall last.

5 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt endless blessings give:
They in their fathers' God shall trust,
And in thy presence live.

24 L.M. Woolstanton 62. Neapolis 261.
Immutability.

Isaiah li. 6. 2 Peter iii. 8—13. [36]

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unsurpassed survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwellest in unclouded light;
Which shines with undiminished ray
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;

6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

DODDRIDGE.

25 L.M. Timsbury 159.
Unsearchableness.

Job xi. 7. Romans xi. 33, 34. [24]

1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our labouring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace!
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

KIPPIS.

26 C.M. Canterbury 229. Old Church 39.

Sovereignty.

1 Sam. ii. 6—8. Dan. ii. 20—22. [20]

1 **K**EEP silence, all created things;
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 Chained to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 [Not Gabriel asks the reason why;
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.]

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

WATTS.

27 C.M. Mount Pleasant 37. Lystra 220.

*The perfections of God displayed in Creation
and Providence.*

Ps. cxxxix. 14—17. Isa. xlii. 5. [38]

1 **L**ORD, when our raptured thought sur-
Creation's beauties o'er, [veys
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine:
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
And Oh, let man thy praise record;
Man, thy distinguished care!

6

4 From thee the breath of life we drew,
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
Our brittle frame sustains.

5 Yet nobler favours claim our praise,
Of reason's light possessed;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely blest.

STEELE.

28

C.M. Irish 32. Besley 217.

God the Sovereign Ruler.

Psalm cxlv. Daniel iv. 34—37. [41]

1 **T**HY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 Holy and just in all its ways
Is providence divine;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God, delightful theme!
Shall fill my heart and tongue.
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song!

29

C.M. Broughton 140.

The source of prosperity.

Psalm xc. 16, 17. Psalm cxviii. 1. [527]

1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God!
With rays of beauty shine:
Oh let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hearts to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain:
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent.
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace. DODDRIDGE.

30

L.M. St. Mark's 247.

The wisdom of his providence.

Psalm lxxvii. 19, 20. Romans xi. 33. [39]

1 **T**HY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark and ben'ing line,
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

4 They neither know nor trace the way;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

- 5 My favoured soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

SERLE.

31 L.M. Angel's Song 47. Epworth 218.
Its wisdom and kindness.

1 Chron. xxix. 11, 12. Rom. viii. 28. [42]

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the various shifting
Of life's mistaken ill or good; [scene
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

- 3 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Filled with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

- 4 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end. COLLETT.

32 C.M. St. Mary's 132. Burford 34.
Its darkness.

Psalm lxxvii. 19. 1 Cor. xiii. 12. [50]

- 1 **T**HY way, O God! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.

- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

- 3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why?

- 4 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will,
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?

- 6 With rapture I shall then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise. FAWCETT.

33 C.M. Abridge 31. Thorpe 137.
Its mysteries.

Gen. i. 20. Nahum i. 3. [48]

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

7

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain. COWPER.

34 C.M. Bedford 211. Camberwell New 22
Its mysteries.

Psalm xcvi. 1, 2. John xiii. 17. [49]

- 1 **G**R-EAT God of Providence, thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.

- 2 The various methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt to approach,
The farther off they fly.

- 3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou shalt ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveiled,
And not a doubt remain.

- 4 The Sun of Righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day. BEDDOME.

35 L.M. Islington 59.
Its wisdom and justice.

2 Chron. vi. 4. Psalm lxii. 1—5. [25]

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And, though his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

- 3 In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes his wise decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

- 4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And, midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

BEDDOME.

36 C.M. Staughton 38.
Its wisdom and mercy

Psalm ix. 10. 1 Peter v. 7. [474]

- 1 **O** THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory and my all;
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.

- 2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all the wilderness.

- 3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

- 4 For such compassions, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

37 C.M. London New 20.

Controlling the tempest.

Psalm cvii. 25—30. Isaiah xxvii. 8. [30]

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will:
And awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy softens every blast
To them that seek thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace. DODDRIDGE.

38 L.M. New Sabbath 50.

The Seasons.

Psalm lxx. 11. Acts xiv. 17. [563]

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 [The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.]
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar
Where days and years revolve no more.

DODDRIDGE.

39 S.M. Peckham 8.

Spring.

Psalm lxx. 9, 10, civ. 30. [534]

- 1 GREAT God! at thy command
Seasons in order rise;
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 How balmy is the air!
How warm the solar beams!
And, to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herbs and corn
For men enrich the land.
- 4 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son:
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy,
Through endless ages run.

8

GIBBONS.

40 C.M. Bath Chapel 34. Sunbury 120.
Spring.

Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17; civ. 16, 19. [565]

- 1 THE icy chains that bound the earth
Are now dissolved and gone;
Waked by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts his new livery on.
- 2 [Where awful desolation reigned,
Blest plenty rears her head;
Exulting with a smile to see
Her late destroyer fled.
- 3 Teeming with life, the advancing sun
Protracts the falling day;
Grand light of heaven! he seems to wish
To make a longer stay.
- 4 In clouds of gold behold him set,
Beyond the west he flies;
Short is his nightly course, and soon
He gilds the eastern skies.]
- 5 My soul, in every scene admire
The wisdom and the power;
Behold the God in every plant,
In every opening flower.
- 6 Yet in his word the God of grace
Has wrote his fairer name;
The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest songs shall claim.
- 7 With warmest beams, thou God of grace,
Shine on this heart of mine;
Turn thou my winter into spring,
And be the glory thine. NEEDHAM.

41 C.M. St. Stephen's 19. Byzantium 242.
Spring

Psalm civ. 24. Matt. xxiv. 32. [556]

- 1 WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!
- 2 How kind the influence of the skies;
Soft showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.
- 3 O let my wandering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.
- 4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.
- 5 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue. STEELE.

42 L.M. Israel 67. St. Peter's 255.
Summer.

Psalm lxx. 9—14. Heb. vi. 7. [557]

- 1 LORD! to thy bounteous care we owe
The clouds that cause our fields to
grow, [glide,
And streams which through our valleys
And fruitful crops of corn provide.

2 Thy rain makes soft the harrowed clod,
And numerous blades break through the
Then rising to the waving ear, [sod ;
At length in ripened grain appear.

3 Thy goodness thus prepares a crop,
Our very paths with fatness drop,
And teeming nature's cheerful voice,
Seems in thy bounty to rejoice.

4 The little hills have praising tongues ;
The fruitful vales break forth in songs ;
While numerous bleating flocks are seen
Dancing among the pastures green.

5 Lord, make us fruitful thus in grace,
And joy shall animate each face ;
With living spring our souls renew,
Our hearts shall leap and praise thee too.
COBBIN.

43 C.M. Braintree 121.
Harvest.

Gen. viii. 22. Gal. vi. 7, 8. [558]

1 TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers ;
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2 His covenant with the earth he keeps ;
My tongue, his goodness sing ;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop ;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness ;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop ;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope. NEEDHAM.

44 C.M. New York 24.
Harvest.

Acts xiv. 17. John iv. 9, 10. [559]

1 GREAT sovereign Lord, what human
Amidst thy works can rove, [eye
And not thy liberal hand espy,
Nor trace thy bounteous love ?

2 [Each star that gilds the heavenly frame,
On earth each verdant clod,
In language loud to men proclaim
The great and bounteous God.

3 The lesson each revolving year
Repeats in various ways ;
Rich thy provisions, Lord, appear ;
The poor shall shout thy praise.]

4 Our fruitful fields and pastures tell,
Of man and beast, thy care ;
The thriving corn, thy breezes fill ;
Thy breath perfumes the air.

5 But Oh ! what human eye can trace,
Or human heart conceive,
The greater riches of the grace
Impoverished souls receive.

6 Love everlasting has not spared
Its best-beloved Son,
And in him endless life prepared,
For souls by sin undone. BOYCE.

45 C.M. Devizes 26. Lystra 220.
Harvest.
Jer. v. 24. James i. 17. [560]

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love !
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
The plants in beauty grew : [thine ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails :
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

46 C.M. Evans 122. Stafford 231.
Winter.

Job. xxxvii. 6—12. Ps. lxxiv. 16, 17. [561]

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round ;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned !

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart ;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad !

4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray ;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness, cheerful day.

5 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns,
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains.

6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

47 L.M. Wells 55. STEELE.
National blessings acknowledged.
1 Kings v. 3, 4. Job xxxiv. 29. [560]

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies !
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the earth, or bid it rise :
Thy smile is life ; thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain,—

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
Thy word the angry nations own, [power ;
And noise and war are heard no more.

- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
Sweet peace, with her what blessings
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing, [45d]
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord!
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore!
Oh may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness and adore. STEELE.

48 C.M. Charmouth 124.
National calamities deprecated.
Joel ii. 15—17. James iv. 8—10. [549]

- 1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 [Great God, and why is Britain spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
Oh make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, 'Forbear.'
- 4 What numerous crimes increasing rise,
Through this apostate isle!
What land so favoured of the skies,
And yet what land so vile!]
- 5 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 6 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near. STEELE.

49 C.M. Abingdon 117. Northampton 41.
The Traveller's Hymn.
Ezra viii. 21, 22. Psalm cvii. [44]

- 1 HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 [When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.]
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st at that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

50 112th. Carey's 75. Darlington 273.
The Shepherd.

Psalm xxlii. Ezekiel xxxiv. 11—16. [45f]

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wolds I stray;
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
Thy barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

ADDISON.

51 C.M. Cambridge New 30.
A grateful recognition.
Job ii. 10. Heb. xii. 5—11. [478]

- 1 FATHER of mercies! God of love
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surveys;
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise?
- 3 In every period of my life
Thy kindest thoughts appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year.
- 4 In all these mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see,
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 5 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, my God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.
- 6 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each dreary scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 7 Then should I close my eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear:
For death itself, my God, is life,
If thou art with me there.

BEGINBOTHAM.

52 C.M. Wiltshire 40. Harlow 143.
A grateful retrospect.

Psalm lxxxi. 17—20. 2 Tim. ii. 15. [46]

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.
- 7 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

53 C.M. Clitheroe 43. Philippi 133.
A grateful retrospect.
Gen. xxxv. 3. Psalm ciii. 1—5. [436]

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my thankful heart!—
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
It cleared my dubious way; [deaths,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Thy glorious theme renew.
- 8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 9 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

54 7s. Harts 183. Samaria 284.
Perpetual mercies.
Psalm cxxxvi. 2 Chron. v. 13.

- 1 **L**ET us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He with all commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us then with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

55 7s. Easter Hymn 181. Kettering 235.
Praise from all creatures.
Psalm cxvii. Acts xv. 17. [464]

- 1 **A**LL ye Gentiles, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise:
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him from the depths beneath;
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

THE SAVIOUR.

56 C.M. Wiltshire 40. Chester 116.
His mission.
Isaiah lxi. 1—3. Luke iv. 18, 19. [80]

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
The Saviour promised long! [comes!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 [His silver trumpets publish loud
The jubilee of the Lord;
Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage restored.]
- 7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. DODDRIDGE.

57

C.M. Cambridge New 30.

His incarnation.

John i. 1—14. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore the eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn, illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh arrayed!
- 3 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day:
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.
- 4 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor. STEELE.

58

7s. Stool 89. Kettering 285.

His birth.

Gen. iii. 15. Gal. iv. 4, 5. [57]

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Emmanuel here.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 8 Adam's likeness now efface;
Stamp thine image in its place:
Stamp Adam, from above,
Reinstate us in thy love. WESLEY.

59

6.7. Corinth 187. Baun 282.

His birth.

Isaiah ix. 6, 7. Luke ii. 8—14. [58]

- 1 **H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!"
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven:
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth. CAWOOD.

60

L.M. Chard 157. Chesterton 263.

His birth.

Luke ii. 8—14. Rom. xi. 26. [59]

- 1 **W**HEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through
the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—
- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 [Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky,
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.]
- 4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and
sung:
- 5 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye.
The long expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 6 [See Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.]
- 7 He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his hosts depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!
- 8 O Zion! lift thy raptured eye.
The long expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign." CAMPBELL.

61 C.M. Camb. New 30. Charlestown 134.

His birth.

Luke ii. 8—14. 1 Tim. iii. 16. [60]

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 [Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.]
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wondrous scene unfurled.]
- 6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.
- 7 O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise,
Sweetly to bear our songs above,
And mingle with their lays!
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete:
Jesus was born to die."
- 9 Hail, Prince of life! for ever hail,
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end. MEDLEY.

62 8.7.4. Lewes 192. Leipsig 279.

His birth.

Matt. ii. 1—11. Luke ii. 25—38. [61]

- 1 **A**NGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

13

- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
MONTGOMERY.

63

C.M. Staughton 38.

His first appearing.

Isaiah ix. 2—6. Matt. iv. 16. [115]

- 1 **T**HE race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

64

7s. Solitude 90. Kiel 182.

His works of mercy.

Matt. iv. 23, 24. Luke xviii. 15—17. [65]

- 1 **W**HEN the Saviour dwelt below,
Pity in his bosom reigned;
Sympathy he loved to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdained.
- 2 Round him thronged the blind, the lame,
Deaf and dumb, diseased, possessed;
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely blessed.
- 3 He could make the leper whole;
Thousands at a meal he fed;
Winds and waves could he control;
By a word he raised the dead.
- 4 Listening sinners round him pressed
Whilst he taught the way to bliss;
Even enemies confessed,
"No man ever spake like this."
- 5 [Children once to him were brought,
His benignant power to prove;
Some disciples harshly thought
Their intrusion to reprove.
- 6 "Suffer them to come to me,
Hinder not their free access;
Children shall my kingdom see—
Children I delight to bless."
- 7 So he spake, and in his arms
Clasped the little helpless things;
As the hen her chickens warms
Underneath her downy wings.]
- 8 Be thy love to me revealed;
Be thy grace by me possessed;
Touch me, and I shall be healed,
Bless me, and I shall be blessed.

RYLAND.

65

L.M. Philadelphia 268.

His teaching.

Matt. xi. 28—30. John iii. 31. [154]

- 1 **HOW** sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace.
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my father's home:
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes! sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

66

S.M. Turkish 294.

His tenderness.

Luke xix. 41. Heb. v. 7. [100]

- 1 **DID** Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BEDDOME.

67

L.M. Penrhurst 61.

His tears.

John xi. 35. Heb. iv. 15. [47]

- 1 **SO** fair a face bedewed with tears!
What beauty e'en in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?
- 2 Enthroned above, with equal glow,
His strong affections downward flow;
In our distress he bears a part,
And shows his sympathizing heart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same;
He knows the frailty of our frame;
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
He bears all our sorrows and our pains.
- 4 What pity dwelt within his breast,
Pity, by flowing tears expressed!
Oh may those tears our griefs remove,
Which speak so loud a Saviour's love!

BEDDOME.

68

C.M. Devizes 26.

His general deportment.

John viii. 12—22. 1 Pet. ii. 21—23. [120]

- 1 **BEHOLD!** where, in the friend of man,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With softest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the meekest joy,
To press glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

14

- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found;
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life:
He laboured for their good.
- 5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share! ENFIELD.

69

C.M. Walsal 42. Mysia 111.

His sorrows.

Isa. liii. 3. John xix. 30. [63]

- 1 **BEHOLD!** the Son of God appears
To save from sin and woe;
He leaves his radiant throne on high,
To dwell with men below.
- 2 Clothing himself with mortal flesh,
He flies to our relief;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.
- 3 From Bethlehem's inn to Calvary's cross,
Affliction marked his road;
And many a weary step he took
To bring us back to God.
- 4 How keen the anguish and the smart
That pained his holy mind,
When all the powers of earth and hell
Against him were combined!
- 5 But heavier far the weighty load
When sorrow filled his breast!
That in the garden's gloomy scene,
His mourning soul oppressed.
- 6 And darker far the awful hour
When on the cross he cried,
"Tis finished," the full ransom's paid,
Then bowed his head, and died.
- 7 And did my Saviour thus expire,
Nailed to the accursed tree?
To him I give my soul away,
Who lived and died for me.

70

C.M. Windsor 119. Antwerp 18.

His crucifixion.

John xix. 20. Rom. v. 8.

- 1 **YONDER**—amazing sight!—I see
The incarnate Son of God
Expiring on the accursed tree,
In agony and blood.
- 2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head;
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And, with the angels' communion, cry,
"This is the Son of God!"
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May we our lives devote;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

- 5 O that these cords of love divine
Might draw me, Lord, to thee;
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—
Thine it shall ever be! STENNETT.

71 8.7.4. Calvary 193. Ephesus 278.
"It is finished."
Dan. ix. 24. John xix. 30. [76]

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 "It is finished!"—oh what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy souls approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food:
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood:
"It is finished!"
Christ has borne the heavy load.]
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb! EVANS.

72 L.M. Evening Hymn 60. Kington 167.
"It is finished."
John xvii. 4. John xix. 30.

- 1 **'T**IS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died:
'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finished—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis finished—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this, my last, expiring breath.
- 5 'Tis finished—Heaven is reconciled.
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.
- 6 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth
and sky. STENNETT.

73 L.M. Islington 59. Bostock 154.
His death.
Matt. xxvii. 35. Luke xxiii. 44—49. [64]

- 1 **S**TRETCHED on the cross, the Saviour
dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, how the sacred crimson tide
Flows from his hands, his feet, his side.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound:
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 Lord! didst thou bleed!—for sinners
bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No! he withdrew his sickening ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning day.
- 4 Can I survey this scene of woe
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmoved remain,
Insensible to love or pain?
- 5 Come, dearest Lord! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart:
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

STEELE.

74 8.7. Hebron 184. Portsea 283.
His death.
Luke xxiii. 48. Gal. vi. 14. [67]

- 1 **O**N the wings of faith uprising,
Jesus crucified I see;
While his love my soul surprising,
Cries, "I suffered all for thee!"
- 2 Then, beneath the cross adoring,
Sin doth like itself appear;
When the wounds of Christ exploring,
I can read my pardon there.
- 3 Who can think without admiring?
Who can hear, and nothing feel?
See the Lord of life expiring,
Yet retain a heart of steel?
- 4 Angels here may gaze, and wonder
What the God of love could mean,
When that heart was torn asunder,
Never once defiled with sin!

SWAIN.

75 8.7. Chichester 186. Baun 282.
His death.
John xix. 25—27. Luke vii. 37—47. [68]

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 [Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze:
Love I much? I've more forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.]
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his blood each day more healing,
And himself more fully know. BATTY.

76 L.M. Babylon Streams 147.
His death and resurrection.
Hosea xiii. 14. 1 Peter iii. 18—22. [66]

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salein's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies:
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains.
- 6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous king!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy
sting?"
And "Where's thy victory, boasting
grave?" WATTS, *altered*.

77 7s. Kiel 182. Kettering 235.
His resurrection.
Matt. xxviii. 1—4. Mark xvi. 9. [319]

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph, through the skies
See the glorious Saviour rise.
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave,
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade:
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night. COLLYER.

78 7s. Easter Hymn 181.
His resurrection.
Matt. xxviii. 1—8. 1 Cor. xv. 49—55. [69]

- 1 **"C**HRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
Sons of men and angels say,
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 [What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents fall:
Second life we now receive,
In our heavenly Adam live.]
- 7 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail, the Resurrection—Thou!

79 148th. Resurrection 195. Psalm 145, 95.
His resurrection.
Luke xxiv. 1—8. Rom. vi. 8, 9. [70]

- 1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead!
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.
- 2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet!
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,
"Jesus who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day."
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported cry,
"Jesus who bled,
Hath left the dead;
No more to die."
- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Who sav'st us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies. DODDRIDGE.

80 C.M. St. Ann's 28. Lancaster 237.
His Resurrection.
 Matt. xxviii. 5, 6. 1 Cor. xv. 20—23. [71]

- 1 YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
 Chase all your fears away,
 And bow with pleasure down to see
 The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
 Such wonders love can do!
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
 Which throbbed and bled for you.
- 3 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
 The Saviour lives again!
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The conqueror could detain.
- 4 High o'er the angelic bands he rears
 His once dishonoured head;
 And through unnumbered years hereigns,
 Who dwelt among the dead.
- 5 With joy like his let every saint
 His empty tomb survey;
 Then rise with his ascending Lord
 Through all the shining way.

DODDRIDGE.

81 7s. Easter Hymn 181
His Resurrection.
 Mark xvi. 3, 4. Acts i. 9. [72]

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
 Death, resign thy mighty prey!
 See the Saviour quit the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom. [Hal.]
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs, Gabriel, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise!
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound. [Hal.]
- 3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see him rise!
 Troops of angels on the road.
 Hail and sing the incarnate God. [Hal.]
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide
 Gracious hero! through them ride;
 King of glory! mount thy throne,
 Boundless empire is thine own. [Hal.]
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres,
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song;
 Let the strains be sweet and strong! [Hal.]
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell!
 Where is hell's once dreaded king?
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting? [Hal.]

GIBBONS.

82 148th. Resurrection 195. Cesarea 292.
Seen of angels.
 1 Tim. iii. 16. 1 Peter i. 12.

- 1 OH ye immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne!
 Join with our feeble song
 To make the Saviour known:
 On earth ye knew
 His wondrous grace,
 His beauteous face
 In heaven ye view.

17

- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
 In human flesh arrayed,
 Benevolent and mild,
 While in the manger laid;
 And praise to God,
 And peace on earth,
 For such a birth,
 Proclaimed aloud.

- 3 Ye, in the wilderness,
 Beheld the tempter spoiled—
 Well-known in every dress,
 In every combat foiled;
 And joyed to crown
 The victor's head,
 When Satan fled
 Before his frown.

- 4 Around the bloody tree
 Ye pressed with strong desire
 That wondrous sight to see—
 The Lord of life expire;
 And could your eyes
 Have known a tear,
 Had dropped it there
 In sad surprise.

- 5 Around his sacred tomb
 A willing watch ye keep,
 Till the blest moment come
 To rouse him from his sleep;
 Then rolled the stone,
 And all adored
 Your rising Lord,
 With joy unknown.

- 6 When all arrayed in light
 The shining conqueror rode,
 Ye hailed his rapturous flight
 Up to the throne of God;
 And waved around
 Your golden wings,
 And struck your strings
 Of sweetest sound.

- 7 The warbling notes pursue,
 And louder anthems raise:
 While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise:
 And thou, my heart,
 With equal flame,
 And joy the same,
 Perform thy part.

DODDRIDGE.

83 C.M. St. Michael's 138. Chester 116.
Seen of angels.
 1 Tim. iii. 16. Rev. v. 11, 12. [97]

- 1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
 Far as the eternal hills,
 There, in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our dear Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
 In countless armies shine:
 Before him, in transported lays,
 They offer songs divine.
- 3 "Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for ever hail,
 Whose unexampled love
 Moved thee to quit these glorious realms,
 And royalties above."
- 4 And whilst he stooped on earth to dwell,
 And suffered rude disdain;
 They cast their honours at his feet,
 And waited in his train.

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- 5 In all his toils and dangerous paths
They did his steps attend;
Oft paused, and wondered how at last,
This scene of love would end.
- 6 As on the torturing tree he hung,
And darkness veiled the sky;
Amazed, they saw that awful sight,
The Lord of glory die!
- 7 Anon he bursts the gates of death,
Subdues the tyrant's power!
They saw the illustrious conqueror rise,
And hailed the blessed hour.
- 8 They thronged his chariot up the skies,
And bore him to his throne;
Then sweep their golden harps, and shout,
"The glorious work is done!"

84 L.M. Emmaus 271. Warrington 51.
His Ascension.
Psalm xxiv. 7—10. Eph. iv. 8. [73]

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,—
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits;
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
- 6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"—
The Lord of boundless power possess:
The King of saints, and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest!

85 C.M. St. James 17. Kingaland 224.
The Second Adam.
Genesis iii. 1 Cor. xv. 45—49. [54]

- 1 ADAM in God's own image formed,
From God and bliss estranged;
The pure delights of Paradise
For guilt and death exchanged!
- 2 Oh fatal heritage bequeathed
To all his helpless race!
Through the thick maze of sin and woe,
Thust to the grave we pass.
- 3 But O my soul, with rapture hear,
The second Adam's name;
And the celestial gifts he brings
To all his seed proclaim.
- 4 In holiness and joy complete,
He reigns to endless years;
And each adopted chosen child
His splendid image wears.
- 5 What though in mortal life they mourn?
What though by death they fall?
Jesus in one triumphant day
Transforms and crowns them all.

- 6 Praise to his rich mysterious grace!
E'en by our fall we rise;
And gain, for earth and Eden lost,
A heavenly Paradise. DODDRIDGE, *alt.*

86 L.M. Doversdale 66. Gilead 259.
The Advocate.

- 1 WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?
- 2 No, Lord! the breathing of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire.
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands;
The glorious advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hands!
- 4 He sweetens every humble groan.
He recommends each broken prayer;
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord!
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

STEEL.

87 L.M. New Sabbath 50. Montgomery 246.
The Advocate.

- 1 LIVES! the great Redeemer lives!
(What joy the bliss assurance gives!)
And now before his father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

STEEL.

88 C.M. Abingdon 117. Day Spring 44.
The Advocate.

- 1 AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.
- 2 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his name;
"Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am!"
- 3 By thy salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endured,
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word."

[134]

- 4 Eternal life, at his request,
To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and after death,
The plenitude of heaven.
- 5 Let the much incense of thy prayer
In my behalf ascend;
And as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never, never end. **TOPLADY.**

89 L.M. Bramcoate 65. Philadelphia 268.
Brother.
Matt. xii. 48—50. Heb. ii. 11. [114]

- 1 **JESUS**, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh, to bleed and die;
And still he makes it his abode;
As man he fills the throne of God.
- 2 Our nearest friend, our brother now,
Is he to whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest interest claim.
- 3 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.
- 4 O glorious hour, it comes with speed!
When we from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

90 8.7. Chichester 186. Thornton 280.
The Consolation of Israel.
Luke ii. 25. 1 Tim. i. 1. [116]

- 1 **COME**, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

91 C.M. Braintree 121. West Ham 233.
The Desire of all Nations.
Haggai ii. 7. Romans xv. 12. [117]

- 1 **INFINITE** excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet:
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Emmanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store:
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity. **FAWCETT.**

92 C.M. St. George's 21. Athens 244.
The Door.

- Hosea ii. 15. John x. 1—10. [119]
- 1 **A WAKE**, our souls, and bless his name
Whose mercies never fail;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide displayed,
The buildings strong and fair;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
For Jesus is the door;
Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 Oh may thy grace the nations lead,
And Jews and Gentiles come,
All travelling through one beauteous gate
To one eternal home. **DODDRIDGE.**

93 L.M. Portugal 69. Seville 258.
The Forerunner.
Lev. xvi. 15, 16. Heb. vi. 19, 20. [122]

- 1 **JESUS** the Lord, our souls adore,
A painful sufferer now no more;
High on his Father's throne he reigns,
O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.
- 2 His race for ever is complete;
For ever undisturbed his seat;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well gained victory.
- 3 Yet, 'midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone;
His meaneast servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise my soul, thy raptured sight,
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus thy own forerunner see
Entered beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell,
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fixed its anchor here. **DODDRIDGE.**

94 8.7. 7.7. Dorking 188.
The Friend.
Prov. xviii. 24. John xv. 13—15. [124]

- 1 **ONE** there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could, or would have shed his blood;
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love !
We, alas ! forget too often
What a friend we have above :
But, when home our souls are brought,
We shall love thee as we ought.

NEWTON.

95 L.M. St. Mark's 247. New College 68.
The Friend.

Luke xxi. 19. 2 Cor. viii. 9. [125]

- 1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore ;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not.
- 2 Jesus for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt ;
And canst thou ere such love forget ?
- 3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief ;
Nor him forget who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine ;
And canst thou then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms.
- 5 Ah ! no : till life itself depart, forget ?
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
And lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.
- 6 Ah ! no : when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

Translated from KRISHNU.

96 C.M. St. Stephens 19. Havannah 125.
The Friend.

John xxi. 1. Heb. xiii. 8. [126]

- 1 A FRIEND there is—your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name !
Whose truth and kindness are mine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near ;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course ;
Immortally the same it flows
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.
- 5 And, if our dearest comforts fall
Before his sovereign will,
He never takes away our all :
Himself he gives us still !
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains ;
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His will its rage restrains.

SWAIN.

97 L.M. Oswestry 280. Ivy Bridge 54.
The Friend.

Prov. xxi. 17. Job ii. 20. [127]

- 1 POOR, weak, and worthless though I
I have a rich, almighty Friend ; I am,
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

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- 2 He ransomed me from hell with blood :
And by his power my foes controlled ;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.

- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies :
O what a Friend is Christ to me !

NEWTON.

98 C.M. Mount Pleasant 37.
The Head.

Eph. iv. 12, 16. Col. i. 18. [129]

- 1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own ;
Gives me among thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive !
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord ;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight ;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face ;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

DODDRIDGE.

99 L.M. Doversdale 68. Bridgwater 168.
The Hiding place.

Isaiah xlii. 1. John i. 29. [130]

- 1 AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake !
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake ;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield, and hiding-place.
- 2 When God's right arm is bared for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where—where—oh where shall man re-
To escape the horror of his ire ?
- 3 'Tis he—the Lamb—to him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by :
God sees his well-beloved's face ;
And spares us in our hiding-place.
- 4 Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen ;
To him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.
- 5 While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow ;
Fallen, abject, mean—a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.
- 6 Yet courage—days and years will glide,
And we shall lay those floods aside ;
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.
- 7 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed ;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

H. K. WHITE.

100 C.M. Liverpool 23. Welby 126.

Jesus.

Matt. i. 21. Phil. iv. 4. [133]

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place:
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And languid are my lays;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll give thee nobler praise.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. NEWTON.

101 C.M. Bath Chapel 34. Eastham 131.

The King.

Zech. ix. 9. Isaiah xxxiii. 17. [135]

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays:
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 O happy period, glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise. STEELE.

102 L.M. Naples 249. Broadmead 366.

The Lamb of God.

Isaiah liii. 4-7. John i. 29.

- 1 **B**EHOOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love:
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.
- 2 To save a guilty world he dies:
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes
And hope for mercy in his name.

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- 3 Pardon and peace through him abound,
He can the richest blessings give:
Salvation in his name is found,
He bids the dying sinner live.

- 4 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee:
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

FAWCETT.

103 8.7. Corinth 187. Portsea 233.

Light.

Isaiah ix. 2. John viii. 12. [137]

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and by thyself revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
- 2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes!
- 3 Still we wait for thy appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.
- 4 Come, extend thy wonted favour
To our ruined, guilty race;
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour,
Come, apply thy saving grace.
- 5 Save us, in thy great compassion,
Oh thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
- 6 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burthened soul release;
By the teachings of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

104 L.M. Angels Song 47. Tyne 166.

Light.

Luke ii. 32. 2 Cor. iv. 6.

- 1 **L**IGHT of the Gentiles, thee I hail!
Essential light thyself impart!
Spirit of light, his face reveal;
And set thy signet on my heart.
- 2 Thy office is to enlighten man
And point him to the heavenly prize;
The hidden things of God to explain,
And chase the darkness from our eyes.
- 3 Show me I have the better part,
The treasure hid with Christ in God;
Give me a perfect peace of heart,
And pardon through my Saviour's blood.

TOPLADY.

105 C.M. St. Stephen's 19. Bradney 127.

Light.

Luke i. 78, 79. Eccles. xi. 7. [372]

- 1 **S**WEET is the light of opening day,
That shines on all mankind:
But sweeter far the Saviour's ray
Illuminates the mind.
- 2 Dark is the night of clouds, wherein
Nor moon nor stars appear;
But darker far the night of sin,
Of error, doubt, and fear.
- 3 His Spirit from the mental eye
The vicious film removes;
And then the day-spring from on high,
The soul beholds and loves. RYLAND.

106 L.M. London 112. Dresden 279.
Messiah.

Daniel ix. 25, 26. John i. 41. [341]

- 1 **T**HE wondering nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfilled;
And angels hailed the glorious morn
That showed the great Messiah born.
- 2 The Prince! the Saviour! long desired,
Whom men foretold, by heaven inspired,
And raptured saw the blissful day
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.
- 3 Oft, in the temples of his grace,
His saints behold his smiling face;
And oft have seen his glories shine
With power and majesty divine.
- 4 But soon, alas! his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return;
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes;—
- 6 Till filled with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

STEEL.

107 L.M. St. Paul's 151. Pearcefield 254.
The Morning Star.

2 Peter i. 19. Rev. xxii. 16. [141]

- 1 **A**RISE, thou bright and morning star,
And send thy silvery beams from far;
Dispel the shades of dreary night,
And let me hail the dawning light.
- 2 Blinded by sin, I went astray,
And wandering left the heavenly way;
Dart forth thy soul-reviving rays,
And guide me all my future days.
- 3 With growing strength may I pursue
The course which heavenly wisdom drew,
Till I shall reach the blissful shore,
Where pilgrims rest, and stray no more.

BEDDOME.

108 L.M. Portugal 69. Lawes 156.
The Morning Star.

Numbers xxiv. 17. Rev. xxii. 16. [142]

- 1 **Y**E worlds of light that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
O tell, how mean your glories are;
How faint and few compared with his!
- 2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the source of light and love:
His purest rays diffused from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.
- 3 'Midst gloomy darkness spread abroad,
This light directs the pilgrim's way,
Still as he goes he finds the road
That leads him safe to endless day.
- 4 When shall we reach the glorious height,
Where this bright Star shall brightest
shine,
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view the lustre all divine!

22

BEDDOME.

109 C.M. Tabernacle 136. Bethany 236.
The Pearl of great Price.

Matt. xiii. 45, 46. Phil. iii. 8. [143]

- 1 **Y**E glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense:
Inestimable worth appears,
Thy pearl of price immense!
- 3 Jesus to multitudes unknown—
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure, meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart;
Of this dear gift possessed,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever blessed.
- 6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

STEEL.

110 L.M. Angel's Song 47. Aphek 168.
The Physician.

Jer. viii. 22. Matt. ix. 12. [144]

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has
made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 4 There is a great physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live:
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

STEEL.

111 148th. Resurrection 195.
The High Priest.

Psalm cx. 4. Heb. ii. 17, 18.

- 1 **A** GOOD High Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace:
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.
- 2 My Lord a Priest is made,
As sware the mighty God
To Israel and his seed;
Ornated to offer blood
For sinners, who his mercy seek;
A priest, as was Melchizedek.

3 He once temptations knew,
Of every sort and kind,
That he might succour show
To every tempted mind:
In every point the Lamb was tried
Like us, and then for us he died.

4 He dies; but lives again,
And by the altar stands;
There shows how he was slain,
Opening his pierced hands:
Our priest abides, and pleads the cause
Of us, who have transgressed his laws.

5 I other priests disclaim,
And laws and offerings too,
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do;
He shall have all the praise, for he
Hath loved, and lived, and died for me.
CENNICK.

112 L.M. Honiton 153. St. Pancras 162.
The High Priest.

Heb. viii. 1, 2; iv. 14—16. [131]

1 **WHERE** high the heavenly temple
stands,

The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness therefore at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour. LOGAN.

113 C.M. Wiltshire 40. Epping 240.
The High Priest.

Exod. xxiii. 29, 30. Heb. vii. 23—28 [132]

1 **NOW** let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crowned,

3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.

23

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne. DODDRIDGE.

114 C.M. Adelphi 29. Prestwich 238.
Priest—Melchizedek.

Genesis xiv. 18. Heb. vii. [140]

1 **THOU** dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak;
And in our priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the ransomed throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

CENNICK.

115 112th. Carey's 75.
Prophet, Priest, and King.

Deut. xviii. 15—19. 1 Peter ii. 7.

1 **JESUS**, how precious is thy name!
The great Jehovah's chosen, thou!
Oh, let me catch the immortal flame,
With which angelic bosoms glow!
Since angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the blessed above.

2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words, that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,
And imitate the blessed above.

3 My great *High Priest*, whose precious
blood,
Did once atone upon the cross;
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause;
In thee I trust; thee I would love,
And imitate the blessed above.

4 My *King* supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit:
My *Saviour King* this heart would love,
And imitate the blessed above. DAVIES.

116 C.M. St. Ann's 28.
Our Righteousness.

Jer. xxiii. 6. 1 Cor. i. 20.

1 **SAVIOUR** divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety clear.

4 That spotless robe which he hath wrought
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.

5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.

6 With joy we taste that manna now
Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promised crown.

DODDRIDGE.

117 L.M. Stirling 161. Bridgwater 165.

Our Righteousness.

Isa. xlv. 24. Jer. xxxiii. 16. [108]

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I hit up my head.

2 When, from the dust of death, I rise
To take my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
While, through thy blood, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 Oh let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

CENNICK.

118 S.M. Mount Ephraim 4.

The Root of David.

Isa. xi. 1. Rev. xii. 16. [121]

1 ALL hail, mysterious King!
Hail David's ancient root!
Thou righteous branch, which thence did
To give the nations fruit. [spring]

2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Our thirsting lips salvation taste:
Our fainting hearts are glad.

3 Fair Morning Star, arise,
With living glories bright.
And pour on these awakening eyes
A flood of sacred light. DODDRIDGE.

119 C.M. Staughton 38. Eastham 161.

The Saviour.

John iv. 42. 1 John iv. 14. [150]

1 THE Saviour! oh what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here, pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow:
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more!

24

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all! STEELE.

120 8.7.4. Lewis 192. Leipsig 279.

The Saviour.

2 Tim. i. 9. Titus iii. 4—8.

1 JESUS is our great salvation,
Worthy of our best esteem!
He has saved his favourite nation;
Join to sing aloud to him:

He has saved us,
Christ alone could us redeem.

2 When involved in sin and ruin,
And no helper there was found;
Jesus our distress was viewing;
Grace did more than sin abound:

He has called us,
With salvation in the sound.

3 Save us from a mere profession!
Save us from hypocrisy;
Give us, Lord, the sweet possession
Of thy righteousness and thee:

Best of favours!
None compared with this can be.

4 Let us never, Lord, forget thee;
Make us walk as pilgrims here:
We will give thee all the glory
Of the love that brought us near:

Bid us praise thee,
And rejoice with holy fear.

5 Free election, known by calling,
Is a privilege divine:
Saints are kept from final falling;
All the glory, Lord, be thine;

All the glory,
All the glory, Lord, is thine.

121 C.M. St. Stephen's 14. Welby 126.

The Shepherd.

Isa. xl. 11. 1 Pet. ii. 25. [151]

1 THOU Keeper of a lovely flock,
Thyself far lowlier still,
Beneath the overshadowing rock
Thy sheep are safe from ill.

2 There thou at noon dost make them rest,
Screened from the burning day;
Nor dares the wolf, with hunger prest
Approach when thou art nigh.

3 Once for his flock the Shepherd died,
But now he lives again;
For all their wants will he provide,
And ease their every pain.

4 I, like a sheep had gone astray;
But me that Shepherd sought,
Till I, in his appointed way,
Into the fold was brought.

5 O may I always hear thy voice,
Nor ever wander more;
But in thy constant care rejoice,
Thy dying love adore. RYLAND.

122 C.M. St. George's 21. Braing 127.

The Shepherd.

Ezek. xxxiv. 23. John x. 11—15. [152]

1 TO thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I raise;
Oh let the meekness of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

2 Vain the attempt! what tongue can
A subject so divine? [speak
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?

3 Love, that could bring thy willing feet
From the blest world on high!
From thy great Father's dear embrace,
To labour, bleed, and die!

4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

5 To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppress;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

6 Nay, should I walk through death's dark
With double horror spread, [vale,
Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps,
And guard my drooping head.

7 Lead on, dear Shepherd! led by thee
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

HEGINBOTHAM.

123 Ts. Solitude 90. Kettering 285.
The Sun of Righteousness.

Malachi iv. 2. Eph. v. 14. [153]

1 **O** FOR one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day!
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.

2 Distant from thy blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God,
Now and then we breathe a sigh
Upwards to our native sky.

3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire;
Love, and joy, and peace inspire;
Make us feel thy grace within;
Thou canst break the power of sin.

4 Give, O give us wings to rise
In affection to the skies!
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of righteousness, are thine.

TOPLADY.

124 S.M. Boyce's 113. Madely 205.
The Sun of Righteousness.

Malachi iv. 2. Luke i. 78, 79. [118]

1 **A** LL hail! redeeming Lord,
Sweet day-spring from on high;
All hail, thou Sun of righteousness,
With all thy vital joy.

2 In deepest shades of death,
The borders of despair,
We lie oppressed with heavy gloom,
And constant fetters wear.

3 Shine, lovely star of day,
Around and in us shine,
And our benighted souls shall own
Thy light and love divine.

4 Our wandering footsteps guide,
Through all this desert place:
Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path
Of purity and peace.

25

5 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,
Cheered with thy vital ray,
And open to our longing eyes
The road to perfect day. BOYCE.

125

C.M. Evans 122. Mayo 221.

The Vine.

John xv. 1—5. Col. ii. 6, 7.

1 **J**ESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living Vine!
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit;
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

3 I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine;
Withered and barren should I be
If severed from the Vine.

4 Upon my leaf, when parched with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop;
The plant, which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

5 Each moment watered by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of thine.

TOPLADY.

126

L.M. Portugal 69. Kingston 187.

The Way.

Isa. xxxv. 8—10. John xiv. 6. [155]

1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
My hopes I fix on him alone:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The king's high-way of holiness—
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.

3 No adversary walks therein,
No lover of the world and sin;
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound
Alone shall in the way be found.

4 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt now receive me as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—Behold the way to God.

CENNICK.

127

L.M. Southampton 63. Leicester 160.

The Way.

Jer. vi. 16. Acts iv. 12. [156]

1 **J**ESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts
Jesus, no other name but thine—
Can save us from eternal woe.

- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordnained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide,
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

STEELE.

128 C.M. York 234. Day Spring 33.

His achievements.

Psalm lxxxix. 19. Matt. i. 21.

- 1 **J**ESUS! O word divinely sweet!
How charming is the sound!
What joyful news! what heavenly sense
In that dear name is found!
- 2 Our souls all guilty, and condemned,
In hopeless fetters lay:
Our souls, with numerous sins depraved,
To death and hell a prey.
- 3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.
- 4 Our foes were mighty to destroy,
He mighty was to save;
He died, but could not long be held
A prisoner in the grave.
- 5 Jesus! who mighty art to save,
Still push thy conquests on;
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
Where'er the sun has shone.
- 6 O Captain of salvation! make
Thy power and mercy known;
Till crowds of willing converts come
And worship at thy throne.

STENNETT.

129 L.M. Wareham 57. Wisbech 266.

His achievements.

2 Cor. v. 14, 15. Rev. v. 11, 12. [482]

- 1 **C**OME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord, to sing;
And echo to the heavenly plains
The triumphs of your Saviour king.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdued your potent foes,
Subdued the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finished all your woes.
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high
Returned, while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conquering God, resound.
- 4 Almighty love, victorious power!
Not angel-tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illustrious day.

26

- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace
Fill every heart and every tongue,
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song. STEELE.

130 145th Psalm 149, 95. Waters'ock 194.

His achievements.

John xvi. 29. Rom. xiv. 9. [477]

- 1 **C**OME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, O who can tell!
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.
- 4 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace. STENNETT.

131 C.M. Havannah 125. St. Magnus 35.

His condescension.

Matt. xx. 28. 2 Cor. viii. 9. [472]

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review
On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honour to obey
The word of such a King,—
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laidst that glory by,
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign. DODDRIDGE.

132 C.M. Irish 26. Bethany 236.

His love.

John xv. 13. Eph. ii. 19. [486]

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?

What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Jesus be our supreme delight,
His praise our blest employ.

4 Jesus, who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!—
Was ever love like this?

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song. STEELE.

133 L.M. Israel 67. Epworth 248.
His love.
Rom. v. 6—8. 2 Cor. v. 14. [104]

1 SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow
Adoring low before thy throne;
Accept our humble, cheerful vow;
Thou art our Sovereign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour king,
The condescensions of his love.

4 Amazing love! that stooped so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless woe:
Amazing love! did Jesus die?

5 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
Oh! let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run!

6 He died! ye seraphs, tune your songs!
Resound, resound, the Saviour's name!
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

STEELE.

134 C.M. Chimes 24. Brading 127.
His love.
1 Cor. xvi. 22. 2 Cor. x. 5. [98]

1 JESUS, in thy transporting name
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme!
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Didst thou forsake thy radiant crown,
And boundless realms of day,
(Aside thy robes of glory thrown),
To dwell in feeble clay?

4 Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquered all the foes of hell,
In that tremendous hour?

27

5 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?

Descend, O Sovereign Love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

6 O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of resistless grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey!

7 Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more;
Thy praise all nature then shall join,
And heaven and earth adore. STEELE.

135 7s. Harts 183. Samaria 284.
Redeeming love,
Gal. iii. 13. Titus. ii. 14. [78]

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been,
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

136 8s. Sion 29. Rosewarne 177.
Redeeming love.
Eph. i. 7. Rev. i. 5, 6. [86]

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name;
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
To feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

2 He freely redeemed, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
To shine with the angels of light;
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
To view with eternal delight
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away:

The crown that my Saviour bestows,
Yon permanent sun shall outline;
My joy everlastingly flows,
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

FRANCIS.

137

L.M. Ousestry 265. Hale 70.

Loving-kindness.

ISA. LXIII. 7. JOHN X. I. 1. [64]

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of iniquity foes,
Thou earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud;
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But, though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His living-kindness sing in death!
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

MEDLEY.

138

C.M. St. Michael's 134. Morley 228.

His saving power and love.

JOHN VIII. 36. Psa. IV. 4. [98]

- 1 **F**OR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Saviour and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me. OLIVER.

139

104th. Portuguese Hymn 134.

His saving power and love.

ISA. XL. 6. ACTS X. 36

- 1 **O**UR Saviour alone
The Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on his throne,
The Prince of our peace;

28

Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood;
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God.

- 2 We thankfully sing
Thy glory and praise,
Thou merciful spring
Of pity and grace:
Thy kindness for ever
To men we will tell,
And I say, our dear Saviour
Redeems us from hell.
- 3 Preserve us in love,
While here we abide:
O never remove
Thy presence, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation,
Till each of us see
With joy the blessed vision
Completed in thee!

140

8.7. CORINTH. 137. THOMSON 280.

His saving power and love.

MARK XI. 15—20. LUKE X. 9—12.

- 1 **H**AIL 'thou once despised Jesus,
Hail thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us:
Thou didst free salvation bring!
Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
Banner of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love atoned,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Ordered is the gate of heaven:
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
Ad the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
Thine are sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing;
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudly praise, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits:
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

141

7a. MILAN 88. KIEL 182.

His saving power and love.

ISAIAH VI. 14. LUKE XX. 40. [408]

- 1 **S**WEETER sound is than music known
S charm me in Emmanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came, the angels sung
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unclose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And can'st thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak!

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Every precious name in one,—
I will love Thee without end!

NEWTON.

142 C.M. Peterborough 130. Byzantium 242.
His incomparable excellence.

1 Peter i. 8. 1 Peter ii. 7. [85]

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

DODDRIDGE.

143 C.M. Sunbury 120. Day Spring 33.
His incomparable excellence.

Psalms xlv. 2. 1 Peter i. 8. [493]

1 TO Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 He saw me plunged in deep distress;
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

6 His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head:
His presence gilds my darkest hours
And guards my sleeping bed.

29

7 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

8 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

STENNETT.

144 C.M. Manchester 36. Florence 235.
His incomparable excellence.

Jer. xxiii. 5, 6. Luke xxiii. 33. [139]

1 MY Saviour! on Mount Calvary,
And near thy cross I stand,
The most delightful place to me
In all Judea's land.

2 In those pierced hands, and feet, and side,
And that distressed face,
With reverence let me always view
The Lord my Righteousness.

3 And were those pains endured for me?
Lord, help my feeble tongue
To spread the wonders of thy love
In a melodious song.

145 C.M. Northampton 41. Dove Dale 27.
His incomparable excellence.

John xv. 16. 1 John iv. 19. [112]

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside,
No comeliness I see:
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

2 The sense of thy expiring love,
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My All in All, I pray.

3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
Nor canst thou give me more.

4 Loved of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn;
Chosen of thee ere time began,
I choose thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with thy will,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,
Since thou, O God, art mine.

TOPLADY.

146 C.M. Westminster New 243.
His incomparable excellence.

Matt. x. 37. 1 Peter ii. 7. [87]

1 BLESSED Jesus! when my soaring
O'er all thy graces rove, [thoughts
How is my soul in transport lost,
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee!

- 3 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell,
If aught can rouse my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.
- 4 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy;
For ever let thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.
- 5 When nature faints, around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine;
And death shall all its terrors lose,
In rapture so divine. *BEGINBOTHAM.*

147 C.M. *Psalm 144. Clitheroe 43.*
His incomparable excellence.
Psalm xiv. 2. 1 Peter ii. 7. [39]

- 1 JESUS, thou fairest, dearest One,
What beauties thee adorn?
Far brighter than the noon-day sun,
Or star that gilds the morn.
- 2 The joy of all the saints above,
And hope of all below;
O may I taste thy richest love,
And thine endearments know!
- 3 Here let me fix my wondering eyes,
And all thy glories trace;
Till in the world of endless joys,
I rise to thine embrace. *BEDDOME.*

148 C.M. *Chatter 116. Westham 233.*
Universal adoration.
John i. 14. Rev. xix. 13. [41]

- 1 O FOR a thousand seraph tongues
To bless the incarnate Word:
O for a thousand thankful songs
In honour of my Lord!
- 2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,
Ye angels round the throne;
Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
Adore the eternal Son.
- 3 Yet ah! how far beneath his feet
Must faint your noblest lays!
So high the theme, the notes, though
How short of his due praise! [sweet,
- 4 His grace is known in heaven above;
His power is felt in hell;
His saints can ne'er speak half his love,
Nor fends his anger till.
- 5 None but thy wisdom, Lord, hath known,
None but thyself can trace
The awful glories of thy throne,
Or mysteries of thy grace.

149 S.G.—M. *Demaree 274.*
Universal adoration.
Col. i. 15—18. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

- 1 THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son;
God manifestly seen and heard,
And heaven's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.
- 2 In thee most perfectly expressed
The Father's glories shine;
Of the full deity possessed,
Literally divine:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.

- 3 True image of the Infinite,
Whose essence is concealed,
Brightness of uncreated light,
The heart of God revealed!
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.
- 4 But the high mysteries of thy name
An angel's grasp transcend,
The Father only—glorious claim!
The Son can comprehend:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.
- 5 Yet loving thee, on whom his love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy glorious worshippers above
As one with thee are blest:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.
- 6 Throughout the universe of bliss,
Th' eternal theme of praise is this
To heaven's beloved One:
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art thou,
That every knee to thee should bow.

CONDOR.

150 S.G. or S.G.4. *Guernsey 288. Baen 282.*
Universal adoration.
Luke ii. 13—15. Heb. i. 3. [114]

- 1 MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May an infant lip thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme!
[Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.]
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wold creation
Be thy just and lawful praise. [Hall.]
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power—
Works with skill and kindness wrought. [Hall.]
- 4 For thy providence that governs
Through time empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign. [Hall.]
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thou art in poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song? [Hall.]
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered be?
Fly my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to me. [Hall.]
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. [Hall.]
- 8 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my praise, for ever flow. [Hall.]

- 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne :
 Thence return, and reign for ever—
 Be the kingdom all thy own. [Hall.]

ROBINSON.

- 151 C.M. Great Milton 218. Dover 45.
Universal adoration.
 1 Cor. i. 24. Eph. iii. 10. [77]

- 1 **H**OW great the wisdom, power, and
 Which in redemption shine ! [grace,
 Angels and men with joy confess
 The work is all divine.
- 2 Myriads of spirits round the throne,
 Behold with wondering eyes,
 God's holy undefiled One,
 Once made a sacrifice.
- 3 In rapturous strains they celebrate
 The mysteries of his love ;
 Redemption does new joys create
 Amongst the hosts above.
- 4 Beneath his feet they cast their crowns,—
 Those crowns which Jesus gave ;
 And with ten thousand thousand tongues,
 Proclaim his power to save.
- 5 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
 The sufferings which he bore ;
 How low he stooped, how high he rose,
 And rose to stoop no more.
- 6 Oh ! let them still thy voices raise,
 And still their songs renew ;
 Salvation well deserves the praise
 Of men and angels too. BEDDOME.

- 152 C.M. Bath Chapel 34. Philippi 133.
Universal adoration.
 Psalm cxv. 1. 2 Cor. v. 8.

- 1 **N**OT unto us, but thee alone,
 Blest Lamb ! be glory given ;
 Here shall thy praises be begun,
 And carried on in heaven.
- 2 The hosts of spirits now with thee
 Eternal anthems sing :
 To imitate them here, lo ! we
 Our hallelujahs bring.
- 3 Had we our tongues like them inspired,
 Like theirs our songs should rise ;
 Like them we never should be tired,
 But love the sacrifice.
- 4 Till we the veil of flesh lay down,
 Accept our weaker lays ;
 And when we reach thy Father's throne,
 We'll give thee nobler praise.

CENNICK.

- 153 8.7. Chichester 186. Thornton 280.
Universal adoration.
 Rev. v. 8—14. Rev. vii. 10. [489]

- 1 **H**ARK, the notes of angels singing—
 "Glory, glory to the Lamb !"
 All in heaven their tribute bringing,
 Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom his life was given,
 Sacred themes to you belong :
 Come, assist the choir of heaven ;
 Join the everlasting song.

- 3 Saints and angels thus united,
 Songs imperfect still must raise ;
 Though despised on earth and slighted,
 Jesus is above all praise.
- 4 See, the angelic hosts have crowned him ;
 Jesus fills the throne on high :
 Countless myriads hovering round him,
 With his praises rend the sky.
- 5 Filled with holy emulation,
 Let us vie with those above ;
 Sweet the theme—a free salvation !
 Fruit of everlasting love.
- 6 Endless life in him possessing,
 Let us praise his precious name :
 Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
 Be for ever to the Lamb.

KELLY.

- 154 6.4. Blandford 291.
Universal adoration.
 Rev. v. 8—14. Rev. vii. 10. [487]

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high :
 Let heaven and earth reply
 Praise ye his name !
 Angels his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore ;
 And saints cry, evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb !
- 2 All they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name :
 We who have felt his blood
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Sound his dear fame abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb !
- 3 Join all the ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless :
 Praise ye his name !
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice
 Worthy the Lamb !
- 4 Though we must change our place,
 Yet shall we never cease
 Praising his name :
 To him we'll tribute bring ;
 Hail him our gracious king ;
 And without ceasing sing
 Worthy the Lamb !

- 155 C.M. Irish 32. Westham 233.
Universal adoration.
 Isaiah lii. 13. Phil. ii. 9, 10. [91]

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my God,
 Thy wondrous love reveal ;
 Let angels spread thy name abroad,
 And men thy glories tell.
- 2 Let them, with elevated voice,
 Harmonious anthems raise :
 Be thou the spring of all their joys,
 The life of all their praise.
- 3 Be thou exalted in heavens,
 And o'er this earthly ball ;
 Let creatures into nothing sink,
 And Christ be all in all.

BEDDOME.

156 C.M. Miles' Lane 342. Chester 116.

Crowned Lord of all.

Rev. v. 9—17. Rev. xix. 12. [138]

1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal crown,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small!
Hail Him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

DUNCAN.

157 8.7.—7.7. Dorking 100.

The King of glory.

Dan. vi. 13, 14. Eph. i. 21, 22. [136]

1 **H**ARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns the God of Love!
See, he fills yon azure throne!
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory, reign for ever!
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day!
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!" KELLY.

158 10th. Trumpet 96. Watstock 194.

The King of heaven and earth.

Psalm cxlix. 2. Heb. i. 3—9.

1 **R**EJOICE! the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore,
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

32

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the angels' voice—
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

159 L.M. Morning Hymn 70.

The Lord of the dead and the living.

Revel. xiv. 9. Rev. i. 18.

1 **H**AILE to the Prince of Life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell!
The spacious world unsundered lies,
And sovereign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and torment once he died;
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And all ye angel-bands adore!

3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends:
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominions never end.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and thy love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.

5 When death thy servants shall invade;
When powers of hell the church annoy,
Controlled by thee, their rage shall help
The cause they laboured to destroy.

6 For ever reign, victorious King; [known:
Wide through the earth thy name be
And call my longing soul to sing
Summer anthems near thy throne.

DODDRIDGE.

160 14th. Psalm 148, 95

The Omnipotent King.

Psalm ii. Matt. xii. 28—33. [456]

1 **R**EJOICE, the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men:
He breaks the prisoners' chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

2 The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries,
Truth's empire to repel
By cruelty and lies:
The infernal gates shall rage in vain,
Conquest awaits the Lamb who slain.

3 He died, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet,
Eternal bias his subjects meet.

4 All power is in his hand,
His people to defend;
To his most high command
Shall millions more attend:
All heaven with smiles approves his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.

5 This little seed from heaven
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever blessed heaven
Diffused abroad must be:
Till God the Son shall come again
It must go on. Amen! Amen! RYLAND.

161 8.7.4. Helmsley 94. Leipzig 279.
The blessings of his reign.
Psalm xlv. 1—7. Jer. xxiii. 5, 6. [381]

1 LET us sing the King Messiah—
King of righteousness and peace;
Hail him, all his happy subjects,
Never let his praises cease:
Ever hail him,
Never let his praises cease.

2 How transcendent are thy glories!
Fairer than the sons of men:
While thy blessed mediation
Brings us back to God again:
Blest Redeemer,
How we triumph in thy reign!

3 Gird thy sword on, mighty Hero!
Make the word of truth thy car;
Prosper in thy course majestic!
All success attend thy war!
Gracious Victor,
Let mankind before thee bow!

4 Majesty, combined with meekness,
Righteousness and peace unite;
To insure thy blessed conquests,
On, great Prince, assert thy right!
Ride triumphant,
All around the conquered globe!

5 Blest are all that touch thy sceptre;
Blest are all that own thy reign:
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
Rescued from its galling chain:
Saints and angels,
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

RYLAND.

162 C.M. Evans 123. Athens 244.
The gentleness of his sway.
Isaiah xlii. 1—4. Isaiah lii. 7. [362]

1 BEHOLD! th' ambassador divine,
Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law
Of everlasting love!

2 On him, in rich effusion poured,
The heavenly dew descends;
And truth divine he shall reveal
To earth's remotest ends.

3 No trumpet sound, at his approach,
Shall strike the wondering ears;
But still and gentle breathes the voice
In which the God appears.

4 By his kind hand, the shaken reed
Shall raise its falling frame;
The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

33

5 The onward progress of his zeal
Shall never know decline:
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine! LOGAN.

163 L.M. Montgomery 216. Berea 316.
His victories.
Acts v. 31. Rev. vi. 2. [146]

1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne:
'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey!
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by its love!

4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive!
Thine Israel shall repent and live:
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life who wrought thy death. DODDRIDGE.

164 C.M. London New 20. Clifton 123.
His victories.
Psalm xlv. 3—5. Rev. xix. 11—16. [488]

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart:
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh;
Ride with majestic sway:
Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey,

4 And when thy victories are complete,
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet
To sing thy conquering grace;—

5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favoured band!
And I with them thy praise will sound,
Throughout Emmanuel's land.

WALLIN.

165 C.M. Chimes 24. Broughton 140.
His victories.
Psalm xlv. 3—5. Rev. xix. 11, 12. [378]

1 GO forth, ye saints, behold your Lord,
With radiant glory crowned:
The wondrous progress of his word
Shall spread his fame around.

2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
Or stops its swift career,
Both east and west shall own his grace,
And Christ be honoured there.

3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show
The victories he has won;
O may his conquests ever grow,
While time its course shall run.

D

- 4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,
And millions more subdue;
Destroy our unbelief and pride,
And we will crown thee too. **BEDDOME.**

166

L.M. Wareham 57. Selby 64.

His triumphs anticipated.

Acts ii. 34. 1 Cor. xv. 25. [147]

- 1 **Y**ES, mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become the footstool of thy feet.
- 2 Then, rescued souls shall bless thy power,
Thy arm shall full salvation bring;
Thy saints in that illustrious hour
Shall conquer, with their conquering king.
- 3 Then, ranged thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms re-
sound
Thy glorious deeds, and precious name.

MORE.

167

L.M. Stirling 161. Brecon 361.

His triumphs desired.

Matt. vi. 10. Rev. xi. 15.

- 1 **A**SCEND thy throne, almighty King!
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners see thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

BEDDOME.

168

L.M. Bramcoate 65. Tilthead 253.

His triumphs desired.

Psalm cx. Micah iv. 3. [379]

- 1 **J**ESUS, immortal King, go on—
The glorious day will soon be won:
Thine enemies will quickly flee,
And leave a conquered world to thee.
- 2 Gird on thy sword, victorious chief!
The captive sinner's sole relief;
Cast the usurper from his throne,
And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace;
Finish the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.
- 4 Then shall contending nations rest,
For love shall reign in every breast;
Weapons for war designed shall cease,
And yield to implements of peace.

169

L.M. Doversdale 66. Haarlem 264

His triumphs predicted.

Dan. ii. 44, 45. 1 Cor. xv. 24, 25. [375]

- 1 **E**XERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
Jesus, thou everlasting King!
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

34

- 2 [We long to see that happy time,
That dear expected blissful day,
When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.]
- 3 The prophecies must be fulfilled,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
Though unobserved, to empire grows.
- 4 Soon shall the mingled image fall
(Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay),
And superstition's gloomy reign
To light and liberty give way.
- 5 In one vast symphony of praise,
Gentile and Jew shall then unite!
And infidelity, ashamed,
Sink in the abyss of endless night.
- 6 Afric's emancipated sons
Shall join with Europe's polished race,
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.
- 7 From east to west, from north to south,
Emmanuel's kingdom shall extend:
And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend. **VOKE.**

170

8.8.6. Dort 98. Hereford 197.

His triumphs approaching.

Isaiah lxx. 10—12. Luke iii. 4—6. [373]

- 1 **P**ROPHETIC era! blissful day!
We catch thy warm, inspiring ray,
Which gleams o'er India's plains;
We hail the dawn of morning light
That breaks upon the gloomy night,
Where superstition reigns.
- 2 We hasten thy advance to meet;
With vivid joy the sign we greet,
That brightens in the sky,—
The peaceful sign of heavenly love,
Which, like the holy mystic dove,
Declares Messiah nigh.
- 3 Behold! he comes in triumph now:
Before him see the mountains bow,
And all the valleys rise:
He comes, with majesty and grace,
To sanctify the human race,
And raise them to the skies.
- 4 We'll aid thy triumphs, mighty King!
The glories of thy cross we'll sing,
And shout salvation round;
Till every nation, every land,
From Greenland's shore to Afric's strand,
Shall echo back the sound.
- 5 Let earth commence the lofty praise;
Let heaven prolong the enraptured lays;
Swell every tuneful lyre;
Bright seraphs! chant the immortal song
And pour the bounding notes along,
From heaven's eternal choir. **STEANE.**

171

L.M. Wareham 57. Hale 76.

His triumphs extending.

Zech. vii. 20—23. Rev. xv. 15. [371]

- 1 **S**HOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns:
Through distant lands his triumphs
spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their Head.

2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gates arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 Gentiles and Jews shall him obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And unconstrained their homage pay
To their exalted Lord and King.

4 Oh may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his arm subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above:
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

BEDDOME.

172 L.M. New Sabbath 50. Selby 64.
The immutability of his government.
John xvii. 5. Heb. xiii. 8. [94]

1 **WITH** transport, Lord, our souls
proclaim

The immortal honours of thy name;
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his ceaseless glories known.

2 High on his Father's royal seat
Our Jesus shone divinely great,
Ere Adam's clay with life was warmed,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit formed.

3 Through all succeeding ages, he
The same hath been, the same shall be:
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.

4 The same his power his flock to guard;
The same his bounty to reward;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.

5 Let nature change, and sink; and die,
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
And fix them near his stable throne,
In glories changeless as his own.

DODDRIDGE.

THE SPIRIT.

173 C.M. St. James 17. Birmingham 135.
Regeneration.
John iii. 5—7. Col. iii. 10. [169]

1 **HOW** helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise:
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

35

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine. STEELE.

174 C.M. Patmos 144. Havannah 125.
Regeneration.
John iii. 8. Rom. v. 5. [166]

1 **THE** blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze!

2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul,
With light, and life, and joy;
None can thy mighty power control,
Or shall thy work destroy. BEDDOME.

175 L.M. Portugal 69. Arimathea 146.
Regeneration.
Ezek. xxxvii. 9—14. John iii. 8. [99]

1 **AS** blows the wind, and in its flight
Escapes the glance of keenest sight,
So are the wonder-working ways
Of God's regenerating grace.

2 [As nothing can its power withstand,
But him who holds it in his hand,
So are the soul's corruptions slain,
When once that soul is born again.]

3 [As o'er our frames we feel the gale
Gently or mightily prevail,
So some are softly drawn to heaven,
And others as by tempests driven.]

4 [And as the herbs, the flowers, the trees,
Are seen to bend beneath the breeze,
So visible the change we view,
When grace doth thus the heart renew.]

5 Come, Holy Spirit, and impart
Thy secret virtue to each heart;
And let this be the happy hour
To show thy mighty quickening power. COBBIN.

176 7s. Harts 183. Samaria 284.
The Comforter.
John xiv. 15—17. John xvi. 7.

1 **JESUS** is gone up on high;
But his promise still is here,
'I will all your wants supply;
I will send the Comforter.'

2 Let us now his promise plead,
Let us to his throne draw nigh;
Jesus knows his people's need,
Jesus hears his people cry.

3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter;
Pledge and witness of thy love;
Dwelling with thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.

- 4 Till we reach the promised rest;
Till thy face unveiled we see,
Of this blessed hope possessed,
Teach us Lord, to live to thee. KELLY.

177 C.M. London New 20. Philippi 133.
Imparting light and energy.
Eph. ii. 14—16. James i. 17. [59]

- 1 **THY** influence, mighty God, is felt
Through nature's ample round;
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,
Thy energy is found.
- 2 Thy sacred influence, Lord, we need,
To form our hearts anew;
Oh, cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show!
- 3 Father of light! thy aid impart
To guide our doubtful way:
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.
- 5 Cheered by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death;
And with the hope of endless bliss,
To thee resign our breath.

178 L.M. Morning Hymn 58. Neapolis 261.
Fertilizing.
Psalm lxxii. 6. Hosea vi. 3.

- 1 **AS** showers on meadows newly mown,
O send thy copious blessings down;
Jesus, impart that heavenly grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 2 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 3 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 4 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

179 L.M. Israel 67. Tyne 166.
Fertilizing.
Hosea xiv. 5, 6. 2 Peter i. 5—8. [171]

- 1 **PRAISE** thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad,
For all thine influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise;
And gave its heavenly glories birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.
- 3 But why does that celestial flower
Open, and thrive, and shine no more?
Where are its balmy odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?

- 4 Too plain, alas! the languor shows
The unkindly soil it which it grows;
Where the black frosts and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.

- 5 Unchanging Sun! thy beams display,
To drive the frosts and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known,
To cheer a plant so much thy own.

- 6 And thou, blest Spirit! deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

DODDRIDGE.

180 L.M. Invitation 151. Altona 262.
Inspiring the Scriptures.
1 Peter i. 10—12. 2 Peter i. 19—21. [10]

- 1 **ETERNAL** Spirit! 'twas thy breath
The oracles of truth inspired,
And kings, and holy seers of old
With strong prophetic impulse fired.
- 2 Filled with thy great almighty power,
Their lips with heavenly science flowed;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.
- 3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news
Of pardon through a Saviour's blood;
And to a numerous seeking crowd
Marked out the path to his abode.
- 4 The powers of earth and hell, in vain
Against the sacred word combine;
Thy providence, through every age,
Securely guards the book divine.
- 5 Thee, its great author, source of light,
Thee, its preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from thee,
Its hidden wonders to explore. SCOTT.

181 8s SIX LINES. Marienbourn 76.
His influence generally implored.
Gen. i. 2. John xiv. 26. [160]

- 1 **CREATOR** Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were
Come, visit every waiting mind; [laid!
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete;
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth
command,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Subject the senses to the soul.
- 4 Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should slip astray,
Protect and guide us in the way:
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

5 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name :
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee ! DRYDEN.

182 8s SIX LINES. Old 112th Psalm 176.
His influence generally implored.
Zech. xii. 10. Rom. xv. 13.

- 1 **E**THERNAL Spirit ! source of light !
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire :
Our souls refine, our dross consume !
Come, condescending Spirit, come !
- 2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel ;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and stupid still :
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.
- 3 Let pure devotion's fervour rise ;
Let every pious passion glow ;
Oh, let the raptures of the skies,
Kindle in our cold hearts below !
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home.
DAVIES.

183 L.M. Dresden 270. New College 56.
His aid implored.
Psalm xxvii. 14. Phil. ii. 12, 13. [164]

- 1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, " Sweet Spirit, come !
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below :
But I can only spread my sail ;
Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious
gale." TOPLADY.

184 L.M. Israel 67. Lawes 156.
His guidance implored.
John xvi. 13, 14. 1 John ii. 27. [162]

- 1 **C**OME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are uncon-
fined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truths thy word reveals,
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
The book unfold, and loose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.
BEDDOME.

185 L.M. Evening Hymn 66. Genoa 252.
His guidance implored.
Rom. viii. 14. Gal. v. 16—18. [158]

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God :
Lead us to Christ—the living way ;
Nor let us from his pasture stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest :
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is. BROWN.

186 S.M. Attalia 208.
His quickening influence implored.
Psalm lxxx. 18. Eph. i. 17, 18. [157]

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine ;
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense :
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence :
- 3 Oh melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue ;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 4 The profit will me mine,
But thine shall be the praise ;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days. BEDDOME.

187 L.M. Wurtemberg 257. Cumnor 155.
His continuance implored.
Isaiah lxiii. 10. Eph. iv. 30. [163]

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears,
And vexed and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years ;
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;
- 4 Yet, oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

- 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

C. WESLEY.

188 8.7. Hebrew 164. Portsea 263.

His continuance implored.

Rom. xv. 13. Col. i. 11.

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
- 2 From that height which knows no mea-
As a gracious shower descend; [sure,
Bringing down the richest treasure,
Man can wish, or God can send.
- 3 Come, thou best of all donations,
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more.
- 4 Known to thee are all recesses
Of the earth and spreading skies;
Every sand the shore possesses,
Thy omniscient mind describes.
- 5 Manifest thy love for ever,
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our reliever;
Guard and teach, support and guide.
- 6 Be our friend on each occasion,
God omnipotent to save!
When we die, be our salvation;
Make us triumph o'er the grave.

TOPLADY.

189 S.M. Mornington 103. Exeter 6.

His sealing operations implored.

Rom. v. 5. 2 Cor. i. 22. [161]

- 1 **D**ESCEND, immortal Dove;
Spread thy kind wings abroad;
And, wrapt in flames of holy love,
Bear all my soul to God.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, reveal
In charms of grace divine,
And be thyself the sacred seal,
That pearl of price is mine.
- 3 Behold, my heart expands
To catch the heavenly fire:
It longs to feel the gentle bands,
And groans with strong desire.
- 4 Thy love, my God, appears,
And brings salvation down,
My cordial through this vale of tears,
In paradise my crown. DODDRIDGE.

190 L.M. Melcombe 170. St. Paul's 151.

The extension of his operations implored

Psalm cii. 13—16. Isaiah liiv. 1, 2. [299]

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy
throne,
And send thy various blessings down:
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

38

- 2 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Softened to flesh the rugged stone.
And let thy godlike power be known.

- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise:
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

- 4 Oh, let a holy flock await
Numerous around thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee!

- 5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

DODDRIDGE.

191 L.M. Philadelphia 268. St. Pancras 162

His operations sought for all mankind.

Ezek. xxxvii. 9—14. Acts ii. 16—18. [374]

- 1 **O** SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word,
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path:
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through
Thee. MONTGOMERY.

192 L.M. Lawes 156. Kington 167.

His operations sought for the Church and the world. Acts ii. 1—4. Acts ix. 31. [306]

- 1 **S**PIRIT of mercy, truth, and love!
O shed thy influence from above,
And still from age to age inspire
Thy church with Pentecostal fire.
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing comfort! heavenly Guide!
Still o'er thy favoured church preside:
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love!

193 C.M. Westham 233. St. Asaph 139.
Praise to Father, Son, and Spirit.
 2 Cor. xiii. 14. Eph. ii. 18. [490]

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory, to thy name,
 Immortal praise we give,
 Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
 And bid us rebels, live.
- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
 Who makes thine anger cease;
 Our lives he ransomed with his own,
 And died to make our peace.
- 3 To the almighty Spirit be
 Immortal glory given:
 Whose influence brings us near to thee,
 And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men with their united voice,
 Adore the eternal God;
 And spread his honours, and their joys,
 Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join
 One general song to raise:
 Let saints in earth and heaven combine,
 In harmony and praise. WATTS.

THE UNCONVERTED.

194 L.M. Melcombe 170. Alsace 250.
Transgressors beheld with grief.
 Psalm cxix. 158. Rom. ix. 1—3. [53]

- 1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise,
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame:
 See scandals poured on Jesus' name:
 The Father wounded through the Son:
 The world abused; the soul undone!
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
 Closing in everlasting night:
 In flames that no abatement know,
 Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God! I feel the mournful scene;
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
 And fain my pity would reclaim,
 And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
 And can but weep where most it loves;
 Thy own all-saving arm employ,
 And turn these drops of grief to joy.

DODDRIDGE.

195 L.M. Aphek 163. Altona 262.
Wandering in the ways of death.
 Prov. xiv. 12. Rom. iii. 17. [254]

- 1 **W**HAT thousands never knew the road!
 What thousands hate it when 'tis
 known!
 None but the chosen tribes of God
 Will seek or choose it for their own.

39

- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end;
 One, only, leads to joys on high;
 By that my willing steps ascend,
 Pleased with a journey to the sky.
- 3 No more I ask or hope to find
 Delight or happiness below;
 Sorrow may well possess the mind
 That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.
- 4 The joy that fades is not for me,
 I seek immortal joys above;
 There glory without end shall be
 The bright reward of faith and love.

COWPER.

196 L.M. Caton 52. Chesterton 263.
Thoughtless, while hastening to ruin.
 Ps. xc. 12. Eph. v. 15, 16. [364]

- 1 **G**OD of eternity, from thee
 Did infant time his being draw:
 Moments and days, and months and years,
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away,
 Steady and strong the current flows,
 Lost in eternity's wide sea,
 The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
 Before the rapid stream are borne
 On to that everlasting home
 Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side
 Presents a gaudy flattering show,
 They gaze, in fond amusement lost,
 Nor think to what a world they go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
 To know the price of every hour;
 That time may bear me on to joys
 Beyond its measure, and its power.

DODDRIDGE.

197 L.M. Oldham 48. Dorchester 251.
The dry bones in the valley.
 Ezek. xxxvii. 1—10. John iii. 8. [349]

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
 See Adam's race in ruin lie;
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
 And scatters slaughtered heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
 And can these perished bones revive?
 That, mighty God, to thee is known;
 That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
 To prophesy upon the slain;
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,
 Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But, if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
 Life spreads through all the realms of
 death,
 Dry bones obey the powerful voice;
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
 Shall shake the heavens, and rend the
 ground,
 Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

198 78. SIX LINES. Turin 84. Truro 63.
Prayer for wanderers.

Rom. x. 1. 2 Tim. ii. 26.

- 1 **SAVED** ourselves by Jesus' blood,
Let us now draw nigh to God :
Many round us blindly stray ;
Moved with pity, let us pray—
Pray that they who now are blind
Soon the way of truth may find.
- 2 Lord, awaken all around,
Let them know the joyful sound ;
Slaves to Satan heretofore,
Let them now be slaves no more ;
Lord, we turn our eyes to thee,
Set the captive sinner free !
- 3 Glorious things of thee are told,
What thine arm has wrought of old ;
Thousands once its power confessed ;
O for seasons like the past !
Lord, revive the former days—
Thine the power, and thine the praise.

KELLY.

199 8.7.—7.7. Dorking 198.
Prayer for wanderers.

Luke xvii. 11—52. 1 Peter ii. 25.

- 1 **WE** were lost, but God has found us,
God, who seeks and saves the lost ;
Let us pray for those around us,
Thousands by the world engrossed ;
Though they seem from God to fly,
God has power to bring them nigh.
- 2 Lord, behold the sinner wandering,
Far from thee, and far from peace,
All his precious substance squandering
In pursuit of earthly bliss :
Show him, Lord, that none can be
Truly blest till brought to thee !
- 3 Let thy word go forth with power,
Spread abroad "the joyful sound,"
O ! our light, our strength, our power,
Make thy glory known around ;
Let the truth's resistless force
Stop the sinner in his course.
- 4 Of their Master's honour jealous,
Let thy people plead thy cause ;
In thy service bold and zealous,
Let them scorn the world's applause.
Whether men approve or blame,
Let them own thy glorious name.

KELLY.

200 L.M. St. Pancras 162. Eisenach 68.
Prayer for a revival.

Psalms lxxxv. 6. Hab. iii. 2.

- 1 **OTHOU** that hearest ! let our prayer
Like incense come before thy face ;
Behold our Intercessor there,
The pledge and surety of thy grace.
Amidst us, Lord, thy work revive ;
Let thy almighty power be known ;
Oh, bid these dying sinners live—
The stubborn bow before thy throne !
- 3 Deep fix conviction, like a dart
In the galled conscience, ne'er to move
Till thou hast won the rebel's heart,
Surrendered all to grief and love.

40

- 4 Conduct the doubtful to thy feet,
And make the trembling soul rejoice ;
Let crowds around thy table sit,
And bless thy name with cheerful voice.

HINTON.

201 C.M. Welby 126. St. James's 17.
Expostulation.

Isaiah lv. 6, 7. Hosea xiv. 1, 2.

- 1 **SINNERS**, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day :
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace :
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travail all your days
To reap immortal woe !
- 4 But he that turns to God shall live
Thro' his abounding grace ;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.
- 5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin ;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

FAWCETT.

202 L.M. Oldham 49. Melcombe 170.
Delay deprecated.

Gen. xix. 15, 16. Prov. xxvii. 1. [350]

- 1 **HASTEN**, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.
- 3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.
- 5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn !
Now rouse him from his senseless state
O let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late !

203 L.M. Hawthornden 49. Tyne 166.
The heavenly guest.

Rev. iii. 20. Rev. xii. 12. [332]

- 1 **BEHOLD** a Stranger at the door,
He gently knocks—has knocked
Has waited long—is waiting still :
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will—the very friend you need :
The man of Nazareth, 'tis he,
With garments dyed at Calvary.]

- 3 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out that hateful monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.
- 5 [If thou art poor—and poor thou art—
Lo! he hath riches to impart:
Not wealth in which mean avarice rolls;
But nobler far, the wealth of souls.
- 6 Thou'rt blind; he'll take the scales away,
And let in everlasting day;
Naked thou art, but he shall dress
Thy blushing soul in righteousness.
- 7 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
Lest he depart, and ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
When at his door denied you'll stand.
- 8 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom he condescends to dwell.]
- 9 Yet know—nor of the terms complain—
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign,
To reign with universal sway:
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.
- 10 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of Peace!
O may thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind!
And be his empire—all mankind.

THE GOSPEL.

204 L.M. Leicester 160. Ivy Bridge 54.
The Revelation of God.
Gen. i. 31. 2 Cor. iv. 6. [56]

- 1 CREATION'S works in all their forms,
From rolling stars to creeping worms,
In never-ceasing concord join
To sing thy name, thy power divine.
- 2 But when the dawn of heaven we view
In ruined sinners formed anew;
When, in the gospel's brighter skies
We see the Sun of glory rise.
- 3 No more we ask the stars to tell
What Jesus only could reveal;
In him at once our eyes behold
More than creation ever told.

205 C.M. St. Stephens 19. Kingston 224.
Light shining in darkness.
Psalm xix. 2 Peter i. 19. [1]

- 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

206 C.M. Eversley 18. Prestwich 238.
The revelation of a Saviour.
1 Cor. i. 18—25. 1 Tim. i. 11. [101]

- 1 WHAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Through all the gospel shine!
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his starry throne on high
The Almighty Saviour comes:
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt that sinners owed
Upon the cross he pays;
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There He, our great High Priest, appears,
Before his Father's throne!
Presents the contrite sinner's tears
And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God! with reverence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace;
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependence place.

STENNETT.

207 C.M. Abingdon 117. Oldchurch 39.
The revelation of a Saviour.
Deut. xxxii. 2. Jer. xv. 16. [6]

- 1 THE word reveals a Saviour's grace,
Its height, and breadth, and length;
It points us to his righteousness,
And arms us with his strength.
- 2 It cheers our minds, like heavenly dew,
Or kind refreshing rain;
And, when affliction brings us low,
It softens every pain.
- 3 This word shall be our heritage,
Our portion and delight,
In sickness or declining age,
When death appears in sight.
- 4 Then will it cheer the darksome path,
And brighten all the gloom;
While steadfast hope and humble faith
Shall triumph o'er the tomb.

FAWCETT.

208 L.M. Morning Hymn 58.
The Revelation of Divine love.
Psalm cxix. 49, 50. 2 Tim. iii. 15—17. [9]

- 1 NOW let my soul, eternal King
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

- 2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.
- 3 There what delightful truths I read!
There I behold a Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my labouring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O let my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong,
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

BEGINBOTHAM.

209 C.M. Liverpool 23. Lystra 220.
Abundance for the needy.
Prov. viii. John v. 39. [2]

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around:
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight:
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

STEELE.

210 L.M. Tyne 166. Westbury 256.
Spiritual wisdom.
Romans i. 16, 17. 1 John v. 11. [11]

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here Jesus in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

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- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls:
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye:
Till life's last hour my thoughts engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

BEDDOME.

211 C.M. Maidstone 216. Bath 336.
Spiritual wealth.
Ps. cxix. 72, 127. Prov. iii. 13—18. [12]

- 1 **L**ET avarice, from shore to shore,
Her favourite god pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are opened to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 4 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet:
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our numerous griefs are here redrest
And all our wants supplied:
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.
- 6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

STENNETT.

212 L.M. New Sabbath 50. Ivy Bridge 34.
Light and Comfort.
Exod. xiii. 21, 22. Rom. xv. 4. [3]

- 1 **W**HEN Israel through the desert
A fiery pillar went before; [passed,
Their guide by night through all the waste,
From Egypt quite to Canaan's shore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God;
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts:
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye British isles, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
Your efforts join with one accord,
To send it forth to every shore.

BEDDOME.

213 C.M. Charlestown 134. Clifton 123.

Grace.

Rom. v. 20, 21. Rom. vi. 1, 2. [103]

1 **GRACE!** how melodious is the sound!
What music to our ear!
Spread the sweet accent far around,
That heaven and earth may hear.

2 Where sin, abounding sin, hath reigned,
Grace reigns, abounding more;
Behold an ocean here, without
A bottom or a shore!

3 From the high heaven's eternal throne
It overflowed our earth,
When Christ, the first-born Son, came
And angels hailed his birth. [down,

4 Grace was the theme, the gladdening
Of their astonished strains; [theme,
Grace, free, abounding grace, to man,
Through all their anthems reigns.

5 And shall we still persist in sin,
That grace may yet abound?
Forbid it, Lord! nor let the thought
Within our hearts be found.

214 S.M. Ipswich 15. Christchurch 101.

Grace.

Zech. iv. 7. Eph. ii. 5, 8. [79]

1 **GRACE!** 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

215 L.M. Southampton 63. Seville 259.

Forgiveness.

Micah vii. 18, 19. Luke vii. 47, 48. [100]

1 **FORGIVENESS!** 'tis a joyful sound
To rebel sinners doomed to die:
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine:
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er sins, unnumbered as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand;—
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honour shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow.

5 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crowned;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound. GIBBONS.

216 C.M. Patmos 144. Adelphi 29.

Cleansing.

Zech. xiii. 1. Rev. i. 5, 6. [123]

1 **THERE** is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save: [tongue
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. COWPER.

217 C.M. Ashley 232. Loughton 141.

Salvation.

Psalm xxxv. 3. Acts iv. 12. [106]

1 **SALVATION!** O melodious sound
To wretched, dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again!

2 And may a weak, degenerate soul,
Sinful and dark as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

3 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

4 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn its tears to praise.

5 My Saviour God, this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim,
And call on all the angelic harps
To sound so sweet a name.

DODDRIDGE.

218 L.M. Wareham 57. Tilshead 253.

Salvation.

Isaiah xli. 12, 13. Rom. x. 6—10. [102]

1 **AND** is salvation brought so near
Where sinful men expiring lie?
Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear,
And shout it joyous to the sky.

2 I ask not who to heaven shall scale,
That Christ the Saviour thence may come;
Or who earth's inmost depths assail,
To bring him from the dreary tomb.

3 From heaven on wings of love he flew,
And conqueror from the tomb he sprung;
My heart believes the witness true,
And dictates to my faithful tongue.

4 I sing salvation brought so near:
No more on earth expiring lie;
I teach the world my joys to hear,
And shout them to the echoing sky.

DODDRIDGE.

2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too-transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.—

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

MONTGOMERY.

219 L.M. German Hymn 53. Gilead 259.
The voice of mercy.
Psalm lxxxix. 15. Luke i. 77, 78. [51]

1 SWEET were the sounds that reached
our ears

When mercy raised her heavenly voice;
'Twas mercy that dispelled our fears,
And bade our souls in hope rejoice.

2 All other sounds discordant seem,
Compared with mercy's heavenly song;
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along.

3 O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience rest;
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest.

4 May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with cords of love!
Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

KELLY.

220 L.M. Melcombe 170.
The voice of mercy.
Psalm ci. 1. Titus iii. 3—7. [53]

1 I HEAR a sound that comes from far,
It fills my soul with joy and love:
Not seraphs' voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above.

2 'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul and calms my fear:
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

3 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice,
And rather choose with fools to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

KELLY.

221 7s. Milan 88. Kael 182.
The three mountains.
Exod. xx. 18. 19. Luke ix. 28—36. [82]

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

44

222 L.M. Bramcoate 65. Bridgwater 165.
The heavenly proclamation.
Luke ii. 10. Rom. x. 12, 13. [356]

1 GO, favoured Britons, and proclaim
The kind Redeemer you have found;
Publish his ever precious name
To all the wondering nations round.

2 Go tell the unlettered wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring a freedom bought with blood,
The blood of an incarnate God.

3 Go tell the panting sable Chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come—with a refreshing stream
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.

4 Go tell the distant isles afar,
That lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—a glorious light to show,
You come—their souls to seek and save.

5 Go tell, on India's golden shores,
Of a rich treasure, more refined: [lieve,
And tell them, though they'll scarce be-
You come—the friend of human kind.

6 Say, the religion you profess
Is all benevolence and love:
And, by its own divine effects,
Its heavenly origin will prove. VOKE.

223 L.M. St. Paul's 151. Gilead 259.
To the guilty.
Isaiah i. 18. 1 John i. 7—9.

1 "COME, sinners," saith the mighty
God,
"Heinous as all your crimes have been,
Lo! I descend from mine abode
To reason with the sons of men."

2 No clouds of darkness veil my face.
No vengeful lightnings flash around:
I come with terms of life and peace;
Where sin hath reigned let grace abound."

3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow;
Oh, make our crimsoned sins like wool—
Our scarlet crimes as white as snow!

4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.

STENNETT.

224 C.M. Northampton 41. Clifton 123.
To the thirsty.

Isaiah lv. 1. Rev. xxii. 17. [105]

- 1 **O** WHAT amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found!
 Suited to every sinner's case
 Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls
 Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then with all your wants and
 Your every burden bring: [wounds,
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep celestial spring!
- 4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace:
 Come then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

MEDLEY.

225 C.M. St. Michael's 138. Harlow 143.
To the thirsty.

John vii. 37—39. Rev. xxi. 6. [13]

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound;
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow;
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice:
 The gracious call obey;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
 And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

STEELE.

226 C.M. St. James's 17. Lystra 220.
To the famishing.

Matt. xxii. 1—10. Luke xiv. 16—23. [421]

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast!
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
 For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
 He calls, he bids you come:
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
 But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
 There love and pity meet:
 Nor will he bid the soul depart
 That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconciled
 Invites your souls to come:
 The rebel shall be called a child,
 And kindly welcomed home.
- 5 O come and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love;
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.

45

- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before the eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In ecstasies unknown.

- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come:
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
 Approach, there yet is room.

STEELE.

227 C.M. Eversley 18. St. Asaph 139.
To the famishing.

Isaiah xxv. 6. Luke xiv. 16—23. [423]

- 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board;
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given,
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- 4 Yet are his house and heart so large
 That millions more may come;
 Nor could the wide assembled world
 O'er-fill the spacious room.
- 5 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame!
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

DODDRIDGE.

228 148th. Resurrection 195.
To the famishing.

Luke xiv. 22. Rev. xxii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
 Immersed in sin and woe,
 The gospel's voice attend,
 While Jesus sends to you:
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame:
 He bids you come to-day,
 Though poor, and blind, and lame:
 All things are ready, sinner, come,
 For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word
 His messengers proclaim;
 He is a gracious Lord,
 And faithful is his name:
 Backsliding souls, return and come,
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compelled by bleeding love,
 Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear!
 Let whosoever will now come;
 In mercy's breast there yet is room.

BODEN.

- 2 Thus saith the Lord, "My mercy flows
An unexhausted stream:
And, after all its millions saved,
Its way is still supreme.
- 3 Own but the follies thou hast done,
And mourn thy sins in dust,
And soon thy trembling heart shall learn
To hope, and love, and trust."
- 4 All-gracious God, thy voice we own
And, prostrate at thy feet,
Our souls in humble silence wait,
A pardon there to meet. **DODDIDGE.**

THE CHRISTIAN.

238

8.7. Mariners*7. Spring Vale 376.

Seeking Salvation.

Mark x. 47. John vi. 68.

- 1 **JESUS!** full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry,
Let me know thy great salvation:
See! I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, hut with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief!
- 5 Hear, then, blessed Saviour, hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust!
Send the Comforter to cheer me:
Lo! in thee I put my trust.
- 4 On the word thy blood hath sealed
Hangs my everlasting all:
Let thy arm be now revealed;
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!
- 5 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
"Here's a soul that perished suing
For the boasted Saviour's aid!"
- 6 Saved—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love. **TURNER.**

239

C.M. Canterbury 225. Gorton 25.

Praying for pardon.

Luke xxiv. 47. Acts v. 31. [225]

- 1 **PROSTRATE**, dear Jesus! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lie;
And upraise to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay, the vengeful storm:
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live. **STENNETT.**

240

L.M. Liverton 311. Alance 250.

Hoping for mercy.

Ps. cxix. 7. John vi. 37. [506]

- 1 **LORD**, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forlorn to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardons rich and free?
And grace an overwhelming flood?
- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
From Thee to regions of despair?
Who has surveyed the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:
What other happy souls have found
I'll seek; nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt; my sins confess:
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down;
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perished there.

241

C.M. Bedford 241. St. Asaph 138.

Hoping for mercy.

Esther iv. 16. Luke x. 19, 20.

- 1 **COME**, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And thank my guilt and sin;
I'll tell him I'm a wretched one
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll to the glorious King approach,
Whom angels pardon give;
Perhaps he may command the loath,
And then the suppliant leave.
- 5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps he will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 I can but perish if I go—
I am too sinful to stay;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must for ever stray.

- 7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die—delightful thought!
As sinner never died.” JONES.

242 7s. SIX LINES. Truro 83. Portland 160.
Taking refuge in Christ.
Exod. xxxiii. 22. 1 Cor. x. 24. [149]

- 1 **R**OCK of ages! cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Black! I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of ages, shelter me!
Let me hide myself in thee!

TOPLADY.

243 7s. EIGHT LINES. Hotham 82.
Taking refuge in Christ.
Isa. xxxii. 1, 2. Luke viii. 23, 24. [148]

- 1 **J**ESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide:
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is staid;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness!
Vile, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

244 C.M. Charmouth 124. Troas 239.
Returning as a Penitent.
Job xxxiii. 27, 28. Luke xv. [225]

- 1 **T**HE Lord, from his exalted throne
In majesty arrayed,
Looks with a gracious pity down
On all that seek his aid.
- 2 When, touched with penitent remorse,
Our follies past we mourn,
With what a tenderness of love
He meets our first return!
- 3 From heaven he sent his only Son
To ransom us with blood,
To snatch us from the burning lake,
When on its brink we stood.
- 4 From death and hell he leads us up
By a delightful way;
And the bright beams of endless life
Doth round our path display.
- 5 Great God, we wonder and adore;
And to exalt such grace,
We long to learn the songs of heaven
Ere yet we reach the place.

DODDRIDGE.

245 J.M. Warrington 51. Kington 167.
Surrendering the heart to God.
Isa. lvii. 15. 2 Cor. vi. 16. [168]

- 1 **A**ND will the offended God again
Return and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast;
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the King of glory in.
- 3 Enter, with all thy heavenly train;
Here live, and here for ever reign;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.
- 5 No idol-god shall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace;
Dagon before the ark shall fall,
And God in Christ be all in all.

STENNETT.

246 C.M. Abingdon 117. Northampton 41.
Self-consecration.
Rom. xiv. 8, 9. 2 Cor. v. 14, 15. [418]

- 1 **A**ND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy—love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!

4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

5 Jesus! my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free;
And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred power to me.

6 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine. STEELE.

247 S.M. Naseby 104. Kirkdale 12.
Self-consecration.
Rom. xii. 1. Phil. ii. 17. [405]

1 AND will the eternal King,
So mean a gift reward?
That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepared.

2 We own thy various claims,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire,
The sacrifice inflame;
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name. DODDRIDGE.

248 L.M. Oswestry 265. Hawthornden 49.
The grateful surrender.
Luke vii. 47. 1 John iv. 19. [435]

1 LORD, when my thoughts, delighted
Amid the wonders of thy love, [rove
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

2 Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
On thy atoning blood rely,
And on thy righteousness depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to thy single praise!
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love. STEELE.

249 L.M. Portugal 69. Verona 148.
Seeking the best portion.
Ps. xvii. 5. Luke x. 42. [507]

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving treacherous heart,
O Lord, to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh.
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

250 S.M. St. Bride's 5. Kidderminster 102.
Seeking for sanctification.

Jer. xvii. 9. Matt. xv. 19. [52]

1 ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn my eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The seat of every sin.

2 Almighty king of grace!
My tyrant lusts subdue!
Expel the darkness from my mind,
And all my powers renew.

3 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise:
My soul shall glow with gratitude;
My lips proclaim thy praise. BEDDOME, altered.

251 C.M. St. Mary's 132. Succoth 230.
Struggling with depravity.
Rom. vii. 17—25. Gal. v. 17.

1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true;
Tells me whate'er my God demands
Is his most righteous due.

3 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard to obey
And harder yet to love.

4 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast:
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

5 Break, sovereign grace, O break the
And set the captive free: [charm.
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me. STENNETT.

252 L.M. Angel's Song 47. Verona 148.
Renouncing the world.
Col. iii. 1, 2. 1 John ii. 15—17. [409]

1 YE gay deceivers of the mind,
Ye dreams of happiness, adieu;
No more your soft enchantments bind—
This heart was never made for you.

2 The brightest joy your smile can boast
Is but a moment's glittering light;
It sparkles now, and then 'tis lost,
Extinguished in the shades of night.

3 Begone with all your soothing charms!
Pleasure on earth! O empty name!
Superior joy my bosom warms,
And heaven approves the sacred flame.

4 To perfect bliss my soul aspires,
That shines with never-fading ray;
Nor less can satiate my desires
Than full delight and endless day.

5 Blessed be the kind, the gracious power,
That gently called, and bade me rise,
And taught my nobler thoughts to soar
To happiness beyond the skies.

253 C.M. Tabernacle 136. Harlow 143.
The choice of Moses.
 Heb. xi. 24—26. 1 Pet. iv. 13, 14. [218]

- 1 MY soul, with all thy wakened powers
 Survey the heavenly prize!
 Nor let these glittering toys of earth
 Allure thy wandering eyes.
- 2 The splendid crown, which Moses sought,
 Still beams around his brow;
 Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptered
 Was taught by death to bow. [pride]
- 3 The joys and treasures of a day
 I cheerfully resign;
 Rich in that large, immortal store,
 Secured by grace divine.
- 4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
 Angels and God approve;
 Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
 My stedfast soul shall move.
- 5 With ardent eye that bright reward
 I daily will survey;
 And in the blooming prospect lose
 The sorrows of the way. DODDRIDGE.

254 C.M. Maidstone 216. Eversley 18.
Divine drawings.
 Hos. xi. 4. 2 Cor. x. 4, 5. [170]

- 1 MY God, what silken cords are thine!
 How soft and yet how strong!
 While power, and truth, and love com-
 To draw our souls along. [bine]
- 2 Thou sawest us crushed beneath the yoke
 Of Satan and of sin;
 Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
 Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
 One moment takes away;
 And grace, when first the war begins,
 Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
 In rich profusion flows,
 And glory of unnumbered years
 Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords we onward move,
 Till round thy throne we meet;
 And, captives in the chains of love,
 Embrace our conqueror's feet.

DODDRIDGE.

255 L.M. Wells 47. Westbury 256.
Praying for divine influence.
 Numb. xxi. 17, 18. John. iv. 10—15. [165]

- 1 BLEST Jesus, Source of grace divine,
 What soul refreshing streams are
 O bring these healing waters nigh, [thine!
 Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
 'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
 More needs the cool, refreshing rain,
 Or pants the current to obtain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
 Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
 To a redundant river flow,
 And cheer this thirsty land below.

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4 May these blest waters near my side
 Through all the desert gently glide;
 Then, in Emmanuel's land above,
 Spread to a sea of joy and love.
 DODDRIDGE.

256 C.M. Patmos 144. Lancaster 237.
Filial obedience.
 Rom. vii. 2 Cor. v. 14.

- 1 NO strength of nature can suffice
 To serve the Lord aright;
 And what she has, she misapplies,
 For want of clearer light.
- 2 How long beneath the law I lay
 In bondage and distress!
 I toiled, the precept to obey;
 But toiled without success.
- 3 Then, to abstain from outward sin
 Was more than I could do;
 Now, if I feel its power within,
 I feel I hate it too:
- 4 Then, all my servile works were done
 A righteousness to raise;
 Now, freely chosen in the Son,
 I freely choose his ways.
- 5 "What shall I do?" was then the word,
 "That I may worthier grow?"
 "What shall I render to the Lord?"
 Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
 And hear his pardoning voice,
 Changes a slave into a child,
 And duty into choice. COWPER.

257 L.M. Gethsemane 164. Crucifixion 152.
A mournful retrospect.
 2 Sam. xii. 13. Job xxxiii. 27, 28. [228]

- 1 I LEFT the God of truth and light;
 I left the God who gave me breath,
 To wander in the wilds of night,
 And perish in the snares of death.
- 2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
 Was light and easy to be borne;
 Through all his bonds of love I broke,
 I cast away his gifts with scorn.
- 3 [I dreamed of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
 While pillowing roses stayed my head;
 But serpents hissed among the flowers;
 I 'woke, and thorns were all my bed.]
- 4 [In riches when I sought for joy,
 And placed in sordid gains my trust,
 I found that gold was all alloy,
 And worldly treasure fleeting dust.]
- 5 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
 Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
 Almighty vengeance, from thy frown?
 Eternal justice, from thine eye?
- 6 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
 My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
 The Sun of Righteousness appears
 In Jesus' reconciling face.
- 7 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
 I dare not, if I would despair;
 None ever perished at thy feet,
 And I will lie for ever there.

MONTGOMERY.

- 3 'Tis here, where'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come with blissful ray:
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.
- 6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above. STEELE.

269 C.M. Philippi 133. Kingsland 224.
Love to Christ.
Lam. iii. 24. Phil. iii. 8. [145]

- 1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And, while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.
- 5 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace for him renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown! NEWTON.

270 C.M. Brunswick 227. St. Asaph 139.
Love to Christ.
John xxi. 15—17. 1 Peter i. 8. [496]

- 1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disclaim to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

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- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

271 C.M. Harlow 143. Westminster New 213.
Love to Christ.
John xxi. 15—17. 1 Cor. xvi. 22. [443]

- 1 AND have I, Lord, no love for thee,
No passion for thy charms?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms?
- 2 Is there no spark of gratitude
In this cold heart of mine,
To him whose generous bosom glowed
With friendship all divine?
- 3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
His acts of kindness tell;
And, while I dwell upon the theme,
No sweet emotion feel?
- 4 Such base ingratitude as this
What heart but must detest!
Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
In every human breast.
- 5 A very wretch, Lord! I should prove,
Had I no love for thee:
Rather than not my Saviour love,
O may I cease to be! STENNETT.

272 S.F. Chichester 186. Thornton 280.
Love to Christ.
Mal. iii. 1. Eph. iii. 16—19. [442]

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart!
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;
Glory in thy precious love.
- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation:
Pure, unspotted, may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

WESLEY, *altered*.

273

8.8.6. Worcester 198. Kedron 277.

Love to Christ.

Jer. xxxi. 3. 1 John iv. 8—10. [445]

1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger his love than death and hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice!

WESLEY.

274

C.M. Braintree 121.

Cleaving to Christ.

Matt. ix. 2. Luke vii. 47—50.

1 **MY** Saviour, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace!
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate thy grace.

2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

DODDRIDGE.

275

L.M. Doversdale 66. Lathbury 269.

Cleaving to Christ.

John iii. 16. 2 Cor. ix. 15. [128]

1 **JESUS**, my Lord, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which often I have seen?
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.

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3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed;
The first of all his gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
The world should lie beneath my feet;
Though poor, no more would I repine,
Or look with envy on the great.

5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

BEDDOME.

276

L.M. Adoraim 345. Dresden 270.

Cleaving to Christ.

John vi. 68. Phil. iii. 8. [297]

1 **THOU** only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee! 'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

STEELE.

277

L.M. Israel 67. Trevilyan 169.

Cleaving to Christ.

Acts xi. 23. 2 Tim. iv. 10. [457]

1 **A**H wretched souls, who strive in vain,
A slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be his service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5 O may I never faint or tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways!
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

STEELE.

278 78. Milan 88. Munich 266.

Conformity to Christ.

2 Cor. iii. 18. Phil. iii. 7—12. [492]

- 1 **F**ATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee my God.

MONTGOMERY.

279 L.M. Angel's Song 47. St. Peter's 255.

Conformity to Christ.

Luke xxii. 26, 27. Phil. ii. 1—5. [121]

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to
To Jesus let us lift our eyes, [strife,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!
- 3 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight,
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 But ah! how blind! how weak we are
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace
To teach us what we ought to be!
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!

STEELE.

280 78. Milan 88. Solicitude 90.

Conformity to Christ.

Matt. xvi. 4. 1 Peter v. 5, 6. [439]

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be
Rooted in humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child,
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in redeeming love.

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- 4 O that all may seek, and find,
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore!

281 C.M. Manchester 36. Abbotsford 219.

Desiring sanctification.

Psalm li. 10. Heb. x. 22. [289]

- 1 **O**FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne:
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A lowly and believing heart,
Abhorring every sin;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above:
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of LOVE.

WESLEY, altered.

282 L.M. St. Mark's 247. Crucifixion 152.

Desiring sanctification.

Eph. ii. 22—24. 1 Thess. v. 23. [491]

- 1 **T**HY healing spirit, Lord, impart;
Refine and sanctify my heart;
And with reflected beauty fair
Impress thy sacred image there.
- 2 O train me for the seats of rest,
Where, in eternal glory blest,
My soul shall see thy lovely face,
And sing the triumphs of thy grace.

283 C.M. Burford 44. Succoth 230.

Self-abasement.

Psalm xxxii. 5—7. Hosea xiv. 1, 2.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour! when my thoughts
The wonders of thy grace, [recall
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid!
Ah, vile ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detained—betrayed
From Jesus to depart:
- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace, and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implors.
- 5 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And, grateful, own how kind, how sweet
Thy condescending grace.

STEELE.

284 C.M. Tabernacle 136. Prestwich 238.

Sincerity.

Joshua xxiv. 14. John iv. 24. [498]

1 **L**ORD! when we bend before thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits, pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam peace upon our heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

285 C.M. Windsor 119. Curfew 129.

Sincerity and Earnestness.

Psalm lxxxiv. 8. Jer. vi. 16.

1 **L**ORD God, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear.

2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wandering feet the way,
To Zion's blest abode!

3 Or if I'm travelling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength,
That I may swift advances make,
And reach thy courts at length!

4 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all comprised in this,
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

GIBBONS.

286 C.M. Bedford 241 Thorpe 137.

Earnestness.

Isaiah xxxiii. 17. Amos v. 4. [248]

1 **P**ERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call,
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.

2 All I can wish is thine to give;
My God, I ask thy love,—
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

3 In these dark scenes of pain and woe,
What can my spirit find?
No happiness can dwell below,
To fill the immortal mind.

4 To heaven my restless heart aspires,
O for a quickening ray
To invigorate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.

57

5 The path to thy divine abode
Through a wild desert lies;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.

6 Satan and sin unite their art
To keep me from my Lord;
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart
And guide me by thy word.

7 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend—
Be near, and I am blest.

STEELE.

287 7s. Milan 88. Munich 286.

Earnestness.

Gen. xxxii. 24—30. Psalm cxliii. 5—8. [345]

1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name:
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No, I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

NEWTON.

288 C.M. Abridge 31. Florence 235.

Earnestness.

1 Cor. ix. 24, 25. Phil. iii. 12—14. [253]

1 **W**HILE carnal men with all their might
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow the advances which I make
With heaven itself in view!

2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal,
Great God! my love inflame:
Religion, without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.

3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
May I with fervour strive;
And all those powers employ for thee,
Which I from thee derive.

BEDDOME, altered.

289 C.M. Abingdon 117. Brunswick 227.

Earnestness.

Prov. iii. 13—16. Luke x. 42. [285]

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below!
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne!
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days;
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies. **FAWCETT.**

290 L.M. Naples 349. Gethsemane 165.

Choosing a heavenly portion.

Psalm xvii. 14, 15. 2 Cor. iv. 18. [572]

- 1 **I**N vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind;
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.
- 2 Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round,
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?
- 3 Arise, my thoughts, my heart arise,
Leave this low world and seek the skies,
There joys for ever, ever last,
When seasons, days, and hours are past.
- 4 Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart,
Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
To pleasures, perfect and sublime,
Unmeasured by the wings of time.
- 5 Let those bright worlds of endless joy,
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ;
No more, ye restless passions, roam,
God is my bliss, and heaven my home.

291 C.M. Charmouth 124. Lancaster 237.

Choosing a heavenly portion.

Psalm iv. 6. 2 Cor. iv. 18. [571]

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
"Who will supply our vast desires,
Or show us any good?"

58

- 2 Through the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit;
Or, if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world call off my love,
Set my affections right;
Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.
- 5 O let the glories of thy face
Upon my bosom shine;
Assured of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine. **STENNETT.**

292 C.M. Kidbrook 341. Tintern Abbey 119.

Choosing a heavenly portion.

Micah ii. 10. Col. iii. 2. [573]

- 1 **W**HEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfined
Amid the boundless scene of things,
Which entertain the mind.
- 2 In vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean to make me blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ
Each flattering specious wile:
There's nought can yield a real joy,
But my Creator's smile.
- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone, this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great spring of all felicity,
To whom my wishes tend!
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end? **STEELE.**

293 C.M. Adelphi 29. St. Asaph 139.

Self-denial.

Matt. xiii. 44—46. Luke xiv. 33. 493

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right! since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go!—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear
Compared with thee, supremely good!
Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Saviour of souls! could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain. **BEDDOME.**

294

C.M. Psalm 98, 223. St. Matthew's 145.

Taking up the cross.

Luke ix. 26. 2 Tim. ii. 12.

- 1 **A** SHAMED of Christ! my soul disdain
The mean ungenerous thought;
Shall I disown that friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought!
- 2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came;
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.
- 3 At his command, we must take up
Our cross without delay;
Our lives, and thousand lives of ours,
Can ne'er his love repay.
- 4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to him are dear; their deaths
Are precious in his sight.
- 5 To bear his name, his cross to bear,
Our highest honour this!
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.
- 6 But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus, the Judge, before the world,
The traitors will deny. NEEDHAM.

295

C.M. Eversley 16. Westham 233.

Spiritual joy.

Neh. viii 10. 1 John i. 4. [266]

- 1 **J** OY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine!
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind:
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind. NEWTON.

296

7s. Milan 88. Kettering 285.

Love to God.

Rom. v. 5. 2 Cor. i. 3, 4. [444]

- 1 **H** EAVENLY Father! God of love!
Look with mercy from above;
Let thy streams of comfort roll,
Let them fill and cheer my soul.
- 3 Love celestial, ardent fire!
O extreme of sweet desire!
Spread thy bright, thy gentle flame,
Swift o'er all my mental frame.

59

- 3 Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet above the joys of sense;
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladness, full of thee.

PARNEL

297

C.M. Ashley 232. Camberwell New 22.

Delight in God.

Ps. iv. 6, 7. John xiv. 21. [390]

- 1 **E** TERNAL source of joys divine,
To thee my soul aspires;
O could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
'Tis all my soul desires.
- 2 Thy smile can give me real joy,
Unmingled and refined;
Substantial bliss, without alloy,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
Assure me of thy love;
O speak the kind transporting word,
And bid my fears remove.
- 4 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
And triumph in my God,
Till heavenly raptures tune my voice
To spread thy praise abroad. STEELE.

298

C.M. Northampton 41. Brunswick 227.

Delight in God.

Ps. xxxvii. 3—5. Rom. v. 11. [440]

- 1 **O** LORD! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee—
My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near—
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things and abound
While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil—
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?
- 7 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

BYLAND.

299

C.M. St. Stephen's 19. Stafford 231.

Delight in God.

Lam. iii. 24. 1 Tim. vi. 17. [574]

- 1 **M** Y God! to thee my soul aspires,
Dispel the shades of night;
Enlarge and fill my vast desires
With infinite delight.

- 2 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heaven dawns in every ray :
One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.
- 3 Not all the good which earth bestows
Can fill the craving mind ;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.
- 4 Should boundless wealth increase my
Can wealth my cares beguile ? [stare,
I should be wretched still, and poor,
Without thy blissful smile. STEELE.

300

L.M. Dramcoate 63. Addison's 175.

Delight in God's salvation.

Psalm xl. 16. Isaiah xii. 2. [95]

- 1 **G**OD of salvation, we adore
Thy saving love, thy saving power !
And to our utmost stretch of thought
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
The sword by which our sins are slain ;
And, while abased in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that lays us low.
- 3 Perish each thought of human pride ;
Let God alone be magnified :
His glory let the heavens resound,
Shouted from earth's remotest bound.
- 4 Saints, who his full salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
Join every angel's voice to raise
Continued, never-ending praise.

DODDRIDGE.

301

C.M. Athens 244. Welby 126.

Fear of God.

Psalm cxii. 1. Heb. xii. 24, 29. [432]

- 1 **H**APPY, beyond description, he
Who fears the Lord his God ;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.
- 2 Fear, sacred passion ever dwells
With its fair partner, love :
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.
- 3 Let terrors fright the unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears ;
Cheerful he does his Father's will,
And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let fear, and love, most holy God,
Possess this soul of mine,
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

NEEDHAM.

302

C.M. Psalm 103, 245. Harlow 143.

Fear of God.

Psalm xvi. 8. Prov. xliii. 17.

- 1 **T**HREE happy souls, who born from
heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

60

- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day,
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.
- 3 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne ;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone !
- 4 As sanctified to noblest ends
Be each refreshment sought ;
And, by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought !
- 5 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 6 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band—
In solitude with thee.
- 7 At night, we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast ;
And safely folded in thy arms,
Resign our powers to rest.
- 8 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past ;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear, the last.

DODDRIDGE.

303

L.M. Warrington 51. Hale 70.

Gratitude for past mercies.

Psalm lxxv. 11. Rom. xiii. 11, 12. [552]

- 1 **L**ORD of my life ! inspire my song ;
To thee my noblest powers belong ;
Grant me thy favourite seraph's flame,
To sing the glories of thy name.
- 2 Ten thousand favours claim my song,
And each demands an angel's tongue :
Mercy sits smiling on the wings
Of every moment as it springs.
- 3 But oh, with infinite surprise
I see returning years arise ;
When unimproved the former score,
Lord, wilt thou trust me still with more ?
- 4 [Thousands this period hoped to see ;
Demed to thousands, granted me ; [pray,
Thousands ! that weep, and wish, and
For those rich hours I throw away.]
- 5 The tribute of my heart receive ;
'Tis the poor all I have to give ;
Should it prove faithless, Lord, I'd wrest
The guilty traitor from my breast.

COTTON.

304

C.M. Dove Dale 27. Salem 330.

Benevolence.

Luke x. 30, 37. 2 Cor. viii. 9. [455]

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies,
And while possessing boundless wealth,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

DODDRIDGE.

305 C.M. Psalm 103. 245. Dover 45.
Benevolence.
1 Cor. xiii. 1 John iv. 8. [441]

- 1 **S**HOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
Her richest gifts on me,
Still, O my God! I should be poor,
If void of love to thee.
- 2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense
Could make me truly good:
Not zeal itself could recompense
The want of love to God.
- 3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
But were denied thy grace;
My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
Would be but sounding brass.
- 4 Though thou should'st give me heavenly
Each mystery to explain; [skill
If I'd no heart to do thy will,
My knowledge would be vain.
- 5 Had I so strong a faith, my God!
As mountains to remove:
No faith could do me real good,
That did not work by love.
- 6 O grant me then, this one request,
And I'll be satisfied:
That love divine may rule my breast,
And all my actions guide.

STENNETT.

306 C.M. Clitheroe 43. Byzantium 242.
Benevolence.
Psalm xvi. 2, 3. Heb. vi. 10 [521]

- 1 **B**RIGHT source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise:
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray;
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approached
The borders of despair;
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood pro-
A free salvation near. [claimed
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness worms can yield
Extendeth not to thee.

- 5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair,
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourner's care.
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan's breast shall glow;
Thus streams of mercy from our God,
Through human channels flow.
- 7 So passing through the vale of tears,
Our useful light will shine;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine. BODEN.

307 C.M. Day Spring 33. Sunbury 120.
Love to the Redeemer's brethren.
Matt. xxv. 35—45. Mark iii. 31—35. [522]

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayest be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with reverence, and with love,
I in thy poor would see;
Oh, rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee!

308 8.7. EIGHT LINES. Chichester 186.
Honouring the Lord with his substance.
Prov. iii. 9. 2 Cor. ix. 6, 7.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love:
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.
- 2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design,
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine:
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around—
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.
- 3 With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

FRANCIS.

318 S.M. Amersham 308. Naseby 104.
Trust encouraged.

Psalm xxxvii. 5. 1 Peter. v. 7. [503]

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth, and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey.
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Give the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and count thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 6 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

LUTHER.

319 L.M. Islington 59. Lebanon 71.
Trust encouraged.

Deut. xxxiii. 25. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
The Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 4 When called to bear the weighty cross
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress or poverty—
Still, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 5 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free
And, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

FAWCETT.

320 L.M. Southampton 63. Baden 150.
Looking to Christ for succour.

Mark ix. 24. Luke xvi. 5. [232]

- 1 JESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
In thee believing we rejoice;
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

64

3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust;
Nor see that faith to ruin brought
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.

4 Do thou the dying spark inflame:
Reveal the glories of thy name;
And put all anxious doubts to flight,
As shades dispersed by morning light.

DODDRIDGE.

321 112th. Canada 176. Marienbourn 76.
Looking to Christ for succour.

John x. 28. Heb. ii. 18.

- 1 STILL nigh me, O my Saviour stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour:
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power:
Still be thine arm my sure defence.
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 2 In suffering be thy love my peace!
In weakness be thy love my power!
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

TOPLADY.

322 104th. Portuguese Hymn 199.
In affliction confiding in Christ.

Matt. viii. 23—27. John xvi. 33. [497]

- 1 BEGONE unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past,
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.
- 4 Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death:
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?
- 5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:

The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.

- 6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live !
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine ;
Did Christ my Lord suffer,
And shall I repine ?

- 7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The medicine is food ;
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song !

NEWTON.

323 C.M. Succoth 210. Charmouth 124.

Paternal chastisement.

Psaln cxix. 67, 71. Heb. xii. 5—7. [43]

- 1 **O**FTEN the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear,
Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to
A frown of anger there. [find

- 2 It needs our hearts be weaned from earth ;
It needs that we be driven,
By loss of every earthly stay,
To seek our joys in heaven.

- 3 And what is sorrow, what is pain,
To that eternal care
That breaks the conscious heart for sin,
When sin is hated there ?

- 4 Kind, loving, is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.

- 5 He was a man of sorrows—He
Who loved and saved us thus ;
And shall the world that frowned on him,
Wear only smiles for us ?

- 6 No ! we must follow in the path
Our Lord and Saviour run :
We must not find a resting place
Where He we love had none. FRY.

324 S.M. St. Matthias 103. Farnworth 106.

Paternal chastisement.

Ezek. xx. 37. Heb. xii. 6—11. [242]

- 1 **H**OW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God !
And oh ! how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from his rod !

- 2 He lifts it up on high,
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

- 3 Instructed thus, they bow,
And own his sovereign sway ;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

65

- 4 His covenant love they seek ;
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honour his commands.

- 5 Dear Father we consent
To discipline divine ;
And bless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely thine.

DODDRIDGE.

325 L.M. Leicester 160. Israel 67.

Paternal chastisement.

Psaln xciv. 12. Heb. xii. 6. [238]

- 1 **A**MID these various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod ?

- 2 Peace, rebel thoughts !—I'll not complain ;
My Father's smiles suspend my pain ;
Smiles, that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

- 3 Though heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heart-felt comfort still is mine :
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

- 4 Dear Jesus, smooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies, and lighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

COTTON.

326 7s. Milan 88. Kiel 182.

Paternal chastisement.

Prov. iii. 11, 12. Heb. xii. 6—11. [240]

- 1 **'T**IS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

- 2 Trials must and will befall ;
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

- 3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

- 5 [Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a castaway ?

- 6 Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not if he might.]

COWPER.

327 C.M. Liverpool 23. Abbotsford 219.

Paternal chastisement.

Hos. ii. 6, 7. Hos. xiv. 1, 2. [229]

- 1 **T**HE Lord is kind in all his ways,
When most they seem severe !
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,
That we may learn his fear.

F

2 With thorns he fences up our path
And builds a wall around,
To guard us from the death that lurks
In sin's forbidden ground.

3 Return, ye wandering souls, return,
And seek his tender breast;
Call back the memory of the days
When there you found your rest.

4 Behold, O Lord, we fly to Thee,
Though blushes veil our face,
Constrained our last retreat to seek
In thy much injured grace.

DODDRIDGE.

328 C.M. Kingsland 224. St. Ann's 28.
Deliverance.

Psalm xxxiv. 2 Cor. i. 9, 10. [473]

1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of
In trouble and in joy, [life,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

4 O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supplied.

TATE AND BRADY.

329 C.M. York 234. Brading 127.
Divine favour.

Hab. iii. 17, 18. 1 Tim. vi. 6. [277]

1 **H**APPY the men whose bliss supreme
Flows from a source on high;
And flows in one perpetual stream,
When earthly springs are dry.

2 Contentment makes their little more,
And sweetens good possessed;
While faith foretastes the joys in store,
And makes them doubly blest.

3 If Providence their comforts shroud,
And dark distresses lower;
Hope paints its rainbow on the cloud,
And grace shines through the shower.

4 What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm,
Who view a Saviour near?
Whose Father sits and guides the helm;
Whose voice forbids their fear?

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5 Let tempests rage, and billows rise,
And mortal firmness shrink;
Their anchor fastens in the skies;
Their bark no storm can sink.

6 God is their joy and portion still,
When earthly good retires;
And shall their hearts sustain and fill,
When earth itself expires. TIMMS.

330 C.M. Havannah 125. St. Magnus 35.
Divine favour.

Ps. ix. 10. Ps. lxxxix. 15—18. [281]

1 **O** HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word;
His arm supports them well.

2 He helped his saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness, to his praise,
His love is still the same.

3 Oft in his house his glory shines
Before our wondering eyes;
We wish not then for golden mines,
Or aught beneath the skies.

4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light:
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

5 Lord, let us then most highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above. NEWTON.

331 L.M.D. Addison's 172. Anspach 371.
Election.

Eph. i. 3, 4. 2 Thess. ii. 13. [109]

1 **B**EFORE the almighty power began
To form the wondrous frame of man;
Before he hung the lights on high,
And made them sparkle o'er the sky;
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or shaped the yet unfounded earth—
God all his ransomed people knew,
And in his love he chose them too.

2 Chose them in Christ, that they should
The trophies of his dying love;
Chose them through faith, that precious
grace,
Which bears the fruits of righteousness;
Chose them that they on earth should shine
The image of his face divine;
Chose them like jewels from the world,
When it should be to ruin hurled.

3 But oh! no tongue can ever tell
The grace that is unsearchable;
Angels that fell were passed by
When Christ for mortals came to die:
The poor shall wear the immortal crown,
That decks few brows of high renown;
And vilest sinners be forgiven,
To raise the loudest songs in heaven.

COBBIN.

332 11.8. Mount Zion 381. *Election.*

Jer. xxxi. 3. Matt. xi. 25, 26.

- 1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims, for Sion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of
His rich and distinguishing grace. [days,
- 2 His love, from eternity fixed upon you,
Broke forth and discovered its flame,
When each with the cords of his kindness he
drew,
And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt:
You all would have lived, would have died too,
And sunk with the load of your guilt. [in sin,
- 4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
" 'Twas even so, Father!" you ever must sing,
" Because it seemed good in thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace we were brought to obey;
While others were suffered to go
The road which by nature we chose as our way,
Which leads to the regions of woe.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs; [fame,
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his
And crown him in each of your songs.

333 S.M. Salamis 202. Ipswich 15. *Salvation.*

Psalm cxlix. 4. Matt. v. 5.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, rejoice,
And cheerful praises sing!
Wake all your harmony of voice;
For Jesus is your king.
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your souls have known,
Pledges the honour of his word
To avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,
For which his blood was paid!
How beauteous shall your souls appear,
Thus sumptuously arrayed!
- 4 Sing, for the day is nigh,
When, near your Leader's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie
The footstool of your feet.
- 5 Salvation, Lord, is thine,
And all thy saints confess
The royal robes, in which thy shine,
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

DODDRIDGE.

334 L.M. Oldham 48. Alsace 250. *Access to God.*

Exod. xxix. 20, 21. Heb. x. 19—22 [279]

- 1 **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I venture near thy throne, O God;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears.
- 2 The encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
Doth, with a softened lustre shine;
And, while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.

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- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay;
With courage sing, with fervour pray,
And though a sinner, quite undone,
Hope for acceptance through thy Son—
- 4 Thy Son, who on the shameful tree,
Expired to set the vilest free;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in thy name.

BEDDOME.

335 C.M. Harlow 143. Frestwich 238. *Access to God.*

Acts ix. 11. Rom. viii. 23. [327]

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains, that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways!
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays!"
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 [Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.]
- 8 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

MONTGOMERY.

336 C.M. Patmos 144. St. Asaph 139. *Friendship with God.*

Psalm lxxxv. 8. Rom. v. 1. [271]

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er. DODDRIDGE.

337 S.M. Attalia 208. Devonshire Square 1.
Fellowship with God.
1 John i. 3. 1 Cor. i. 9.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
'Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above. DODDRIDGE.

338 C.M. St. Stephen's 19. St. Matthew's 145.
Walking with God.
Gen. v. 24. Heb. xi. 5. [257]

- 1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace;
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,
With Adam's worthless race.
- 2 O lead me to that happy path,
Where I my God may meet;
Though hosts of foes begird it round,
Though briars wound my feet.
- 3 Cheered with thy converse, I can trace
The desert with delight;
Through all the gloom one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.
- 4 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.
- 5 I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight
To realms of heavenly day;
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds
To bear this flesh away.
- 6 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load;
And hail the sharpest pangs of death
That break its way to God.

DODDRIDGE.

339 7s. Scarborough 81. Alfreton 178.
Communion with God in the night.
Jer. xxv. 10. Ps. lxxi. 5, 6. [542]

- 1 WHAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me,
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.

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- 2 He in night's sereneest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers,
And his Spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews.

- 3 Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love;
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with thee!

- 4 What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.

- 5 Tender friends awhile might mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer, better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.

- 6 See the guardian angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high!
See the golden gates displayed!
See the crown to grace my head!

- 7 See a flood of sacred light
Which no more shall yield to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell.

- 8 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest,
Welcome sleep or death to me;
Still secure, for still with thee.

DODDRIDGE.

340 C.M. Northampton 41. Tintern 118.
Adoption.
Ps. ciii. 13. Heb. xii. 9. [278]

- 1 AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, my Father, God!
Lord! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom
And bid me wait serene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.
- 4 My Father—Oh, permit my heart
To plead her humble claim.
And ask the bliss those words impart.
In my Redeemer's name. STEELE.

341 C.M. Peterborough 130. Lancaster 277.
Adoption.
Rom. viii. 14—17. Gal. iv. 6. [279]

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

- 2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe :
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.

5 On wings of everlasting love
The Comforter is come ;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

DODDRIDGE.

342 C.M. Chimes 24. Broughton 140.

Adoption.

Ps. xxxi. 14—17. Rom. viii. 15—17. [496]

1 **MY** God, my Father! blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good, and just, and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains
O give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all thy ways are right.

6 My God, my Father! be thy name
My solace and my stay;
Oh, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away! STEELE.

343 7s SIX LINES. Turin 84. Portland 180.

Adoption.

John i. 12. 1 John iii. 1, 2.

1 **BLESSED** are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesu's blood,
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Now, and through eternity!

2 God did love them, in his Son,
Long before the world begun;
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe:
With them, &c.

3 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace:
All their sins are washed away,
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them, &c.

4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure word remains within:
With them, &c.

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5 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them, &c.

6 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy:
With them, &c.

7 They alone are truly blest
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are filled;
They are, by his Spirit, sealed:
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity!

344 L.M. Arimathea 146. Woolstanton 62.

Adoption.

Rom. viii. 14—17. Gal. iv. 6. [280]

1 **NOT** all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven:
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

3 On them, a happy chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace;
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.

4 When, through temptation they rebel,
His chastening rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain, and heals the smart.

5 Their daily wants his hands supply:
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

6 Have I the honour, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family?
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee, Abba, Father! too.

7 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love;
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their father's likeness in my face.

STENNETT.

345 8.6.—8.8. Damascus 274.

Adoption.

2 Cor. vi. 18. 1 John i. 3.

1 **LET** others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the state:
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a nobler title sings.

2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son,
Own me an heir divine;
I'll pity princes on the throne,
When I can call thee mine:
Sceptres and crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their lustre in mine eyes.

3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,
To fame and rank unknown,
And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,
And seat me near thy throne:
No name, no honours here I crave,
Well pleased with those beyond the grave.

4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives;
With him I too shall reign;
Nor sin, nor death, while he survives,
Shall make the promise vain:
In him my title stands secure,
And shall, while endless years endure.

5 When he, in robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear,
Thou, too, my soul, shalt shine in light,
And his full image bear:
Enough!—I wait the appointed day;
Blest Saviour, haste, and come away.
CRUTENDEN.

346 C.M. Westham 233. Lystra 220.
Liberty.

John vi. 36. Gal. iv. 7.

1 HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Transported, fall before his feet
Who makes the prisoners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain:
Smiling he deals those pardons round
Which free from endless pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high:
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And, Abba, Father! cry.

4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace;
The sinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.

5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing redeeming love.

DODDRIDGE.

347 C.M. Maidstone 216. Phillippi 133.
Guidance.

Psalms cxix. 105. Prov. vi. 23. [4]

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. FAWCETT.

348 S.M. Lymington 115. Westwood 207.
Guidance and protection.

1 Chron. iv. 9, 10. Psalm lxxiii. 24.

1 O THAT the Lord indeed
Would me his servant bless,
From every evil shield my head,
And crown my paths with peace!

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2 Be his almighty hand
My helper and my guide,
Till with his saints in Canaan's land
My portion he divide.

349 S.M. Shirland 13. Shelford 210.
Guidance and protection.

Psalms xxiii. Ezek. xxxiv. 11—16. [273]

1 WHILE God my Father's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

4 Here let my spirit rest:
How sweet a lot is mine,
With pleasure, food, and safety blest!
Beneficence divine!

5 Great Shepherd! if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more. STEELE.

350 L.M. New Sabbath 50. Montgomery 246.
Guidance and protection.

Deut. xxxiii. 29. Rev. xv. 3. [282]

1 O ISRAEL, blest beyond compare!
Unrivalled all thy glories are:
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
And calls thine interest all his own.

2 He is thy Saviour, he thy Lord,
His shield is thine, and thine his sword;
Review, in ecstasy of thought,
The grand redemption he has wrought.

3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,
Opens thy passage through the sea;
He through the desert is thy guide,
And heaven for Canaan will provide.

4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
Such favours to their chosen host;
Their glories, which through ages shine,
Are but dim shades and types of thine.

5 Celestial Spirit! teach our tongue
Sublimers strains than Moses sung,
Proportioned to the sweeter name
Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.
DODDRIDGE.

351 C.M. Welby 126. Mayo 221.
Protection.

Luke xii. 32. John x. 11—15.

1 YE little flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares,
Look to the shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2 Though wolves and lions prow around,
His staff is your defence:
'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these:
And, o'er the pious dead, we sing
Thy living promises.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless the Saviour's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.

DODDRIDGE.

352 L.M. Wareham 57. Eisenach 68.
Aid in temptation.

1 Cor. x. 13. 2 Peter ii. 9.

1 **N**OW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song;
His shield is spread o'er every saint;
And, thus supported, who shall faint?

2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportioned to our day:
And, when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is he gracious, wise, and just;
And still, in him, let Israel trust.

DODDRIDGE.

353 C.M. Old Church 39. Birmingham 135.
Aid in temptation.

Luke xxii. 31, 32. 1 Peter v. 8.

1 **H**OW keen the tempter's malice is,
How artful and how great!
Though not one grain shall be destroyed,
Yet will he sift the wheat.

2 But God can all his power control,
And gather in his chain;
And, where he seems to triumph most,
The captive soul regain.

3 There is a Shepherd, kind and strong,
Still watchful for his sheep;
Nor shall the infernal lion rend
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

4 Blest Jesus! intercede for us,
That we may fall no more;
Oh, raise us when we prostrate lie;
And comfort lost restore.

5 Thy secret energy impart,
That faith may never fail;
But, 'midst whole showers of fiery darts,
That tempered shield prevail.

6 Secured ourselves by grace divine,
We'll guard our brethren too;
And, taught their frailty by our own,
Our care of them renew.

DODDRIDGE.

354 C.M. Nottingham 142. Bethany 236.
Safety.

Psalm xlv. Isaiah xxvi. 1—4. [274]

1 **O**N God we build our sure defence,
In God our hopes repose.
His hand protects our varying life,
And guards us from our foes.

2 Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloa's peaceful flood:
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The city of our God.

3 We to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely will resort:
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succour and support.

PITT.

355 C.M. Tabernacle 156. Athens 214.
Safety.

Isaiah xxxv. 4. Matt. x. 31. [505]

1 **Y**E trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy which like a river flows
In one perpetual stream.

2 'Fear not' the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 'Fear not' the want of outward good;
He will for his provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.

4 'Fear not' that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

5 'Fear not' the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

BEDDOME.

356 L.M. St. Mark's 247. New College 56
Safety.

Psalm cxvi. 7. Heb. iv. 3. [287]

1 **R**ETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest
Upon thy heavenly Father's breast:
Indulge me, Lord, in that repose,
Which only he who loves thee knows.

2 Lodged in thine arms, I fear no more
The tempest's howl, the billows roar:
Those storms must shake the Almighty's
Which violate the saints' retreat. [seat,

3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount
The power of language to recount:
From morning dawn, the setting sun
Sees but my work of praise begun.

4 The mercies all my moments bring,
Ask an eternity to sing;
What thanks those mercies can suffice,
Which through eternity shall rise?

5 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,
In future hopes more richly blest,
I'll sit and sing, till death shall raise
A note of more proportioned praise.

DODDRIDGE.

357

11s. Portuguese Hymn 193.
Safety.

Ira. xliii. 2. 2 Peter i. 4.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word:
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy trouble to bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes!
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
I'll never, no never, no never forsake! (shake,
KIRKHAM.

358

C.M. Loughton 141. Day Spring 33.
Inexhaustible resources.

Phil. iv. 19, 20. Col. i. 18, 19.

- 1 **M**Y God!—How cheerful is the sound!
How pleasant to repeat;
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fixed his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our God supply
From his redundant stores?
What streams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pours.
- 3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow;
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart has loved us so.
- 4 Now, to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory given,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heaven.
DODDRIDGE.

359

104th. Psalm 104, 91. St. Dionis 298.
Inexhaustible resources.

John i. 16. Col. i. 19.

- 1 **A**FULNESS resides
In Jesus our head,
And ever abides
To answer our need:
The Father's good pleasure
Has laid up in store
A plentiful treasure
To give to the poor.

72

- 2 Whate'er be our wants,
We need not to fear;
Our numerous complaints
His mercy will hear:
His fulness shall yield us
Abundant supplies;
His power shall shield us
When dangers arise.

- 3 Whatever distress
Awaits us below;
Such plentiful grace
Will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us,
And silence our fear;
For nothing can hurt us
While Jesus is near.

- 4 When troubles attend,
Or danger or strife,
His love will defend
And guard us through life:
And when we are fainting,
And ready to die,
Whatever is wanting,
His hand will supply. FAWCETT.

360

C.M. St. James's 17. Troas 239.

Permanent union with Christ.

John xii. 25, 26. Col. iii. 3. (268)

- 1 **L**ET sinners boast of kindred joys,
The poor delights of sense;
'Tis Christ our inmost thoughts employs,
We draw our comforts thence.
- 2 With sweet contentment now we bid
Farewell to pleasures here;
With Christ in God our life is hid,
And all its springs are there.
- 3 'Tis now concealed and lodged secure
In God's eternal Son;
From age to age it shall endure,
Though to the world unknown.
- 4 Jesus, remove whate'er divides
Our lingering souls from thee;
'Tis fit that where the head resides
The members too should be.

BEDDOME.

361

L.M. Caton 52. Wurtemberg 257.

Permanent union with Christ.

John xiv. 19. Rom. viii. 34—39. (504)

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on thy everlasting word;
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives:
Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immovable the promise stands:
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose !
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

6 Lord, at thy feet I'll cast me down ;
To thee reveal my guilt and fear ;
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perished there.

STEELE.

362 S.M. Prague 110. St. Simon's 111.

Permanent union with Christ.

1 Cor. vi. 17. Eph. v. 30.

1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine,
By everlasting bands ;
Our names, our hearts we would resign,
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal ;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our head ;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we yield to fear ?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

DODDRIDGE.

363 L.M. Kingston 167. Neapolis 261.

Permanent union with Christ.

Mal. iii. 6. James i. 17. [267]

1 **W**HEN darkness long has veiled my
mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart ;
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee !

3 O let me then, at length, be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn)
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away ;
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine ;
Thou therefore all the praise receive :
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

COWPER.

364 S.M. Christchurch 101. Kirkdale 12.

Persecuting grace.

John x. 27—29. Rev. vii. 17.

1 **M**Y soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks :
No angel's harp such music yields
As what my shepherd speaks.

2 'I know my sheep,' he cries,
'My soul approves them well :
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.'

3 I freely feed them now
With tokens of thy love ;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams above.

4 Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my sheep will give ;
And, while my throne unshaken stands
Shall all my chosen live.

5 This tried Almighty hand
Is raised for their defence :
Where is the power shall reach them there ?
Or what shall force them thence ?

6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry :
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

DODDRIDGE.

365 C.M. Bexley 217. Epping 240.

Persevering grace.

Col. iii. 3. Jude 24, 25. [461]

1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm ;
Your life is hid with Christ, in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die ;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near ;
A guide, a glory, a defence ;
Then what have you to fear ?

5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you ;
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

NEWTON.

366 C.M. St. Stephen's 19. St. David's 326.

Persevering grace.

Psal. cxix. 117. 2 Cor. xii. 9. [439]

1 **L**ORD, hast thou made me know thy
Conduct me in thy fear : [ways ?]
And grant me such supplies of grace
That I may persevere.

2 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape secure from harm
Amid the dreadful storm.

- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient Friend
Till all my toils shall cease :
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

367 C.M. St. Ann's 28. Mysia 222.
Persevering grace.

Matt. xxvi. 41. Luke xvii. 5. [430]

- 1 **A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears !
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee. STEELE.

368 C.M. Antwerp 16. Abbotsford 219.
Persevering grace.

John vi. 67—69. Acts iv. 12. [460]

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do !)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
" Wilt thou forsake me too ?"
- 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels joined
Could never reach my case ;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirred
If I will also go ;
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No ! NEWTON.

369 C.M. Northampton 41. Dover 43.
Persevering grace.

2 Cor. v. 5. Rev. xxi. 27. [479]

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, if in the book of life
My worthless name should stand,
Written in fairest characters,
By thine unerring hand :—
- 2 My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
For crowns above the skies ;
And on the road from thy rich stores,
Wilt grant me fresh supplies.
- 3 Then I to thee, in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise ;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.
- 4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be :
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee. BEDDOME.

370 C.M. Bath Chapel 34. Morley 228.
Present and future blessings.

2 Thess. ii. 16. 1 John iii. 1, 2. [259]

- 1 **C**OME, humble souls, ye mourners,
And wipe away your tears ; [come,
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love ;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.
- 3 God, the eternal mighty God,
To dearer names descends ;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.
- 4 My Father God !—and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear ?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.
- 5 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow ;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.
- 6 For ever let my grateful heart
His bounteous grace adore ;
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.
- 7 Transporting hope !—still on my soul
Let thy sweet glories shine,
'Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Immortal and divine. HEGINBOTHAM.

371 S.M. Mansfield 7. Salamis 202.
[Present and future blessings.]

Lam. iii. 23. Eph. ii. 4, 5. [467]

- 1 **H**OW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord !
Each morning shall thy mercies show—
Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.

- 3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refined
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chased our sins away.
- 5 How new thy mercies, then !
How sovereign and how free !
Our souls, that had been dead in sin,
Were made alive to thee.
- 6 And we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.
- 7 Nor shall that radiant day
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away,
Beneath the setting sun.
- 8 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord !
Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

STENNETT.

372 L.M. Morning Hymn 58.
Present and everlasting blessings.
Psalm xlii. 4. Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 INDULGENT God ! to thee I raise
My spirit, fraught with joy and praise :
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.
- 2 Rivers descending, Lord ! from thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me :
Their varied virtues to rehearse
Demands an everlasting verse.
- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation ! lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood !
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe ;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so :
Such joy and purity to share,
I would remain enraptured there—
- 5 'Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below ;—
The fulness of that boundless sea
Whence flowed the river down to me.
- 6 My soul, with such a scene in view,
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu ;
Nor dreads a few chastising woes,
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

COLES.

373 7s. Solitude 90. Kiel 182.
Present and everlasting blessings.
Prov. iii. 17. 1 Tim. iv. 8. [284]

- 1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity !
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

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MASTERS.

374 8.7. Chichester 186. Thornton 280.
Ebenezer.
1 Sam. vii. 12. 1 Peter ii. 25. [437]

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing !
Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above :
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love !
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be ;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee !
- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love :
Here's my heart—O take and seal it !
Seal it from thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

375 7s. Samaria 284. Stool 89.
Ebenezer.
Luke xii. 22—30. Phil. iv. 6, 7. [435]

- 1 I MY Ebenezer raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise ;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not :
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign :
Father ! let thy will be mine ;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,
Guard me in the trying hour ;
Let thy unremitted care
Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
Be devoted to thy praise ;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

FAWCETT.

376 L.M. Woolstanton 62. Leicester 160.
Entering on a new year.
Acts xxvi. 22. 2 Cor. i. 10. [551]

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till its close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest:
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

DODDRIDGE.

377 C.M. St. George's 21. Broughton 140. *Entering on a new year.*

Gen. i. 14. Psalm lxxvii. 5. [553]

- 1 **G**OD of our life! thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound:
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care—
In every age we see;
And constant as thy favours are
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.
- 5 O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free;
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to thee.
- 6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God:
And in affliction I will sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

HEGINBOTHAM.

378 L.M. Israel 67. Tilshed 253. *Difficulties and dangers.*

Deut. viii. 2, 3. Heb. x. 32. [256]

- 1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.
- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home:
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy:
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

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- 4 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects
crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know
While in the wilderness below?
- 6 'Tis even so: thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in All.

PAWCETT.

379 C.M. Evans 122. Westham 283. *Continual help.*

Exod. xxxiii. 14—16. Phil. iv. 6, 7. [283]

- 1 **F**ATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—
- 2 'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free:
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end!'

STEELE.

380 Es. Bethlehem 296. Edinburgh 380. *Guidance and help.*

Psalm xlviii. 14. Isaiah xxv. 9. [379]

- 1 **T**HE God who created the skies,
The strength and support of his saints,
Who gives them all needful supplies,
And hearkens to all their complaints;
- 2 This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 3 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

381 L.M. Doversdale 66. Lawes 156. *Guidance and consolation.*

Psalm lxxxiv. 11. Psalm cxix. 57. [156]

- 1 **M**Y soul to God, its source, aspires!
Come, Lord, and fill my vast desires!
Be thou my portion; here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possessed.
- 2 O let thy sacred word impart
Its generous influence to my heart;
With power, and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.
- 3 Thy blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night.
- 4 Then shall my joyful spirit rise,
On wings of faith above the skies:
And when these transient scenes are o'er,
And this vain world shall tempt no more,—

- 5 O may I reach the blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell for ever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown !

STEELE.

382 8.7.4. Lewes 192. Leipsig 279.

Guidance and support.

Exod. xiv. 19, 20. Exod. xl. 36—38. [245]

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :
Guide me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

383 C.M. Northampton 41. Lystra 220.

Complete salvation.

Psalm cxix. 32. Heb. xii. 1, 2. [258]

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God, who pacing slow,
Your pilgrim-path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true !

- 2 Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubting, mournful band ?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?
Why fails the feeble hand ?

- 3 Oh ! weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a father's care ;
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.

- 4 The Lord of light, though veiled awhile
He hide his noon-tide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day.

- 5 Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove ;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
O wake thy heart to love.

- 6 A Saviour's blood hath bought thy peace ;
Thy Saviour God adore ;
He bade the throb of terror cease,
The pains of guilt he bore.

BOWDLER.

384 S.M. Farnworth 106. Amersham 308.

Complete salvation.

Psalm cxxxvii. 1—4. Isaiah i. 10. [431]

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

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- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control :
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see. TOPLADY.

385 L.M. Stirling 161. Hale 70.

Victory.

Joshua v. 13—15. 1 Cor. xv. 26. [236]

- 1 **J**ESUS, to thy great name we sing,
And own thee our immortal King ;
Thy sceptre with delight obey,
While with thy sword we fight our way.

- 2 While life remains we look to thee
For courage, strength, and liberty :
Supply our wants from thy rich store,
Till we are filled and want no more.

- 3 And when thy sweet, thy awful voice,
In death invites us to rejoice,
Thyself, O Saviour, strike the blow,
That slays our last, our strongest foe !

- 4 Thou didst thyself perfume the grave,
From fear of death thy saints to save :
Our souls through Jordan's billows guide,
And stem the overwhelming tide.

- 5 Thyself conduct us to the land
Where ransomed saints adoring stand ;
Where bliss, a sea without a shore,
Forbids the blest to wish for more.

386 C.M. Staughton 38. Mayo 221.

The prize.

Heb. xii. 1, 2. 1 Peter v. 10. [462]

- 1 **H**OW rich thy favours, God of grace !
How various and divine !
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.

- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

- 3 Jesus, the herald of his love,
Displays the radiant prize ;
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.

- 4 He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays ;
Till firm and fair the building rise,
A temple to his praise.

- 5 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end. DODDRIDGE.

387 C.M. Eastham 131. Walworth 329.

The prize.

1 Cor. ix. 24, 25. Heb. xii. 1, 2. [429]

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun:
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

DODDRIDGE.

388 C.M. Chimes 24. Charlestown 134.

The end of the journey.

Isa. xxxv. 8—10. Isa. li. 11. [252]

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord;
Your great deliverer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised:
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the way in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound:
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 5 March, then, in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your hearts,
While travelling up the hill.

DODDRIDGE.

389 I. M. Honiton 153. Kingston 167.

Home.

1 Chron. xxix. 15. 1 Peter ii. 11. [466]

- 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

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- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large:
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

GIBBONS.

390 L.M. Lavendon 367. Bridgewater 165.

Home.

Mark ii. 19, 20. 2 Cor. v. 6—8. [247]

- 1 **T**HOU dearest object of my love,
I long to dwell with thee above;
Fain would I leave the world, and rise
To yon fair mansion in the skies.

- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my peaceful home;
I faint with toil, and often say,
"Let not thy chariot long delay."

- 3 As one forsaken, and forlorn,
Thy absence, dearest Lord, I mourn:
I long thy blissful face to see,
And dwell for ever near to thee.

- 4 With patience I would wear the chain,
Till I my sweet release obtain;
Still waiting for that blessed day
When thou wilt call my soul away.

FAWCETT.

391 L.M. Angel's Song 47. Hafod 368.

Home.

Isa. xxxv. 10. Rev. vi. 1. [203]

- 1 **A** CAPTIVE here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred courts I sigh:
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see their Saviour "eye to eye."

- 2 While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness my path attends.

- 3 But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion's children shall return;
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

- 4 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet;
Though now we're distant far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

392 L.M. Portugal 69. Epworth 248.

Home.

John xiv. 2, 3. Heb. iv. 2. [253]

- 1 **A**S when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill
His heart revives, if cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

- 2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He sighs the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

NEWTON.

393 7s. Harts 183. Devonport 378.
Home.

Phil. iv. 4. Luke xii. 32. [265]

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing!
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye ransomed flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

6 Lord! submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

CENNICK.

394 C.M. Lichfield 324. Havannah 125.
The heavenly Canaan.

Deut. xxxiv. 1—5. 2 Cor. iv. 18. [249]

1 FOR a view, from Pisgah's top,
Of my celestial seat!
'Twould give new courage to my hope,
And vigour to my feet.

2 Could I but always fix my eyes
On my immortal crown,
'Twould make my noblest passions rise,
And tread opposers down.

3 The frowns of earth would daunt no more
Than summer-evening skies!
Nor could their flattering smiles allure
My feet to leave the prize.

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4 O earth! thy fairest beauty fades,
When heaven appears in sight:
Thy brightest lustre dies in shades,
Before celestial light!

5 My spirit stretches all her wings
Towards the eternal shores;
And weary of these restless things,
A land of peace explores.

LEE.

395 C.M. St. Michael's 138. Dove Dale 27.
The heavenly Canaan.

Psaln cxix. 54. 1 Peter ii. 21. [244]

1 OUR country is Emmanuel's ground:
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears; [raise,
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can
And nought but sin our fears.

3 We tread the path our master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierced before.

4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love;
And, while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

5 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But, while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

BARBAULD.

396 L.M. Philadelphia 269. Baden 150.
A continuing city.

1 Chron. xxix. 15. Heb. xiii. 14. [251]

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here:"
This may distress the worldly
mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here;"
Sad truth, were this to be our home:
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here:"
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here:"
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Oh, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil arc blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine:
And his to fix my time of rest.

KELLY.

397 C.M. Chester 116. London New 20.
The heavenly Zion.
 Psalm lxxiii. 29, 24. Rev. iii. 12. [342]

- 1 MY soul, triumphant in the Lord,
 Shall tell its joys abroad;
 And march with holy vigour on,
 Supported by its God.
- 2 Through all the winding maze of life,
 His hand hath been my guide;
 And, in that long experienced care,
 My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
 An unexhausted stream:
 That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
 Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
 These distant courts I love;
 But O! I burn with strong desire
 To view thy house above.
- 5 Mingled with all the shining band,
 My soul would there adore;
 A pillar in thy temple fixed,
 To be removed no more.

DODDRIDGE.

398 148th. Resurrection 195. St. Thomas 196.
The heavenly port.
 Matt. viii. 26. Heb. vi. 19.

- 1 JESUS! at thy command
 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep:
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
 My compass is thy word;
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord!
 I trust thy faithfulness and power
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie;
 Yet Christ will safely keep
 And guide me with his eye:
 My anchor hope shall firm abide,
 And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land—
 The port of endless rest;
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast!
 Oh, may I reach the heavenly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no more!
- 5 [Whene'er becalmed I lie,
 And storms forbear to toss;
 Be thou, dear Lord! still nigh,
 Lest I should suffer loss:
 For more the treacherous calm I dread
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.]
- 6 Come Heavenly Wind, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace;
 Waft me from all below
 To heaven—my destined place!
 Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

TOFLADY.

399 L.M. Woolstanlen 62. Trevilian 169.
The heavenly kingdom.
 Matt. v. 3. Luke xii. 32. [463]

- 1 YE humble souls, complain no more;
 Let faith survey your future store:
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
 And pours the penitential tear;
 Hope points, to your dejected eyes,
 The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
 In vain they boast their little stores;
 Trifles are *theirs*, a kingdom *yours*!—
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
 Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
 Where undecaying pleasures rise,
 And every wish hath full supplies:
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
 While time sweeps earthly thrones away,
 The state which power and truth sustain,
 Unmoved for ever must remain.
- 6 There shall your eyes with rapture view
 The glorious friend that died for you;
 That died to ransom, died to raise
 To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.
- 7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer:
 Reveal, confirm my interest there:
 Whate'er my humble lot below,
 This, this, my soul desires to know!
- 8 O let me hear that voice divine
 Pronounce the glorious blessing mine;
 Enrolled among thy happy poor—
 My largest wishes ask no more.

STEELE.

400 L.M. Waceham 57. Wandsworth 158.
Everlasting praise.

Psalm cxlvi. 1, 2. 2 Cor. iv. 16. [469]

- 1 GOD of my life, through all its days,
 My grateful powers shall sound thy
 praise;
 The song shall wake with opening light,
 And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And griefs would tear my throbbing
 breast,
 Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all its powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall
 break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chained to flesh no more,
 With what glad accents shall I rise,
 To join the music of the skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
 Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
 And emulate with joy unknown,
 The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

DODDRIDGE.

- 401 C.M. Day Spring 33. Eastham 131.
E everlasting praise.
Psalm civ. 33. 2 Cor. v. [470]

- 1 **Y**ES, I will bless thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care, and keen distress,
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tears shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God:
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes:
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 6 [How will my happy spirit mount,
Confined in flesh no more,
Up to thy courts, where kindred minds
In countless ranks adore.]
- 7 There shall my powers, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

HEGINBOTHAM.

- 402 7.6. Llanberris 189. Bonchurch 390.
E everlasting praise.
Psalm v. 3. Psalm cxlvi. 1, 2. [480]

- 1 **T**O thee my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting springs;
Rejoicing in thy favour,
Almighty King of Kings.
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all the saints above;
And tell the pleasing story
Of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication
Well pleased thou shalt hear;
Oh, grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By thee, through life, supported,
I'll pass the dangerous road,
By heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode;
There cast my crown before thee,
When all my woes are o'er;
And day and night adore thee—
What can an angel more?

81

- 403 7.6.—7.7.7.6. Amsterdam 93.
The return of his Lord.
Col. iii. 1—4. 2 Peter iii. 12. [246]

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul, new-born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

CENNICK.

- 404 S.M. Mount Ephraim 4. Derby 313.
The return of his Lord.

- Matt. xxiv. 42—47. Luke xii. 35—37. [506]
- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
And, while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

DODDRIDGE

- 405 8.8.6. Snowfields 97. Hereford 196.
The return of his Lord.
1 Thess. i. 10. 2 Peter iii. 3—9.

- 1 **T**O wait for that important day
When Jesus will his power display
Be this my one great care:
To do his will my business here!
No toil to shun, no danger fear;
Resolved his cross to share.
- 2 Though he should still prolong his stay,
And sinners mock at the delay,
His people need not fear:

G

The man who wore the crown of thorns,
Whose claim the world rejects and scorns,
In glory will appear.

- 3 Be patient, then, my soul, and rest,
Be sure the Saviour's time is best,
And cannot be too late;
Rejoice in hope, the day will come,
When Jesus will convey thee home:
Till then in patience wait. KELLY.

THE ORDINANCES.

- 406 C.M. St. Ann's 28. Westmoreland 336.
The baptism of Christ.
Mark i. 9—11. 1 Peter ii. 21. [399]

- 1 **T**O Jordan's stream the Saviour goes,
To do his Father's will:
His breast with sacred ardour glows,
Each precept to fulfil.
- 2 Behold him buried in the flood
[The emblem of his grave]
Who, from the bosom of his God,
Came down a world to save.
- 3 As from the water he ascends,
What miracles appear!
God with a voice his Son commends—
Let all the nations hear!
- 4 Hear it, ye Christians, and rejoice:
Let this your courage raise:
What God approves, be this your choice,
And glory in his ways. DEACON.

- 407 C.M. Irish 32. Tintern Abbey 118.
The baptism of Christ.
Matt. iii. 15. 2 Tim. ii. 11, 12. [395]

- 1 **B**URIED beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day
Their ardent zeal to express:
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfil all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain,
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
And drives our fears away:
When he commands, and strength
We cheerfully obey. [imparts,
- 5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise. BEDDOME.

- 408 L.M. Melcombe 170. Woolstanton 62.
The baptism of Christ.
Matt. iii. 13—16. Rom. vi. 3—5. [402]

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save,
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave.

- 2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness," he meekly said:
Why should we then to do his will
Or be ashamed, or be afraid?

- 3 With thee into the watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
To lie interred by such a friend.

- 4 Yet, as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again,
So, on thy resurrection day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

- 5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide;
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side. STENNETT.

- 409 C.M. London New 20. St. Asaph 138.
The baptism of Christ.
Mark i. 9, 10. Gal. iii. 27. [413]

- 1 **'T**IS the great Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.
- 2 The Father hailed him! let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As in the image of his death
We own our buried friend.
- 3 We seek the consecrated grave.
Along the path he trod,
Receive us in the hallowed wave
Thou holy Son of God.
- 4 Blest Spirit, with intense desire,
Solicitous we bow;
Baptize us with renewing fire.
And ratify the vow.
- 5 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear,
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.
- 6 O that our conscious souls may own,
With joy's serene survey,
Inscribed upon his judgment throne,
The transcript of this day.

- 410 L.M. Morning Hymn 58.
The baptism of Christ.
Luke iii. 21, 22. John i. 32, 33. [400]

- 1 **A**LL glory be to him who came
From Galilee to Jordan's stream;
There did he sink beneath the wave,
And to his saints a pattern gave.

- 2 Glory to him who from on high
Proclaimed to all, both far and nigh,
That he in whom his glory shone
Was his beloved and only Son.

- 3 Glory to the celestial Dove,
Who, swift descending from above,
Rested upon Messiah's head,
And there a heavenly lustre spread.

- 4 Ye saints, with cheerfulness submit
To this mysterious solemn rite,
On which the sacred Three combine
To put an honour so divine.

BEDDOME.

411 C.M. Adelphi 29. Broughton 140.
The baptism of Christ.
John i. 29—34. Rom. vi. 3—5. [412]

- 1 **T**HE Jordan prophet cries to day,
"Behold the Lamb of God;"
The Spirit's consecrating ray
Still lingering o'er the flood.
- 2 Before the symbol wave we bend,
And shed contrition's tear,
And own again our buried friend,
And learn his sorrows here.
- 3 Saviour, within this shadowy tomb,
Let us the glory see,
Which pierced the deep unearthly gloom
Of that which closed on thee.
- 4 Pure as thine own baptismal sign,
So let our faith arise,
To live that hidden life of thine—
That life which never dies.

412 8.8.6. Hereford 196. Dort 98.
The example of Christ.
Matt. iii. 15. John xii. 26.

- 1 **T**HUS it became the Prince of grace,
And thus should all the favoured race
High heaven's command fulfil;
For that our condescending Lord
Should lead his followers through the
Was heaven's eternal will. [flood,
- 2 'Tis not as led by custom's voice,
We make these ways our favoured choice,
And thus with zeal pursue:
No, heaven's eternal sovereign Lord
Has, in the precepts of his word,
Enjoined us thus to do.
- 3 And shall we ever dare despise
The gracious mandate of the skies,
Where condescending heaven,
To sinful man's apostate race,
In matchless love and boundless grace,
His will revealed has given?
- 4 Thou everlasting gracious King,
Assist us now thy grace to sing,
And still direct our way,
To those bright realms of peace and rest,
Where all the exulting tribes are blessed
With one great choral day. NORMAN.

413 L.M. St. Mark's 247. Aphek 163.
The command.
Mark xvi. 15, 16. Acts v. 31, 32. [392]

- 1 **T**HE Christ ascended to his throne,
He issued forth his great command—
'Go preach my gospel to the world,
And spread my name through every land.
- 2 To men declare their sinful state,
The methods of my grace explain;
He that believes and is baptized,
Shall everlasting life obtain.

83

- 3 Dear Saviour, we thy will obey,
Not of constraint, but with delight;
Hither thy servants come to-day,
To honour thine appointed rite.

- 4 Descend again, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord,
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.

- 5 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The mysteries of thy love explore;
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

BEDDOME.

414 8.7. Baun 282. Norwood 86.
The command.
Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. Rom. vi. 3, 4. [393]

- 1 **J**ESUS, mighty King in Zion!
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee:
- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know thy great salvation
Are baptized beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new. FELLOWS.

415 8.7. Corinth 187. Thornton 280.
The command.
Acts ii. 38. Acts xii. 16.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls who seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming
Hear the voice of revelation, [blood,
Tread the path that Jesus trod:
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice:
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice:
Jesus says, "Let each believer
"Be baptized in my name:"
He himself in Jordan's river,
Was immersed beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way:
View the rite with understanding;
Jesus' grave before you lies;
Be interred at his commanding,
After his example rise. FAWCETT.

416 C.M. Northampton 41. Lancaster 237.
Burial with Christ.
Rom. vi. 3—10. Col. iii. 1—3. [396]

- 1 **B**APTIZED into our Saviour's death,
Our souls to sin must die;
With Christ our Lord we live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

2 There, at his Father's hand he sits,
Enthroned divinely fair:
Yet owns himself our brother still,
And our forerunner there.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies—
And be our hearts above.

4 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly:
Lord, send thy strong attractive power,
To raise and fix us high.

DODDRIDGE.

417 C.M. Bedford 241. Welby 126.

Burial with Christ.

Luke xii. 50. Rom. vi. 5. [397]

1 SAVIOUR! we seek the watery tomb,
Illumed by love divine;
Far from the deep tremendous gloom
Of that which once was thine.

2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We're buried with the Lord.

3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in;
O may we rise to life anew,
And only die to sin.

418 L.M. New Sabbath 50. Seville 258.

Burial with Christ.

Acts ii. 41. Col. ii. 12. [394]

1 SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod!
And follow through his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly Son of God!

2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire,
Clothed in the Saviour's righteousness,
They shine in beautiful attire.

3 O sacred rite! on thee impressed,
The image of our death we view:
Emerging from the opening wave,
We see our resurrection too.

4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men:
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud Amen.

STENNETT.

419 L.M. Hawthornden 49. Westbury 256.

Motives.

ACTS viii. 12. 2 COR. v. 14, 15.

1 GREAT things, O everlasting Son!
Great things for us thy grace hath
Constrained by thy almighty love, (done):
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

2 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.

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3 The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite and be denied;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Interred in such a liquid grave?

4 Thus we, dear Saviour! own thy name,
Receive us rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

FELLOWS.

420 C.M. Patmos 144. Northampton 41.

Motives.

John xiv. 21. Acts v. 41. [401]

1 DEAR Lord, and will thy pardoning
Embrace a wretch so vile? [Love]
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured?
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Repoves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways. FELLOWS.

421 C.M. Devizes 26. Walworth 328.

Motives.

Acts viii. 36. Rev. xiv. 4. [400]

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue:
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Emmanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee. RYLAND.

422 L.M. Morning Hymn 59. Newport 361.

Acknowledgment of Christ

Mark viii. 38. 2 TIM. ii. 12. [400]

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus:—Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus—Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

7 [His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise,
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

GREIG.

423 C.M. St. James's 17. Syracuse 226.
Profession.

Acts xi. 23. 2 Cor. viii. 5. [295]

WITNESS, ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield:
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That with returning wants the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways:
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

BEDDOME.

424 C.M. Abridge 31. Florence 235.
The solemn pledge.

Gal. iii. 27. 1 Peter iii. 21. [398]

1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.

2 Oh, may we feel as once we felt,
When, pained and grieved at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look
Relieved our keenest smart.

3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercised again;
And nurtured by celestial power—
In exercise remain.

4 Awake our fear, our love, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy:
Vain world, begone! let things above
Our happy thoughts employ.

5 Whilst thee our Saviour and our God
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.

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6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise;
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy praise.

BEDDOME, altered.

425 L.M. Woolstanton 62. Psalm 100, 46.
The irrevocable pledge.

Psalm xvi. 2. 2 Cor. xi. 2. [410]

1 **'T**IS done; the great transaction's
done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

2 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

3 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

DODDRIDGE.

426 C.M. Liverpool 23. Philippi 133.
The eunuch rejoicing.

Acts viii. 39. [404]

1 **B**EHOLD, the Eunuch, when baptized,
Went on his way with joy!
And who can tell what rapturous thoughts
Did then his mind employ!

2 Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
Of whom I lately read?
Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,
Was numbered with the dead?

3 Is He who left the lonesome grave,
Who reigns above the sky,
My advocate before the throne?
My portion when I die?

4 Have I professed his holy name?
Do I his gospel bear
To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
And shall I spread it there?

5 Blessed pool, in which I lately lay
And left my fears behind;
What an unworthy worm am I,
And God profusely kind!

6 Blest emblem of that precious blood
Which satisfied for sin;
And of that renovating grace
Which makes the conscience clean.

7 This pattern, Lord! with sacred joy,
Help us to keep in view;
The same our work, the same shall be
Our consolation too.

BEDDOME.

427 C.M. Brading 127. Stafford 231.
Prayer for the baptized.

Acts xiv. 23. Col. ii. 6. [409]

1 **L**ET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race:
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

JAMES NEWTON.

428 S.M. Falcon Street 2. Silverdale 114.
Thanksgiving.

Acts xv. 3. 1 Thess. ii. 19, 20. [296]

- 1 **WHO** can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high celestial King
His saving power displays?
- 2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall;
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all.
- 3 When heaven's expanding gates
Invite the pilgrim's feet;
And Jesus, at their entrance, waits
To place them on his seat.
- 4 Who can forbear to praise
Our high celestial King.
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace,
Invites our tongues to sing?

SWAIN.

429 C.M. Bexley 217. Clifton 123.
Thanksgiving.

Luke xv. Col. i. 3—6. [294]

- 1 **THERE'S** joy in heaven, and joy on
I When prodigals return, [earth,
To see desponding souls rejoice,
And haughty sinners mourn.
- 2 "Come saints, and hear what God has
Is a reviving sound; [done,"
Oh, may it oft refresh our souls,
And spread the globe around.
- 3 Often, O Sovereign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day,
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey.
- 4 Great God! the work is all thy own;
Thine be the praises too:
Let every heart and every tongue
Give thee the glory due.

430 L.M. Angel's Song 47. Melcombe 170.
The Lord's Supper.

Matt. xvi. 26—28. John xiv. 21. [418]

- 1 **L**ORD! while around thy board we meet,
And humbly worship at thy feet,
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 2 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love displayed,
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 3 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow!
And thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

STEELE.

431 L.M. Ulverston 174. Naples 346.
Invitation to the table.

Rom. xiv. 1. 1 Cor. v. 8. [414]

- 1 **MY** God, and is thy table spread?
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Hither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.
- 2 Hail! sacred feast which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Why are its dainties, all in vain,
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 4 Lord, let thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach, with hearts pre-
pared:
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.
- 6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
More of that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

432 C.M. Clitheroe 43. Camberwell New 22.
Grateful reception.

Isa. lvi. 6, 7. 1 Cor. xi. 23—25. [419]

- 1 **L**ORD! at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 I that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has rooin!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumphed too."
- 5 [With trembling faith and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love;
'Tis a rich banquet we have had:
What will it be above!]
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

STENNETT.

433 C.M. Welby 125. Gorton 25.
Remembrance of Christ.

Luke xxiii. 19, 20. Luke xxiii. 42. [425]

- 1 **A**CCORDING to thy gracious word
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,—
And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary?
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice?
I must remember thee:—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love to me:
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

MONTGOMERY.

434 C.M. Charmouth 124. Athens 244.
Remembrance of Christ.

Luke xxii. 19. Heb. xii. 2. [419]

- 1 **R**EMEMBER Thee! remember Christ!
While memory holds her place
Can we forget our Lord of life,
Who saves us by his grace!
- 2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Forgets not those for whom, on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.
- 3 The promised joy he then obtained,
When he ascended hence,
Up from the grave to God's right hand,
A Saviour and a Prince.
- 4 His glory now, no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are saved from hell.
- 5 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquished death;
For this he pleads in heaven.
- 6 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

WARDLAW.

435 C.M. St. Matthew's 145. St. Ann's 28.
Remembrance of Christ.

John xiii. 1. 1 Cor. xi. 24. [420]

- 1 **I**F human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie:
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh:

- 2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?
- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,
'Meet, and remember me!'
- 4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our worthless hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

NOEL.

436 7s. SIX LINES. Truro 83. Portland 180.
Heavenly bread and wine.

John vi. 51—58. 1 Cor. x. 16. [424]

- 1 **B**BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed,
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread:
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died.
- 2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice,
'Tis thy wounds my healing give:
To thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life! Oh, let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

CONDOR.

437 L.M. Crucifixion 152. Penshurst 61.
The cross.

Gal. iii. 13. Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **C**OME see on gloomy Calvary,
Suspended on the fatal tree,
By men rejected in disdain,
A bleeding sufferer racked with pain.
- 2 Is this the Saviour long foretold
To usher in the age of gold?
To make the reign of sorrow cease,
And bind the jarring world in peace?
- 3 'Tis he, 'tis he!—he kindly shrouds
His glories in a night of clouds,
That souls might from their ruin rise,
And heir the unperishable skies.
- 4 See, to their refuge and their rest,
From all the bonds of guilt released,
Transgressors to his cross repair,
And find a full redemption there.
- 5 Jesus! what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!
And millions more to thee shall fly,
And on thy sacrifice rely.
- 6 That tree—that curse-empoisoned tree,
Which proved a bloody rack to thee,
Shall in the noblest blessings shoot,
And fill the nations with its fruit.
- 7 The sorrow, shame, and death, were thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the glory, life, and bliss;
What love can be compared to this?

438 L.M. Montgomery 246. Brecon 361.
Anticipating the Lord's return.

1 Cor. xii. 26. Rev. xii. 20. [416]

- 1 **THUS** we commemorate the day
On which our dearest Lord was slain;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appear on earth again.
- 2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud in triumph rise,
And on the winds' swift pinions fly.
- 3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross one
stood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

STENNETT.

439 S.S.B. Hereford 197. Dort 98.
The Sabbath anticipated.

Isaiah lvi. 6, 7. Heb. iv. 9. [314]

- 1 **SWEET** day of rest, for thee I'd wait,
Emblem and earnest of a state
Where saints are fully blest!
For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh,
I'd count the days till thou art nigh
Sweet day of sacred rest!
- 2 O that it might be always so;
My songs no interruption know.
Till death shall seal my tongue;
In heaven a nobler strain I'll raise,
And rest from every thing but praise,
My heaven an endless song.

440 L.M. Westbury 256. Bridgewater 165.
Sabbath morning.

Gen. ii. 3. Mark ii. 27. [315]

- 1 **ANOTHER** six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of heaven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past;
With hope we future pleasures taste.

- 6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

STENNETT.

441 L.M. Oswestry 266. Arimathea 166.
Sabbath morning.

Neh. ix. 14. Mark ii. 27. [315]

- 1 **HOW** welcome to the saints, when rest
With six days' noise, and care, and
Is the returning day of rest.
Which hides them from the world awhile!
- 2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a different air;
Composed and softened by the day,
All things another aspect wear.
- 3 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they the Saviour oft have met;
And, while they feast upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 4 This highly favoured lot is ours—
May we the privilege improve;
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnest of the joys above.
- 5 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord!
Here we thy promised presence seek;
Open thy hand, with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week.

NEWTON.

442 L.M. St. Paul's 161. Baden 149.
Sabbath morning.

Heb. iv. 9. Rev. i. 10. [315]

- 1 **COME**, dearest Lord, and bless this day.
Come, bear our thoughts from earth
away;
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then, when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A sabbath, which shall never end.

443 S.S.B. Worcester 166. Dort 98.
Sabbath morning.

Psalms cxvii. Zech. viii. 23-24.

- 1 **THE** joyful morn, my God is near,
That calls me to thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts I'll tread,
And tread the hallowed floor.
- 2 Higher from Judah's utmost end,
The heaven-protected tribes ascend;
Their offerings hither bring:
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise thy goodness employ
And hail the immortal King.

3 Be peace implored by each on thee,
O Zion, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray:
How blest who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labours shall attend
And safety guard his way.

4 O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
Distribute all her store!

5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O Zion, fail
To bless thy loved abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose
The mansions of my God?

MERRICK.

444 148th. Trumpet 96. Waterstock 194.

Lord's day morning.

Psalm cx. Matthew xxviii.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resigned
The glorious Prince of life,
In dark domains confined;
The angelic host around him bends,
And midst their shouts the God ascends.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war;
Victorious, thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.
- 5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing the unerring dart,
With salutary pangs
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

445 C.M. York 234. Walworth 329.

Lord's day morning.

Psalm cxviii. 24. Malachi iv. 2. [315]

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours celestial day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

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3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above,
To nations yet unborn. BARBAULD.

446 C.M. Kingsland 234. Eastham 131.

The hallowed day.

Gen ii. 3. Heb. iv. [322]

- 1 **C**OME, let us join, with sweet accord,
In hymns around the throne;
This is the day our rising Lord
Has made and called his own
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

447 C.M. Chester 113. Epping 240.

The hallowed day.

Psalm cxviii. 24. Rev. i. 10. [316]

- 1 **V**AIN world, with all thy busy cares
And glittering toys, depart;
A nobler guest demands my time,
'Tis Jesus claims my heart.
- 2 He rose, the dear Redeemer rose,
And owns this sacred day:
Come, O my soul, with cheerful haste
Thy grateful homage pay.
- 3 Sing the rich wonders of his death,
His risen glories tell:
His great and glorious victory sing,
O'er sin, and death, and hell.
- 4 This is the day, the blissful day,
Ordained for sacred joy;
In prayer, in praise, in heavenly love,
These sacred hours employ.
- 5 Come, blessed Jesus, from above,
And in my bosom shine;
Come, bear my soul from earth away,
To feast on joys divine.
- 6 O happy place! I long to appear
In that bright world above;
To see my dear Redeemer there,
And sing and praise his love!

448 C.M. Charlestown 134. Harlow 143.

Lord's day meditations.

Acts. i. 9. Col. iii. 1, 2. [320]

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies!
My thoughts, pursue the lofty theme,
And to the heavens arise.
- 2 Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road,
Nor all the honours of the earth
Detain my soul from God.
- 3 Think of the splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly rest contented here
With worlds beneath the sky.

4 Heaven is the birth-place of the saints,
To heaven their souls ascend;
The Almighty owns his favourite race,
As Father and as Friend.

5 O may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence.

COTTON.

449 L.M. New Sabbath 50. Philadelphia 268.
The everlasting sabbath.
Heb. iv. Rev. xxii. 3—5. [223]

1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love:
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose:
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

450 C.M. Windsor 119. Kidbrook 341.
The everlasting sabbath.
Dan. xii. 13. Rev. xxii. 4, 5. [324]

1 WHEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares:
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 Release my soul from every chain—
No more sin's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To Sabbaths without end.

CENNICK.

451 C.M. Adelpsi 29. Lystra 220.
The everlasting sabbath.

1 Cor. xii. 9—12. Rev. xxii. 3—5. [225]

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end:

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine:

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy. BROWN.

452 C.M. Chimes 21. Nottingham 142.
Sabbath evening.

Psalm cxix. 9—12. Phil. i. 23.

1 THIS sacred day, great God, we close
With gratitude and love,
And bless thee for the joyful news
Which hails us from above.

2 May we retain the glorious truths
Recorded in thy word,
And, with obedient lives, adorn
The doctrines of the Lord.

3 Ere long we hope to meet and join
The ransomed throng in bliss;
With joy thy earthly courts we'll leave,
To dwell where Jesus is.

453 104th. Psalm 104, 91. St. Dionis 256.
Praise.

Psalm cxlviii. Rev. iv. 11.

1 MY soul, praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name,
His mercies record,
His bounties proclaim:
To God, their Creator,
Let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise.

2 Though hid from man's sight,
God sits on his throne,
Yet here, by his works,
Their author is known:
The world shines a mirror,
Its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image,
Reflected below.

3 By knowledge supreme,
By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth
With gracious design:

O'er beast, bird, and insect,
His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
Whose love still sustains.

- 4 And man, his last work,
With reason endued,
Who, falling through sin,
By grace is renewed:
To God his Creator,
Let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise. PARK.

454 L.M. Psalm 100, 46. Woolstanton 62.
Praise.

Psalm c. Zeph. iii. 9. [329]

- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with pious mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

TATE AND BRADY.

455 7s. Harts 183. Samaria 284.
Praise.

Neh. ix. 5, 6. Eph. v. 19, 20.

- 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No:—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Till that glorious kingdom come;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy
Songs of praise their powers employ.

MONTGOMERY.

456 S.M. Naseby 104. Devonshire Square 1.
The sanctuary.

Psalm lxxxiv. 1. Isa. lvi. 5. [330]

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God. STENNETT.

457 L.M. Warrington 51. Leicester 160.
The sanctuary.

Psalm lxxxiv. 4—7. Rev. xxii. 1—5. [331]

- 1 **H**APPY the men, in ancient days,
Whose hearts were set on Zion's ways;
Cheerful along the waste they trod,
To join the assemblies of their God.
- 2 Still happier they whose souls aspire
To heaven, with hope and strong desire;
And, as their course they thither bend,
On uncreated might depend.
- 3 From stage to stage, from strength to
strength,
They go, till they arrive at length
At the Jerusalem above,
There to enjoy the God of love.
- 4 Immortal life, and joys unknown,
Flow, in full rivers from the throne;
In his own light our God is seen,
Without one veiling cloud between.

GIBBONS.

458 7s. Kettering 285. Solitude 90.
The sanctuary.

Psalm lxxxiv. Rev. xi. 19. [332]

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne;
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love and sing thy praise.

4 Thus, with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

TURNER.

459 L.M. Chard 157. Naples 349.

The sanctuary.

Psal'm xxvii. Heb. xiii. 5, 6. [333]

1 **T**HOU, Lord! my safety, thou my light!
What danger shall my soul affright?
Strength of my life! what arm shall dare
To hurt whom thou hast made thy care?

2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has formed, and yet shall form—
In God's own house to spend my days
My life devoted to his praise.

3 There, joyful, find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God;
For he, within his hallowed shrine,
My secret refuge shall assign.

4 When thou, with condescending grace,
Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
My heart replied to thy kind word,
"Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord."

5 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart;
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.

6 Ye humble souls, in every strait,
On God, with sacred courage, wait;
His hand shall life and strength afford,
Oh, ever wait upon the Lord!

STEELE.

460 L.M. Southampton 63. Trevilian 169.

The sanctuary.

Psal'm lxx. 1—4; lxxxiv. 4. [336]

1 **F**OR Thee, O God! our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat:
Our promised altars here we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 Blest is the man who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives:
Whilst we, at humbler distance, taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

TATE AND BRADY.

461 L.M. Coomb's 149. Tyne 166.

The sanctuary.

Psal'm lxxxiv; cxi. 13. [338]

1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.

2 Oh, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

92

3 One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me
Than thousands in the tents of state:
The meanest place is bliss with Thee.

4 God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows:
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

5 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown
The happy favourites of his care.

6 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on Thee!

STEELE.

462 L.M. Bramcoate 65. Haarlem 264.

The sanctuary.

Gen. xxviii. 16, 17. Psal'm xlviii. 9. [298]

1 **'T**IS the fair dawn of heavenly day,
To heavenly bliss the shining way,
When to his temple God descends,
And there converses with his friends.

2 With beams of smiling majesty
He awes and yet invites them nigh;
His glory and his grace displays,
And shines with bright but friendly rays.

3 While hovering o'er the happy place,
The Spirit sheds his heavenly grace:
To fix our thoughts, our hearts to raise,
And tune our souls to love and praise.

4 'Tis here we learn the blessed skill
To know and do our Maker's will;
And while we hear, and sing, and pray,
With heavenly joy we soar away.

5 These are the dearest hours I know,
The sweetest joys of all below;
Here I would choose my fixed abode,
And dwell for ever near my God.

BROWNE.

463 C.M. London New 20. Mayo 221.

The heavenly sanctuary.

Psal'm xi. 4. Isa. lvi. 7. [314]

1 **W**ITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 Thee we adore, and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay.
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel,
With trust and holy fear;
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

- 5 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring. JERVIS.

464 C.M. Maidstone 216. Northampton 41.
The divine presence.

Matt. xviii. 20. Rev. xxii. 20. [340]

- 1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend:
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!
- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love
Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 But ah! the song how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!
- 5 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy glories shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.
- 7 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

STEELE.

465 C.M. Irish 32. Bethany 236.
Opening a place for worship.

1 Kings viii. 27. Matt. xviii. 20. [517]

- 1 GREAT Sovereign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below,
Before thy glorious Majesty,
Ten thousand seraphs bow.
- 2 Yet thou art not confined above;
Thy presence knows no bound;
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.
- 3 Behold a temple raised for thee,
Oh, meet thy people here;
Here, O thou king of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.
- 4 Here may salvation be proclaimed,
Through thy most precious blood;
And sinners know the joyful sound,
And own the Saviour, God.
- 5 Here may a numerous crowd arise,
To bow before thy throne;
Here may their songs salute the skies,
To ages yet unknown.

93

466 C.M. Patmos 144. Welby 126.
Opening a place for worship.

Psalm cxxxii. 8—10. Eph. vi. 23. [518]

- 1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers:
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

NEWTON.

467 148th. St. Thomas's 196. Cesarea 292.
Opening a place for worship.

Psalm cxxxii. Zech. ii. 10, 11.

- 1 IN sweet exalted strains
The King of glory praise:
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine:
Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Then, King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.
- 5 Here, may the attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord!
- 6 Here, may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days;

Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.

FRANCIS.

468

148th. St. Thomas's 106. Cesarea 292.

Opening a place for worship.

Isaiah lvi. 6, 7. Eph. ii. 19.

1 GREAT Father of mankind!
We bless the wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own:
Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim:
Our Father-King,
Thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows:
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

DODDRIDGE.

469

L.M. Psalm 100, 46. Altona 262.

Opening a place for worship.

2 Chron. vi. 18. Psalm lxxxvii. [519]

1 AND will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will He, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own?

2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train:
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here!

DODDRIDGE.

470

L.M. Evening Hymn 60. Neapolis 261.

Opening a place for worship.

Matt. xviii. 20. John iv. 20—23. [520]

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

94

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care:
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord:
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make our waiting hearts thine own.

COWPER.

471

7s. Munich 246. Solitude 90.

Before sermon.

Gen. xxii. 26. Isaiah xiv. 19. [327]

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disclaim;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HAMMOND.

472

112th, or L.M. Canada 176.

Before sermon.

Heb. iv. 2. James i. 22.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.
[Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.]

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
[Thus, Lord, &c.]

3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear:
[Thus, Lord, &c.]

- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display;
And guide us to the realms of day:
[Thus, Lord, &c.] **FAWCETT.**

473 8.7.4. Lewes 192. Leipsig 279.
Before sermon.

Acts iv. 29. Eph. vi. 19, 20.

- 1 **D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them
Every soul be Jesus' guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promised rest!

474 C.M. Westminster New 243.
Before sermon.

Acts ii. 1—4. Rev. i. 10.

- 1 **N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love!
- 2 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word:
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord.

475 8.7.4. Calvary 193. Guernsey 386.
Before sermon.

Isaiah lv. 2 Cor. ix. 10. [347]

- 1 **C**OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live!

476 C.M. Ashley 232. Adelphi 29
Before sermon.

Matt. xiii. 19—33. Luke viii. 4—15. [348]

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest! God of grace
Send down thy heavenly rain;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.
- 2 May no vain thoughts, like birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns
Choke up the precious grain.
- 3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring;
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by
A dead, a useless thing. [noon]

95

- 4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives,
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world, by smiles and frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.

- 5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

477 C.M. Evans 122. Westham 233.
After sermon.

Mark iv. 3—20. 1 Cor. iii. 6 7.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord! the heavenly seed is sown,
Be it thy servants' care;
Thy heavenly blessing to bring down,
By humble, fervent prayer.
- 2 In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain;
Lord of the harvest! God of grace!
Send down thy heavenly rain.
- 3 Then shall our cheerful hearts and
Begin this song divine; [tongues
Thou, Lord! hast given the rich increase,
And be the glory thine.

478 8.7. Corinth 187. Thornton 280.
After sermon.

Deut. xxxii. 2 Isaiah lv. 10. [353]

- 1 **A**S the dew, from heaven distilling,
Gently on the grass descends,
And revives it, thus fulfilling
What thy providence intends;
Let thy doctrine, Lord! so gracious,
Thus descending from above,
Blest by thee, prove efficacious
To fulfil thy work of love.
- 2 Lord! behold thy congregation;
Precious promises fulfil;
From thy holy habitation
Let the dew of life distil:
Let our cry come up before thee,
Sweetest influence shed around:
So thy people shall adore thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

479 7s. Kettering 285. Stoel 89.
After sermon.

Psalms cxviii. 18. 1 Cor. iii. 6.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, bless the word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O let sinners hear thy call,
And thy people grow in love.
- 2 Thy own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine:
Give the gospel great success—
Thine the work, the glory thine.
- 3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice;
Send, oh send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice;
Hear it, and return to God. **KELLY.**

480 C.M. Birmingham 135. Kidbrook 341.
After sermon.
 Heb. xiii. 20, 21. 1 Peter v. 10, 11. [351]

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,
 Who from the imprisoning grave
 Restored the shepherd of the sheep,
 Omnipotent to save;
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood
 Which he on Calvary spilt,
 To make the eternal covenant sure
 On which our hopes are built;
- 3 Perfect our souls in every grace
 To accomplish all his will;
 And all that's pleasing in his sight
 Inspire us to fulfil.
- 4 For the great Mediator's sake
 We every blessing pray;
 With glory let his name be crowned
 Through heaven's eternal day!

GIBBONS.

481 L.M. Ulverston 171. Chesterton 263.
Dismission.
 2 Kings v. 19. Luke viii. 48. [356]

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

HART.

482 S.7. Corinth 187. Thornton 280.
Dismission.
 Num. vi. 22—27. Luke ii. 29. [355]

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing
 Bid us all depart in peace;
 Still on gospel manna feeding,
 Pure seraphic joys increase.
 Fill each breast with consolation,
 Up to thee our voices raise;
 When we reach thy blissful station
 Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
 [And sing hallelujah, to God and the Lamb,
 For ever and ever, hallelujah, Amen.]

483 S.7.4. Calvary 193. Leipsig 379.
Dismission.
 1 Kings viii. 66. Luke xi. 25.

- 1 **L**ORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness!
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound.
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found!

96

- 3 So, where'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey;
 We shall surely
 Rise to reign in endless day!

484 S.8.6. Worcester 196. Hereford 196.
Prayer meeting.

Exod. xx. 24. Matt. xviii. 19, 20. [356]

- 1 **“**WHERE two or three together meet,
 My love and mercy to repeat,
 And tell what I have done,
 There will I be,” saith God, “to bless,
 And every burdened soul redress,
 Who worship at my throne.”
- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
 Speak to each heart some cheering word,
 To set the spirit free;
 Impart a kind celestial shower,
 And grant that we may spend an hour
 In fellowship with thee.

KENT.

485 L.M. Dresden 270. Addison's 172.
Prayer meeting.

Matt. viii. 19, 20. Acts i. 14. [380]

- 1 **W**HERETwo or three with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise—
- 2 “There,” says the Saviour, “will I be,
 Amid this little company;
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place.”
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word;
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

- 4 Then shall we praise the God of grace,
 Who brought our footsteps to this place;
 For prayer and praise with sins forgiven,
 Bring down to earth the bliss of heaven.

STENNETT.

486 Ss. Milan 68. Kiel 182.
Prayer meeting.

Psalms x. 17. Heb. iv. 14—16. [381]

- 1 **L**ORD! there is a throne of grace:
 There we now would seek thy face;
 Thou wilt hear the humblest prayer
 Of the soul that seeks thee there.
- 2 Though our language simple be,
 Words are nothing, Lord, with thee;
 To the broken contrite heart,
 Thou wilt joy and peace impart.
- 3 Saviour, for us intercede,
 While the promises we plead;
 And, while we the blessings gain,
 Thine the glory shall remain.

COBBIN.

487 L.M. Melcombe 170. Inverness 249.

Prayer meeting.

Exod. xvii. 11. 12. Phil. iv. 6, 7. [328]

1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-
draw;

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
And Satan trembles when he sees [bright;
The weakest saint upon his knees,

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But, when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."
COWPER.

488 L.M. St. Pancras 162. Genoa 252.

Prayer meeting.

1 Sam. xxviii. 6. Heb. i. 1, 2.

1 **O** GOD, who didst thy will unfold
In wondrous modes to saints of old,
By dream, by oracle, or seer;
Wilt thou not still thy people hear?

2 What though no answering voice is heard?
Thine oracles, the written word,
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.

3 What though no more by dreams is shown
That future things to God are known?
Enough the promises reveal:
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

4 Faith asks no signal from the skies,
To show that prayers accepted rise:
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.

5 No need of prophets to inquire:
The Sun is risen; the stars retire:
The Comforter is come, and sheds
His holy unction on our heads.

6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire,
Answer our sacrifice by fire;
And by thy mighty acts declare,
Thou art the God who heareth prayer.
CONDER.

489 7s. Kettering 285. Solitude 90.

Prayer meeting.

Matt. vii. 7, 8. John viii. 36.

1 **P**RAYER can mercy's door unlock;
Open, Lord, to us that knock!
Us the heirs of glory seal,
With thy benediction fill.

2 Set, O set the captives free,
Draw our backward souls to thee,
Give our vanquished hearts to say,
Love divine has won the day.

TOPLADY.

490 7s. SIX LINES. Truro 83. Turin 84.

The close of a prayer meeting.

Acts iv. 31. Heb. x. 24, 25. [391]

1 **I**F 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer—
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place
May we go from grace to grace;
Till we, each in his degree,
Meet for endless glory be.
COBBIN.

491 7s. Kiel 182. Milan 88.

A parting prayer.

Hebrews xiii. 20, 21. [547]

1 **N**OW may he who from the dead
Brought the shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will
And preserve us day and night!

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.
NEWTON.

492 C.M. Peterborough 130. Broughton 140.

Parting.

Acts xviii. 18—23. Acts xxi. 5, 6. [546]

1 **H**OW sweet the interview with friends
Whose hopes and aims are one:
All earthly pleasures it transcends,
And swift the moments run.

2 Of sympathy and love possessed,
Our sorrows we impart;
And, when with pure enjoyments blessed,
They go from heart to heart.

3 Pursuing still our way to bliss,
A weak and feeble band,
We trust in Christ our righteousness,
Who will our strength command.

4 Though for a season we must part,
As urgent duties call,
Still we remain but one in heart,
And Jesus is our all.

5 O may his Spirit guide our feet,
Inspire our hearts with love,
Then, though on earth no more we meet,
We all shall meet above.

493 C.M. Mount Pleasant 37. Clifton 123.
Parting.

1 Thess. ii. 17, 18. 15—17.

1 BLESS'D be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And do his work below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his beloved embrace:
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 And let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

WESLEY.

494 L.M. Morning Hymn 58. Verona 148.
Parting.

Acts xx. 36—38. Col. iii. 16, 17. [516]

1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart,
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore:
And there released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again.

3 Now to our God, the Three in One,
Be everlasting glory done;
Rehearse, ye saints, the sound again—
Let every voice repeat Amen!

H. K. WHITE.

495 L.M. Islington 59. Lebanon 71.
Parting.

John xiv. 3. Rev. vii. 15. [544]

1 WHILE in the world we yet remain
We only meet to part again;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.

2 The hope that we shall see that day,
Should chase our present griefs away;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.

3 Then let us here improve these hours—
Improve them to a Saviour's praise:
To him with zeal devote our powers,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.

496 C.M. Wiltshire 40. Chester 116.
Re-union.

Job x. 12. Acts xxi. 17. [543]

1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
When we his love proclaim.

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2 'Twas by his huddling we were called
In pain awhile to part;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 O may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal, in works of love
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away;
Soon shall our wanderings cease;
And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

REED.

497 L.M. Warrington 51. Montgomery 216.
Welcome to Christian friends.

Mal. iii. 16, 17. Rom. i. 11, 12. [545]

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore:
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

NEWTON.

498 C.M. Philippi 133. Lystra 220.
Marriage.

John ii. 1, 2. Heb. xiii. 4.

1 THOU who at Cana didst appear
To bless a marriage feast;
Vouchsafe thy gracious presence here,
Be thou with us a guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands:
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

- 5 On every soul assembled here,
O make thy face to shine;
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer
Than richest food or wine.

BERRIDGE.

499 7s. SIX LINES. Truro 83. Cana 375.

Marriage.

Eph. v. 25—31. 1 Pet. iii. 7.

- 1 **D**EIGN this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of love!
Bless thy servants, on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed;
In this nuptial bond, to thee
Let them consecrated be.
- 2 In prosperity, be near
To preserve them in thy fear;
In affliction, let thy smile
All the woes of life beguile:
And when every change is past,
Take them to thyself at last. COLLYER.

500 7s. Kettering 285. Devonport 378.

Marriage.

Gen. ii. 18—24. Matt. xix. 3—6.

- 1 **F**ATHER of the human race,
Sanction with thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.
- 2 One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth;
And, as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.
- 3 One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety,
One for ever, Lord, with thee. COLLYER.

COLLYER.

501 L.M. Israel 67. Neapolis 261.

Family religion.

Gen. xviii. 19. 2 Sam. vi. 11—20. [525]

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace,
From thee they sprang, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustained.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell,
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name!
While pleased and thankful we remove
To join the family above. DODDRIDGE.

DODDRIDGE.

502 C.M. Maidstone 216. Nottingham 142.

The God of Bethel.

Gen. xxviii. 19—22. Gen. xlviii. 15, 16. [46]

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,—

99

- 2 Our fervent prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

- 4 O spread thy covering wings around!
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore.

DODDRIDGE, altered.

503 8.7. Mariners 87. Baun 282.

Daily mercies acknowledged.

Psalm cxlv. 1, 2. Eph. v. 20. [468]

- 1 **W**E'LL proclaim the wondrous story
Of the mercies we receive;
From the day-spring's dawning glory,
Till the fading hour of eve.
- 2 All the blessings heaven is lending,
We'll extol in grateful lays;
To his radiant throne ascending,
Wafted on the wings of praise.
- 3 In exalted rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy days:
All our grateful hearts combining
To declare his endless praise.

504 C.M. Eversley 18. Prestwich 238.

Evening.

Psalm cxix. 108. Ezek. xx. 40, 41. [541]

- 1 **O** LORD, another day is flown;
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt!—for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 [And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train—
And we are less than they.]
- 4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!
- 5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine.
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.
- 6 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet,
The dawn of lasting day.

H. K. WHITE.

505 G.M. Carver's Hymn 204
Morning.

Psalm 124-125. Verse 11-12. (189)

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere night shut out our sins and fears;
Not that we need thy voice protecting—
Thou hast been with us and thou shalt be;
Through destruction's walls around us,
Through the arrow just as fly,
Angel-ghosts that they surround us:
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot shut thee from thee;
Thou art the sun, never weary,
Thou art where every people be.
Shine swift down this night of darkness,
And our souls become thy light;
May the dawn in heaven awake us,
And in light and darkness shine.

EDWINSTON.

506 G.M. Liverpool H. Wainwright 141
Evening.

Psalm 134. Verse 1-2. (189)

- 1 NOW, Ours the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of incense rise,
Arise us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and moments multiplied
Have made us all this day;
Minutes come quick, but moments were
More sweet and free than they.
- 2 New thine, new flower, and new joy,
In a new world measure;
Thou shalt create that in us world,
Accept our heart's desire.
- 4 Lord of our time! whose hand hath set
New time upon the world;
Thou may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

MASON.

507 G.M. Fawcett H. Stoddard 116
Saturday evening.

Psalm 134. Verse 1-2.

- 1 THE hours of evening close:
The watchmen's shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, in repose,
And wait the Sabbath-dawn.
- 2 So let the calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care:
Not thought be "hasty things" assail
The still retreat of prayer.
- 3 Our guardian Shepherd near,
His watchful eye will keep;
And safe from violence or loss,
Will lead his flock to sleep.
- 4 So may a better light
Than earth's our spirits raise,
And call us, strengthened by his might,
To praise the Lord for ever.

189.

MRS. CODDER.

508 G.M. Carver's Hymn 204
Saturday evening.

Psalm 124-125. Verse 11-12. (189)

- 1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way,
Let us love a blessing send
On the approaching Sabbath day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 3 May thy gospel's joyful sound,
Through our doors, sweetest strains,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thine may all our praises prove,
Till we join the church above.

NEWTON.

509 L.M. Morning Hymn 94. Adoration 116
Morning.

Psalm 134. Verse 1-2. (189)

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
A daily stage of duty run;
Shake off all sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
When, all night long, unwearied song
High praises to the eternal King.
- 3 May I, like them, in God delight;
Have all my soul my God in sight;
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,
And celebrate his glorious will.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse thy sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I do, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy own glory may unite.
- 6 Glory be thine, who sad heart kept,
And hast refreshed me while I wept;
Grant, Lord, while I from death am
I may of endless life partake.

189.

510 G.M. Fawcett H. Stoddard 116
Morning.

Psalm 134. Verse 1-2. (189)

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
By which unseen means
Draws back the curtains of the night,
And opens earth and sky?
- 2 'Tis thou, my God—the same that kept
My restless hours from sleep;
No ill dream took me, but I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

- 3 'Tis thine my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat;
That bare me oft through flood and flame
Through tempest, cold, and heat.
- 5 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.
- 6 May that dear hand uphold me still,
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thy holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

MONTGOMERY.

511 L.M. Inverness 249. Hungary 364.

Morning.

Psalm iii. 5. 1 Thess. iv. 13. [533]

- 1 **I**N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade—
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God! to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread:
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress!
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

HAWKESWORTH.

512 C.M. Psalm 103, 245. Dover 45.

Morning.

Psalm v. 3. Psalm cxxi. [532]

- 1 **K**IND Guardian of my sleeping hours
Accept the thanks I bring;
Beneath thy smiles, my feeble powers
Would their preserver sing.
- 2 Give me thyself, the only good,
And ever with me stay;
Whose faithful mercies are renewed
With each returning day.
- 3 Ah! guide me with a father's eye,
Nor from my soul depart;
But let the day-star from on high
Illuminate my heart.
- 4 This day preserve me without sin,
Unspotted in thy ways;
And hear me, while I usher in
The welcome morn, with praise.

101

- 5 Far as the east from west, remove
Each earthly vain desire;
And raise me on the wings of love,
O raise me daily higher.
- 6 Let all my words and all my ways
Declare that I am thine;
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

513 C.M. Florence 235. Clitheroe 43.

Morning or evening.

Psalm lv. 17. Psalm lxxv. 8. [536]

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, while I survey,
To thee my thanks shall rise;
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.
- 2 From thy almighty forming hand
I drew my vital powers;
My time revolves at thy command,
Through all its circling hours.
- 3 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune my breath;
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall cheer the gloom of death.
- 4 Then shall a nobler song arise,
When (freed from feeble clay)
Thy brightest glories meet my eyes,
In one eternal day.

FLAXMAN.

514 L.M. Woolstanton 62. Arimathæa 146.

Evening.

Psalm ciii. 12. Psalm cxxx. [537]

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

STEELE.

515 L.M. Evening Hymn 60. Neapolis 261

Evening.

Psalm iv. 8. Psalm xci. 1—6. [538]

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings!
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Celestial joys to me rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or let my soul, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song. KENN.

516

C.M. Brading 127. Bethany 236.

Retirement.

Gen. xxiv. 63. Matt. xiv. 23. [291]

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine;
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above.
When time shall be no more!

COWPER.

517

C.M. Crowle 225. Hammersmith 316.

The throne of grace.

Job xxiii. 3, 4. Heb. iv. 16. [292]

- 1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

102

- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

WATTS.

518

7s. Solicitude 30. Munich 286.

Self-examination.

John xxi. 15—17. Eph. vi. 24. [233]

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You, that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred;
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case:
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

NEWTON.

519

C.M. Burford 44. Thorpe 137.

Self-examination.

Isa. lviii. 13. 2 Cor. xiii. 5.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness bestow
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
A contrite heart or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But, when I cry, 'My strength renew,'
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer:
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache!
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break:
And heal it, if it be. COWPER.

520 L.M. Caton 52. Aphek 163.
Self-distrust.
Heb. iii. 12, 13. 2 Pet. iii. 17.

1 JESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thou hast redeemed me with thy
By ties, both natural and divine, [blood];
I am, and ever will be, thine.

2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,
What dire reproach would fall on me
For such ingratitude to thee!

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate,
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate;
And yet, so mighty are my foes,
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord!
Grace in the needful hour afford;
Oh, steel this timorous heart of mine
With fortitude and love divine!

5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,
And gather joys from all my tears:
So shall I to the world proclaim
The honours of the Christian name. STENNETT.

521 C.M. Patmos 144. Mysia 222.
Desiring to enjoy and please God.
Psalm li. 10—13; cxix 25—40. [255]

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

103

COWPER.

522 L.M. St. Mark's 247. Kingston 167.
Barrenness lamented.

Isaiah v. 1—4. Luke xiii. 6—9. [433]

1 GOD of my life! to thee belong
The thankful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord,
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
While God, our great deliverer's nigh.

3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care!
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!
And, cultivated by thy hand,
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
A grateful tribute to its Lord!

5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
Through life, and in the arms of death,
My soul, the pleasant theme prolong,
Then rise to aid the angelic song. SCOTT.

523 C.M. Walsal 42. Prestwich 238.
Declension lamented.

Job xxix. 2. Psalm li 12. [502]

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles
And leaned upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And, when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

5 Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love hath done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And, when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides his face:
I read; the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail;
O come without delay.

NEWTON.

524

C.M. Crowle 225. St. Mary's 132.

A wanderer returning.

Jer. iii. 22. * Hosea xiv. 4.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls 'Return:.'
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn—
O take the wanderer home!
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore:
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more. STEELE.

525

7.6.9. Pamphylia 288. Weymouth 289.

A backslider returning.

Hosea xiv. 4. Luke xxii. 61, 62.

- 1 **J**ESUS! let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep:
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord;
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour Prince! enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart.
Give, what I have long implored,
A portion of thy love unknown;
Turn and look upon me, Lord;
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 See me, Saviour! from above,
Nor suffer me to die:
Life, and happiness, and love,
Smile in thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
'Father,' (at the point to die,
My Saviour prayed) 'forgive!'
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries 'Tis
O my loving, bleeding Lord, [done!]
This breaks my heart of stone.

526

C.M. Windsor 119. Abbotsford 219.

The divine presence desired.

Psalm lxxiii. 25, 26. Isa. i. 10. 2. [241]

- 1 **T**HOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppressed
I breathe the plaintive sigh.

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- 2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
- 3 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul;
Without it all is night.
- 4 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day!
- 5 O happy scenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Uncoloured beauty to thy sight,
And rapture to the heart.
- 6 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
- 7 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art,
I shall for ever be.
- 8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day. STEELE.

527

L.M. St. Pancras 162. Berris 346.

Hope in darkness.

Psalm cxii. 4. Isa. i. 10. [262]

- 1 **O** GOD, my sun, thy blissful rays
Can warm, and cheer, and guide my
heart;
How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enlivening beams depart!
- 2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes.
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise?
- 3 O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky;
My glorious sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.
- 4 O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die!
So tapers lose their feeble ray,
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye. STEELE.

528

C.M. Gorton 25. Curfew 129.

Hope in darkness.

John xiii. 15. Isaiah i. 10. [499]

- 1 **O**FFENDED Majesty! how long
Wilt thou conceal thy face?
How long refuse my fainting soul,
The succours of thy grace!
- 2 Let thy returning Spirit, Lord!
Dispel the shades of night;
Smile on my dark deserted soul;
My God! thy smiles are light.

- 3 Never will I repent my choice,
I'll ne'er withdraw my trust;
I know thee, Lord, a powerful friend,
And kind, and wise, and just.
- 4 To doubt thy goodness would be base
Ingratitude in me:
Past favours shall renew my hopes,
And fix my faith in thee.
- 5 Indulgent God! my willing tongue
Thy praises shall prolong;
For oh! thy bounty fires my breast,
And rapture swells my song.

COTTON.

529 8s. EIGHT LINES. Sion 79. Lock's 177.

Faint yet hoping.

Psalm lxxvii. 1—10. Lam. iii. 18—26.

- 1 ENCOMPASSED with clouds of dis-
Just ready all hope to resign; [tress,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine;
Disheartened with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace—
The rock that is higher than I.
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
Come succour and gladden my heart—
Let this be the day of thy power.

530 C.M. St. Mary's 132. Antwerp 16.

The mourner.

Judges ii. 4, 5. Luke vi. 21. [231]

- 1 WHY, O my soul, why weepest thou?
O say, from whence arise
Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies.
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod?
Dost thou departed friends lament,
Or mourn an absent God?
- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,
And after none but thee!
And then I would—O that I might,
A constant weeper be!

BEDDOME.

531 L.M. Epworth 248. Dorchester 251.

Prayer answered by crosses.

Heb. xii. 5, 6. 1 Peter i. 6, 7.

- 1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hoped that in some favoured hour
At once he'd answer my request,
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

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- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 Lord! why is this? I trembling cried:
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
'Tis in this way, the Lord replied,
I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thy all in me.

NEWTON.

532 C.M. Bedford 241. Thorpe 137.

Prayer in affliction.

Psalm lvii. 1. Isaiah xxv. 4. [264]

- 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God! where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face,
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No; still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there!
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still:
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet!

STEELE.

533 C.M. Walsal 42. Mysia 222.

Lamenting confinement from public ordinances. Ps. xlii. 1—8; lxxxiv. 2. [335]

- 1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chace,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God!
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
In majesty divine!
- 3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with troops of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent;

- 4 When I advanced, with songs of praise
My solemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred throng
That kept the festal day.
- 5 But now my soul's cast down, O God!
Yet thinks on Zion still;
From Jordan's banks, from Hermon's
And Mizar's lowly hill. heights,
- 6 And when thy presence, Lord of life!
Has once dispelled this storm,
To thee I'll grateful anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

TATE AND BRADY.

534 8.7. or 8.7.4. Berlin 191, Ephesus 279.
Sweet affliction.
Judges xiv. 5—14. 2 Cor. iv. 17. [243]

- 1 **I**N the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
[Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul!]
- 2 Thus the lion yields me honey;
From the eater food is given;
Strengthened thus I still press forward,
Singing, as I wade to heaven,
[Sweet affliction!
And my sins are all forgiven.]
- 3 'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play;
'Mid the thorn-brake, sweetest flowerets
Look more beautiful and gay;
[Sweet affliction!
That brings Jesus to my soul!]
- 4 So in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer:
[Sweet affliction!
Thus to bring my Saviour near.]
- 5 Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those who know not Christ they frighten;
But my soul defies their power:
[Sweet affliction!
Thus to bring my Saviour near.]
- 6 In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands,
'Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
'Nought shall pluck thee from my
[Sweet affliction! hands:]
Every word my love demands.]
- 7 All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
[Sweet affliction!
Thus to lead to endless joy.]

- 8 Blest there with a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's seat:
[Sweet affliction!
Which has brought to Jesus' feet!]

106

PEARCE.

535 C.M. Burford 44. Canterbury 229.
Eternity contemplated.
Psalm xc. 9—12. Rom. xii. 11. [362]

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year! [rounds!
How swift the weeks complete their
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful way to increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my happy soul
To joy that never dies. DODDRIDGE.

536 L.M. Neapolis 261. Alsace 250.
Confiding in the Saviour's friendship
Matt. xxviii. 20. 2 Cor. xii. 9. [272]

- 1 **W**HEN in the hour of lonely woe
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust,
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;
- 2 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made;
Oh, this shall check each rising sigh,
My Saviour is for ever nigh!
- 3 His counsels and upholding care,
My safety and my comfort are;
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 4 Jesus! in whom, but thee above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?
- 5 My flesh is hastening to decay;
Soon shall the world have passed away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?
- 6 But oh, be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine.
And Jesus is for ever mine! CONDER.

537 112th. Old 112th Psalm 175.
Relying on the sympathy of Christ.
Heb. ii. 18. Heb. iv. 15. [288]

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are
On him I lean, who, not in vain, few,
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way :
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
Still, he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well :
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe :
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Yet he who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend ;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away !

GRANT.

538 C.M. Staughton 35. Birmingham 135.
Confiding in Providence.

Psaln lxxi. 1 Tim. iv. 10. [501]

1 **A**LMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 Thou art our kind preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb,
And I was cast upon thy care,
E'en from my mother's womb.

3 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend :
And, as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

4 I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean :
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

5 In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar ;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.

6 My God, who causedst me to hope
When life began to beat ;
And, when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet ;

7 Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

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8 Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore :
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more. LOGAN.

539 C.M. St. Magnus 35. St. Asaph 139.
Resting on the covenant.
2 Sam. xxiii. 5. Isaiah lv. 3. [260]

1 **M**Y God, the covenant of thy love
Abides for ever sure ;
And, in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ;
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become ;
Jesus, my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home ;

4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love :
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

DODDRIDGE.

THE CHURCH.

540 C.M. St. George's 21. Lystra 220.
Invitation to fellowship.
Jer. i. 5. Zech. viii. 20—23. [293]

1 **E**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill ;
And thither set your steady face
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join ;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there ;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.

4 Come, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands ;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

5 Come, let us seal without delay,
The covenant of his grace ;
Nor shall the years of distant life,
Its memory efface.

6 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their father's God ;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their youthful feet have trod.

DODDRIDGE.

541 L.M. Oswestry 265. Ivy Bridge 54.
Invitation to fellowship.
 1 John i. 3. Rev. xiii. 17. [422]

- 1 **C**HILDREN of Zion, ye who sing
 The lofty praises of your King;
 Who in his solemn temple dwell,
 And of his boundless glories tell;
- 2 Call to the converts at your gate,
 Why should they longer lingering wait?
 Why should they longer fear or doubt?
 Why should they longer stay without?
- 3 Gently reprove them for delay;
 In softest language chide their stay;
 Strive with your songs their hearts to win;
 'Ye blessed of the Lord, come in!'
- 4 'Come in, ye blessed of the Lord,
 Ye that believe his holy word;
 Come and receive our heavenly bread,
 The food with which his saints are fed.
- 5 'Your Saviour's boundless goodness
 prove,
 And feast on his redeeming love:
 Come, all ye happy souls that thirst;
 The last is welcome as the first.
- 6 'Come to his table, and receive
 Whate'er a pardoning God can give:
 His love through every age endures;
 His promise and himself are yours.'

542 C.M. Havannah 125. Athens 244.
The golden candlesticks.
 Rev. i. 12, 13. Rev. ii. 1.

- 1 **W**E bless the eternal source of light,
 Who makes the stars to shine;
 And, through this dark beclouded world,
 Diffuseth rays divine.
- 2 We bless the church's sovereign king,
 Whose golden lamps we are:
 Fixed in the temples of his love,
 To shine with radiance fair.
- 3 Still be our purity preserved,
 Still fed with oil the flame;
 And in deep characters inscribed
 Our heavenly Master's name.
- 4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
 And all our state surveys,
 His smiles shall with new lustre deck
 The people of his praise.

DODDRIDGE.

543 C.M. Ashley 232. St. Asaph 139.
The fruitful vineyard.
 Isaiah lvi. 3. John xv. 1—8. [434]

- 1 **L**IKE trees, on Zion's sacred hill,
 The saints in order grow,
 Planted by God, whose care and skill
 Their laden branches show.
- 2 Watered by heavenly showers, they yield
 A rich and large increase;
 And every spreading bough is filled
 With fruits of righteousness.

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- 3 Like withered branches on the vine,
 Professors oft are found;
 But saints, inspired with grace divine,
 With life and fruit abound.
- 4 Jesus, thou art the Vine, and we
 The lesser branches are;
 O may we still abide in thee,
 And fruit abundant bear.

BEDDOME.

544 S.M. Sidmouth 201. Annan 209.
Brotherly love.
 1 Thess. iv. 9. 1 John iii. 14. [417]

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love!
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.

545 L.M. German Hy. 53. Philadelphia 268.
Brotherly love.
 Gen. xiii. 8. Rom. xiv. 19, 20. [448]

- 1 **O** LORD, my Saviour, and my King,
 Of all I have, or hope, the spring!
 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 And warm my heart with holy love.
- 2 May I from every act abstain
 That hurts or gives my brother pain:
 Nay, every secret wish suppress
 That would abridge his happiness.
- 3 With pity let my breast o'erflow
 When I behold a brother's woe:
 And bear a sympathizing part,
 Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.
- 4 Let love through all my conduct shine,
 An image fair, though faint, of thine!
 And thus may I thy follower prove,
 Great Prince of peace, great God of love!

546 C.M. Northampton 41. Loughton 141.
Brotherly love.
 Rom. xii. 15, 16. 1 Peter iii. 8. [449]

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word!

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above;
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and kind esteem,
In every action flows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love. SWAIN.

547 L.M. Portugal 69. Epworth 248.
Brotherly love.
Psalm cxxxiii. 1 John iv. 16, 17. [451]

- 1 **H**OW pleasing to the scene, how sweet,
When kindred souls in friendship join,
Whose joys and cares united meet,
In bands of amity divine!
- 2 Less fragrant was the ointment poured
On Aaron's consecrated head,
When balmy sweets, profusely showered,
Down to his sacred vesture spread.
- 3 Not flowery Hermon e'er displayed
(Impearled with dew) a fairer sight:
Nor Sion's beauteous hills, arrayed
In golden beams of morning light.
- 4 'Tis here the Lord indulgent sheds
His kindest gifts, a heavenly store;
With life immortal crowns their heads,
When earth's frail comforts please no more. STEELE.

548 C.M. London New 20. Troas 239.
Christian unity.
Neh. ix. 6. Eph. iv. 3—6. [453]

- 1 **T**HE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.
- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below, and saints above,
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.

549 S.M. Peckham 8. Emberton 105.
Christian unity.
1 Cor. i. 10—12. Gal. iii. 28. [454]

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread,
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let bitterness and wrath
Be banished far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below,
Resemble that above,
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love. BEDDOME.

550 C.M. Chester 116. York 230.
The one church.
Eph. iii. 15. Heb. xii. 22, 23. [300]

- 1 **L**ET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him;
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die!
- 5 O Jesus! be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

551 C.M. Morley 228. Day Spring 33.
The one church.
Eph. iii. 15. Heb. xii. 22, 23.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace—
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

552 L.M. Evening Hymn 60. Leicester 160.
Prayer for the whole church.
 Eph. vi. 23. Phil. iv. 19.

- 1 **I**N thee, thou all-sufficient God,
 The springs of happiness arise,
 That cheer this barren waste below,
 And bless the mansions of the skies.
- 2 We, the productions of thy power,
 And pensioners upon thy love,
 Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
 And wait thy blessings from above.
- 3 Protect the young from every snare,
 And let thy staff support the old :
 Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
 Have all their heritage in gold.
- 4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,
 Give to the mourners heavenly day,
 Sustain the strong, and quick revive
 The withering plants from their decay.

GIBBONS.

553 8.7. or 8.7.4. Calvary 193. Helmsley 94.
Prayer for a revival.
 Psalm lxxxv. 6. Hab. iii. 2.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation ;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again :
 [Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee !]
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die :
 [Lord, &c.]
- 3 Surely once thy garden flourished,
 Every part looked gay and green :
 Then thy word our spirits nourished,
 Happy seasons we have seen !
 [Lord, &c.]
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see ;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee ;
 [Lord, &c.]
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
 Filled with zeal, and love, and truth ?
 Old professors, tall as cedars,
 Bright examples of our youth ?
 [Lord, &c.]
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below ;
 Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show :
 [Lord, &c.]
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant !
 Covered thick with blossoms stood ;
 But they cause us grief at present,
 Frosts have nipped them in the bud !
 [Lord, &c.]
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again :
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain !
 [Lord, &c.]

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- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers :
 Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares :
 [Lord, &c.]

- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afield :
 [Lord, revive us,
 All our help must come from thee.]

NEWTON.

554 L.M. St. Mark's 247. Caton 24.
Prayer for a revival.
 Hab. iii. 2. Acts ix. 28—32. 303

- 1 **G**R-EAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
 Thy ministers' and people's prayer ;
 Perfumed by thee, O may it rise
 Like fragrant incense to the skies.
- 2 May every pastor from above
 Be now inspired with zeal and love,
 To watch thy fold, to feed thy sheep,
 And his own heart with care to keep.
- 3 Revive thy churches with thy grace,
 Heal all our breaches, grant us peace ;
 Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
 With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 4 May young and old thy word receive,
 Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
 The wounded conscience healing find,
 And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 5 May aged saints matured with grace,
 Abound in fruits of holiness ;
 And when transplanted to the skies,
 May younger in their stead arise.
- 6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
 And, weeping, sow the seeds of praise,
 In humble hope that thou wilt hear
 Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

KINGSBURY.

555 L.M. Addison's 172. Zorah 351.
Pastors and teachers.
 1 Cor. xii. 28. Eph. iv. 8—11. 308

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house
 Smile on our homage, and our vows ;
 While with a grateful heart we share
 These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
 In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
 Scattered his gifts on men below,
 And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung the apostles' honoured
 Sacred beyond heroic fame ; [name,
 In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
 Pastors from hence, and teachers rise ;
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
 And fed by Christ their graces live ;
 While, guarded by his potent hand,
 'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
 Through the last courses of the sun ;
 While unborn churches by thy love
 Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

- 6 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.
DODDRIDGE.

556 L.M. Israel 67. Naples 349.
Pastors and teachers.
Jer. iii. 15. Eph. iv. 8—12. [511]

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modelled by thy own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.
- 4 [Here thou hast listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succoured, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

DODDRIDGE.

557 L.M. Doversdale 66, Wurtemberg 257.
Pastors and teachers.
1 Thess. v. 12, 13. Heb. xiii. 18. [514]

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquisitions are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace adore,
And feel thy new creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains,
And light through distant realms be spread,
Till Zion rears her drooping head.

BEDDOME.

558 C.M. Welby 126. Mayo 221.
Pastors and teachers.
Acts xx. 28. Eph. vi. 19, 20. [513]

- 1 **C**HIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee!
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness, and skill.
- 3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach!
And, gracious Lord, O let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.

NEWTON.

559 C.M. Gorton 25. Syracuse 226.
Ministerial responsibility.
Heb. xiii. 17. 1 Peter v. 1—4. [510]

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live,
In raptures or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render thee;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord! how should we appear?
- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

DODDRIDGE.

560 L.M. Melcombe 170. Alsace 250.
A pastor's recovery from illness implored.
Acts xii. 5. 2 Cor. i. 10, 11.

- 1 **O**THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down,
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 With power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.
- 3 Restore him sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.
- 4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

561 C.M. Bedford 241. Adelphi 29.
On the death of a minister.
 Matt. xxvii. 20. Heb. vii. 23—25. 516

- 1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry;
 Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
 Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death
 Does God's own house invade?
 What though the prophet and the priest
 Be numbered with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged and the young,
 The watchful eye in darkness closed,
 And mute the instructive tongue:—
- 4 The eternal shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart;
 His eye still guides us, and his voice
 Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
 "My church shall safe abide;
 For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are cold in dust.

DODDRIDGE.

562 C.M. Evans 122. Abridge 31.
A pastor sought.
 Num. xxvii. 16, 17. James i. 17. [512]

- 1 FATHER of spirits, from thy hand
 Our souls immortal came;
 And still thine energy divine
 Supports the ethereal frame.
- 2 By Thee our spirits all are known,
 And each remotest thought
 Lies wide expanded to his eye,
 By whom their powers were wrought.
- 3 To thee when mortal comforts fail,
 Thy flock deserted flies;
 And, on the eternal Shepherd's care,
 Our cheerful hope relies.
- 4 When o'er thy faithful servants' dust
 Thy dear assemblies mourn,
 In speedy tokens of thy grace,
 O Israel's God, return.
- 5 The powers of nature all are thine,
 And thine the aids of grace,
 Thine arm has borne thy churches up,
 Through every rising race.
- 6 Exert thy sacred influence here,
 And here thy supplicants bless;
 And change, to strains of cheerful praise,
 Their accents of distress.
- 7 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
 May this thy flock be fed;
 And with a steady, growing pace
 To Zion's mount be led.

DODDRIDGE.

563 L.M. Angels' Song 47. Baden 150.
A pastor sought.
 Jer. lii. 15. James i. 5.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear!
 Thy servants' groans indulgent hear
 Perplexed, distressed, to thee we cry,
 And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light
 To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
 Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
 Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in ways of peace return;
 Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
 May our blessed eyes a shepherd see,
 Dear to our souls, and dear to thee?

DODDRIDGE.

564 C.M. Peterborough 130. Bethany 236.
Thanks for a pastor.
 Isaiah xxx. 19, 20. Phil. ii. 29. [515]

- 1 TO thy great name, O Prince of peace!
 Our grateful song we raise;
 Accept, thou Sun of righteousness,
 The tribute of our praise.
- 2 [In widowed state these walls no more
 Their mourning weeds shall wear:
 Thy messenger shall joy restore,
 And every loss repair.]
- 3 Thy providence our souls admire,
 With joy its windings trace,
 And shout, in one united choir,
 The triumphs of thy grace!
- 4 Our happy union, Lord, maintain,
 Here let thy presence dwell;
 And thousands, loosed from Satan's chain,
 Raise from the brink of hell.
- 5 May purity be here maintained,
 Peace like a river flow,
 And pious zeal, and love unfeigned,
 In every bosom glow.

WILLIAMS.

565 C.M. St. Asaph 139. Athens 244.
Deacons.
 Acts vi. 1 Tim. iii. 8—13.

- 1 VOUCHSAFE, O Lord, thy presence
 Direct us in thy fear: now,
 Before thy throne we humbly bow,
 And join in fervent prayer.
- 2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose,
 Thy house on earth to guide;
 Those who shall ne'er their power abuse
 Or rule with haughty pride.
- 3 Inspired with wisdom from above,
 And with discretion blessed;
 Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
 Of every grace possessed.
- 4 These are the men we seek of thee,
 O God of righteousness:
 Such may our deacons ever be,
 With such thy people bless.

566 S.M. Falcon Street 2. Christchurch 101.
Missionaries.
Zech. iv. 7. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. [359]

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise! and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace,
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success—
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endavours bless. **VOKE.**

567 L.M. Wareham 57. Wandsworth 158.
Missionaries.
Mark xvi. 15, 20. 1 Cor. i. 17, 18. [357]

- 1 **G**O, heralds of the gospel, go,
To every land the tidings bear;
Let all the tribes of Adam know
The gracious Saviour you declare.
- 2 Proclaim the cross, O lift it high!
And bid the world find refuge there:
While shouts of myriads rend the sky,
And heaven and earth the blessings share.
- 3 Arise, and reign, thou King of kings,
Assert thy universal sway;
Till earth subdued its tribute brings,
And distant regions all obey.

568 L.M. Honiton 153. Westbury 256.
A missionary encouraged.
Isaiah xxxv. Daniel xii. 3. 361]

- 1 **G**O, messenger of peace and love,
Tonations plunged in shades of night:
Like Gabriel, sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 [On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom,
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
Rich as the dew from morning's womb.]
- 3 Go, to the hungry food impart,
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;
And lead the thirsty panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.
- 4 Go, bid the bright and morning star
Erom Bethlehem's plains resplendent
shine,
And, piercing through the gloom, afar
Shed heavenly light and love divine.
- 5 [To India's various castes proclaim
The gospel's soft, but powerful voice:
And, at the blest Redeemer's name,
Let ocean's lonely isles rejoice.]

- 6 Proclaim salvation's joyful sound—
The deaf with new delight shall hear;
Tell them the Saviour binds each wound,
And wipes the penitential tear.
- 7 Though thou art weak, the Lord is strong;
He will confirm thy feeble arm;
His servants shall not suffer wrong,
Nor wrath of man his prophets harm.
- 8 From north to south, from east to west,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme;
His name, by every tongue confessed;
His praise, the universal theme.
- 9 Then faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.
- 10 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

BALFOUR.

569 C.M. Lystra 220. Adelphi 29.
A missionary commended to God.
Acts xiii. 1—3. Eph. vi. 19, 20. [365]

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before him set an open door;
His various efforts bless;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.
- 3 Endow him with a heavenly mind:
Supply his every need;
Make him in spirit, meek, resigned—
But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by thy grace;
And guard him by thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.
- 5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may he obtain
From his Redeemer's hands.

LAWSON.

570 S.M. Mount Ephraim 4 Shelford 210.
Its peace and prosperity desired.
Psalm lxvii. Ezek. xxxiv. 24—27. [369]

- 1 **T**O bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine;
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known:
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join,
To celebrate thy fame:
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

- 4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth!
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crowned,
Which God, our God, bestows.
- 6 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

TATE AND BRADY.

571

L.M. Caton 52. Berea 346.

Prayer for Britain.

Isaiah lxi. 6, 7. Zeph. iii. 20. [304]

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise,
Till thy own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise?
- 3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 4 Loud let the silver trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles the gospel know,
And hail Messiah's natal star.
- 5 With gentle beams on Britain shine,
And bless her princes and her priests,
And by thine energy divine,
Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.
- 6 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers,
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 7 Then shall each age and rank agree,
United shouts of joy to raise:
And Zion, made a praise by Thee,
To Thee shall render back the praise.

DODDRIDGE, altered.

572

C.M. Gorton 25. Troas 239.

Prayer for the heathen.

Psalm lxxiv. 20. Acts xiv. 15—17. [364]

- 1 **G**REAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

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- 4 Oh, when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freed-men of the Lord?
- 5 When shall the untutored heathen tribes,
A dark bewildered race,
Sit down at our Emmanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace?
- 6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

GIBBONS.

573

C.M. St James's 17. Lancaster 237.

Prayer for the Jews.

Hosea iii. 4, 5. Rom. xi. 25, 26. [385]

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of truth, and grace, and
Thy word can ne'er decay; [power,
But firmly fixed, shall still endure,
When worlds are passed away.
- 2 O smile propitious, while we dare
The promises to plead,
Which thy own sacred pages bear
To faithful Abram's seed.
- 3 Hast thou far off thy people cast,
For ever to remain?
Wilt thou not, Lord, return at last,
And visit them again?
- 4 Yes, thou hast passed thy royal word—
Nor canst thyself deny—
That Jacob's race shall be restored
To favour and to joy.
- 5 Hasten, O Lord, the happy hour
When this shall be fulfilled:
And thy dear Son, with mighty power,
To Israel be revealed.
- 6 Then Jew and Gentile shall combine
Emmanuel's name to praise;
And sound his mercy all divine,
To everlasting days.

LAWSON.

574

C.M. Braintree 121. Westham 233.

Prayer for Jews and Gentiles.

Psalm ii. 7, 8. Matt. xxviii. 18. [365]

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 'Ask, and I'll give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance;
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance.'
- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?
- 4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues
Under the expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son
Without exception given?

5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored :
Europe, with all thy millions shout
Hosannas to the Lord !

6 Asia, and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame !
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim ! GIBBONS.

575 C.M. London New 20. Bethany 236.
Thy kingdom come.

Matt. vi. 9, 10. Luke xi. 2. [366]

1 OUR Father high enthroned above
With boundless glory crowned,
Thou source of life, display thy love
To every nation round.

2 O be thy will on earth obeyed,
As 'tis obeyed above ;
And the profoundest homage paid,
With all the joys of love.

3 Erect thine empire, gracious King,
And spread its power abroad,
Till all thy chosen millions sing
The praises of their God.

576 L.M. Coomb's 149. Selby 64.
Divine power invoked.

Isaiah xxvii. 13. Isaiah li. 9. [363]

1 ARM of the Lord, awake ! awake !
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 O send ten thousand heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
To blow the trump of jubilee,
And peace proclaim from sea to sea !

3 Thus may the gospel's joyful sound
Reach to the earth's remotest bound :
Until Messiah's kingdom come,
And the elect be gathered home.

577 S.7.4. Lewes 192. Leipzig 279.
The promises pleaded.

Isaiah lx. 2—4. Rev. xiv. 6. [376]

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace ;
Blessed jubilee !
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light ;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night :
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the great Emmanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel.
Win and conquer, never cease :
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase :
Sway thy sceptre
Saviour, all the world around !

WILLIAMS.

578 L.M. Oldham 48. Tilshead 253.
The promises pleaded.

Isaiah xlix. 6—9. Isaiah lxii. 6, 7. [377]

1 THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smile of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat ;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son
To be a light to Gentile lands ;
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched prisoner's bands ?

4 Hast thou not said, from sea to sea
His vast dominion shall extend ?
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend ?

5 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Zion come ;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banished children home.

VOKE.

579 C.M. Bexley 217. Kidbrook 341.
Its predicted ascendancy.

Isa. ii. 2—5. Micah iv. 1—5. [302]

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
'Up to the hill of God,' they'll say,
'And to his house we'll go.'

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land :
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge ;
His judgments truth shall guide,
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ; [swords,
To ploughshares men shall beat their
To pruning hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come, then—O come from every land
To worship at his shrine:
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

LOGAN, *altered*.

580

R.7. EIGHT LINES. Chichester 186.

Its safety.

Psalms lxxvii. Isa. lxxxiii. 20, 21.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises,
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

NEWTON.

581

R.7. EIGHT LINES. Corinth 187.

Its safety.

Isa. lx. 14—20. Rev. xxi. 1—5. [301]

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
'O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you!
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

116

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

COWPER.

582

11s. Palermo 297.

Its safety.

Isa. liv. 11. Matt. viii. 23—27. [306]

1 O ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
can save:
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful the Pilot who sits at the helm:
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee de-
livers in safety and quiet thy voyage he ends. 'Tends,

3 'O fearful! O faithless!' in mercy he cries,
'My promise, my truth, are they light in thine
eyes:
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to
land.

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name,
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain!
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

5 Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure:
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power,
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

6 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad
prayer:
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring.
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll
sing.'

583

C.M. Chimes 24. Philippi 188.

Its safety.

Isa. xli. 14—16. Lam. v. 20. [311]

1 YE heavens, send forth your song of
praise;
Earth, raise your voice below!
Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
And joy through nature flow.

2 Behold, how gracious is our God!
Hear the consoling strains.
In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
And mitigates our pains.

3 Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
In sad dismay to mourn,
As if the Lord could leave his saints
Forsaken or forlorn.

4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
The infant whom she bore?
And can its plaintive cries be heard,
Nor move compassion more.

5 She may forget; nature may fail
A parent's heart to move;
But Zion on His heart shall dwell
In everlasting love.

584 C.M. Devizes 26. Tintern Abbey 118.
The church awakened.

Isa. xlix. 13—17; lx. 18—20. [384]

1 **N**OW let the slumbering church awake,
And shine in bright array:
Thy chains, O captive daughter, break;
And cast thy bonds away.

2 Long hast thou lain in dust supine,
Insulted by thy foes:
'Where is,' they cried, 'that God of thine?
And who regards thy woes?'

3 Thy God incarnate on his hands
Beholds thy name engraved;
Still unrevoked his promise stands,
And Zion shall be saved.

4 He did but wait the fittest time
His mercy to display;
And now he rides on clouds sublime,
And brings the promised day.

5 Thy God for thee shall soon appear,
And end thy mourning days;
Salvation's walls around thee rear,
And fill thy gates with praise.

RYLAND.

585 L.M. St. Peter's 255. Brecon 361.
The church awakened.

Psalm cii. 13—16. Isa. lx. 1—3. [307]

1 **L**ET Zion from the dust arise,
And in her brightest beauty shine;
Jesus descending from the skies,
Shall fill his church with joys divine.

2 In gloomy darkness long she lay,
Deprest with cares and griefs unknown:
But now behold a glorious day
Of gospel light begins to dawn.

3 Put off, ye saints, your mourning dress,
And hail the long-expected morn;
Let robes of joy and righteousness
The happy spouse of Christ adorn.

4 Darkness involves the nations round,
Gross darkness veils the sinner's eyes;
But ye, who dwell in Salem's ground,
Behold the sacred light arise!

5 On you his glory shall be seen;
Your love, your zeal, and pious care,
Shall witness to the sons of men
That God, with all his grace, is here.

6 Sinners shall flock to Zion's gate,
And know the gospel's joyful sound:
Peace shall confirm your happy state,
And truth and holiness abound.

FAWCETT.

586 C.M. Sunbury 120. Lystra 220.
The church awakened.

Isaiah lii. 1, 2; liv. 1—14. [312]

1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array:
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south—'Give up thy charge.
And keep not back, O north.'

4 They come, they come; thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return.
And everlasting joy.

MONTGOMERY.

587 7.6. Llanberris 189.
The call for help.

Psalm lxxviii. 31. Rom. i. 14, 15. [369]

1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown!—
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

588 L.M. New Sabbath 50. Westbury 256.
The signs of the times.

Isaiah li. 3. John iv. 35. [382]

1 **B**EHOOLD the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear:
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom!

- 2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part,
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 5 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long has held his throne.
- 6 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise:
And Tyre and Egypt, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

VOKE.

589 C.M. Camberwell New 22. Salem 330.
The fulfilment of prophecy.

Isaiah xlii. 10—12; lx. 5—7. [386]

- 1 **L**O! former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view:
And future scenes, expected still,
Shall be accomplished too.
- 2 Then hail the kingdom of the Lord!
Let earth his praise resound;
And they who on the ocean dwell,
Fill all the isles around.
- 3 O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scattered villages
The joyful notes prolong.
- 4 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.
- 5 O from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountain's tops,
Shout to the Lord, the King!
- 6 Let all combined with one accord
The Saviour's glories raise;
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

LOGAN.

590 148th. St. Thomas 196. Cesarea 292.
Fulfilment of prophecy.

Psalm cx. Isa. lv. 5. [370]

- 1 **A**LL hail, incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

118

- 2 To Thee the hoary head,
Its silver honours pays;
To Thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.
- 3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies!
- 4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be thy reign:
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

SCOTT.

591 L.M. Warrington 51. Haarlem 264.
The harvest.

John iv. 35—37. 1 Cor. iii. 9. [311]

- 1 **L**O! clad in nature's bright array,
The fields a beauteous scene display,
See how the golden ears of corn,
Wide waving, all the hill adorn.
- 2 See earth with God's rich goodness
A joyful plenty smiles around; [crowned,
But now, to our admiring eyes,
Behold superior prospects rise.
- 3 Rich harvests, where salvation grows,
Their fair celestial fruits disclose;
A paradise on earth is seen.
How pleasing, how divine the scene!
- 4 See sinners hastening to embrace
The tidings of forgiving grace;
Redeemed from hell with price divine,
In faith and holiness they shine.
- 5 All crowned with immortality
These fruits of righteousness shall be:
Then they that reap, and they that sow
Shall everlasting triumphs know.
- 6 Together shall their songs arise,
In the fair fields of paradise;
And shouts of triumph and of joy—
Their blest eternity employ.

PEACOCK.

592 148th. Psalm 144, 96. Resurrection 195.
The spiritual temple.

Zech. iv. 7. 1 Cor. iii. 9.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
A temple to his love,
A monument of praise:
Ye saints around, through all its frame
Harmonious sound the builder's name.
- 2 Beneath his eye and care,
The edifice shall rise
Majestic, strong, and fair,
And shine above the skies:
There shall he place the polished stone,
Ordained the work of grace to crown.

DODDRIDGE, altered.

593 C.M. Cambridge New 30. Clifton 123.
Its peace and prosperity.
 Isaiah xi. 6—9; xlii. 10—12 [306]

- 1 **B**LEST be the Herald of our King,
 That comes to set us free!
 The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
 And utter praise to thee!
- 2 Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
 Their glories glow again,
 And blossoms spring on field and tree,
 That ever shall remain.
- 3 The happy child in dragon's way
 Shall frolic with delight;
 The lamb shall round the leopard play,
 And all in love unite;
- 4 The Dove on Zion's hill shall light,
 That all the world must see:
 Hail to the Conqueror, in his might,
 That comes to set us free!

HOGG.

594 L.M. Chard 157. Wisbeach 266.
Universal harmony.
 John xvii. 21—24. 2 Thess. i. 10. [313]

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus shall descend the skies,
 And form a bright, a dazzling day,
 The saints shall view with sweet surprise
 His grand—his universal sway.
- 2 The lion and the lamb shall feed
 Together in his peaceful reign;
 And Zion blest with heavenly bread,
 Shall never more of wants complain.
- 3 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
 Shall boast their several rites no more;
 But join in sweetest harmony
 Their Lord, their Sovereign to adore.
- 4 O happy day! when all the elect,
 Complete in number shall be found;
 And like their great, their mystic head,
 Be with eternal honours crowned.

595 8.7.4. Lewes 192. Guernsey 386.
Its ultimate ascendancy.
 Isa. lii. 7; lxi. [309]

- 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands!
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands:
 Mourning captive!
 God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning,
 Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
 God himself appears thy friend!
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

119

- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy wrongs shall be redrest;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favour blest:
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest!

KELLY.

596 L.M. Wareham 57. Adoraim 345.
Its ultimate ascendancy.
 Isaiah xliii. 5, 6. Rom. xiii. 12. [383]

- 1 **M**Y soul, with sacred joy, survey
 The glories of the latter day;
 Its dawn already seems begun,
 Sure earnest of the rising sun.
- 2 The friends of truth assembled stand
 (A chosen, consecrated band),
 The standard of the cross display,
 And cry aloud, 'Behold the way.'
- 3 The north 'gives up,' the south no more
 'Keeps back' her consecrated store;
 From east to west the message runs,
 And either India yields her sons.
- 4 Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray;
 With joy we view, and hail the day;
 Thou sun arise, supremely bright,
 And fill the world with purest light.

KELLY.

597 7s. EIGHT LINES. Maccabeus 170.
The great jubilee.
 Rev. xi. 15; xix. 1—6. [350]

- 1 **H**ARK the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
 Hallelujah, for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign;
 Hallelujah, let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
 See Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheathed his sword; he speaks—'tis done!
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away.
 Then the end—beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
 Hallelujah, Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all.

MONTGOMERY.

THE YOUNG.

598

C.M. Welby 126. Brunswick 227.

Parental desires.

Gen. xviii. 18. 2 Tim. iii. 15. [528]

- 1 **F**AIN, O my child, I'd have thee know
The God whom angels love;
And teach thee feeble strains below,
Akin to theirs above.
- 2 O when thy lisping tongue shall read
Of truths divinely sweet,
May'st thou, a little child indeed,
Sit down at Jesus' feet.
- 3 I'll move thine ear—I'll point thine eye;
But ah! the inward part—
Great God, the Spirit! hear the sigh
That trembles through my heart.
- 4 Break, with thy vital beam benign,
O'er all the mental wild;
Bright o'er the human chaos shine,
And sanctify my child.

599

L.M. St. Paul's 151. Inverness 249.

A parental prayer.

Gen. xvii. 18; xxxii. 26.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! before thy throne,
Grateful but anxious parents bow,
Look in paternal mercy down,
And yield the boon we ask thee now.
- 2 'Tis not for wealth, or joys of earth,
Or life prolonged, we seek thy face;
'Tis for a new and heavenly birth,
'Tis for the treasures of thy grace.
- 3 'Tis for their soul's eternal joy,
For rescue from the coming woe:
Do not our earnest suit deny;
We cannot, cannot let thee go.

HINTON.

600

S.M. Petersfield 214. Amersham 308.

A parental prayer.

Isa. xlv. 3, 4. 1 Cor. xvi. 15.

- 1 **G**REAT God! now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace!
- 2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
Then follow their despised Lord
Through the baptismal stream.
- 4 Thus let our favoured race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sovereign grace,
And sing their dying Lord.

120

601

C.M. Northampton 41. Prestwich 238.

Prayer for the young.

Psalm xc. 16. Prov. iv. [530]

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made—
O join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear!
- 6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Saviour whom we preach.

COWPER.

602

C.M. Welby 126. Kidbrook 341.

Christ's attention to the young.

Matt. xix. 13—15. Mark x. 13—16. [526]

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.'
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine—
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts
If weeping o'er their dust.

DODDRIDGE.

603

C.M. St. Stephen's 19. Harlow 143.

Advice to the young.

Prov. viii. 17. Titus ii. 6. [531]

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 'The soul that longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain:
And those that early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain.'
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

DODDRIDGE.

604 C.M. Eversley 18. Loughton 141.
Advice to the young.
1 Cor. ix. 24, 25. Phil. iii. 13, 14. [290]

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away, each grovelling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's thought!
We spring to seize immortal joys,
Which our Redeemer bought.
- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue:
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

DODDRIDGE.

605 L.M. Seville 258. Arimathea 146.
Encouragement to the young.
Matt. xii. 20. 1 Peter v. 5, 6.

- 1 **H**OW soft the words my Saviour speaks!
How kind the promises he makes!
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.
- 2 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threatening
And ripens blossoms into fruit. [winds,
- 3 With humble souls he bears a part
In all the sorrows they endure;
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is for ever sure.
- 4 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.
- 5 Though pressed with fears on every side,
They know not how the strife may end;
Yet he will soon the cause decide,
And judgment unto victory send.

121

STENNETT.

606 C.M. Westminster New 243. Patmos 144.
The sabbath-school.

Psalm xxxiv. Matt. xxi. 16. [524]

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to hsp his name,
And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.
- 4 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind, that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.
- 5 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

STRAPHAN.

607 C.M. Devizes 26. Kidbrook 341.
The sabbath-school.
Psalm lxxi. 17. 2 Tim. iii. 15. [523]

- 1 **G**RAT God, to thee, a lowly band,
We raise our artless prayer,
And bless thy kind preserving hand
For all the good we share.
- 2 Once with a helpless, hopeless throng,
E'en on thy holy day,
In sin we held our course along,
And trifled time away
- 3 Unknown, untutored, and forlorn,
We sought the downward road,
Far on the stream of pleasure borne
From happiness and God.
- 4 But now, instructed, with delight
Thy Spirit we implore,
To guide our youthful feet aright,
That we may err no more.
- 5 O may the word of truth divine,
Our earliest thoughts engage,
On life's unfolding prospects shine,
And crown our growing age.

SLATTER.

608 S.M. Kirkdale 12. Shelford 210.
A young person's prayer.
Psalm cxix. 9. [529]

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
My God to thee I pray,
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know:
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

- 4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
- 7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

FAWCETT.

- 4 Gone to the resting-place of man,
The weary pilgrim's home;
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.
- 5 So man departs this earthly scene,
To sleep in death's cold gloom,
Until the eternal morning break
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 6 Then shall a second spring revive
The ashes of the urn:
And he who gave them life at first
Shall bid that life return.
- 7 O may the grave become to me
A bed of peaceful rest:
Till I triumphantly arise,
And mingle with the blest.

DEATH.

609 C.M. St. Mary's 172. Antwerp 16.

Its certainty.

Gen. iii. 19. Heb. ix. 27. [175]

- 1 **H** EAVEN has confirmed the great de-
That Adam's race must die; [cree,
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb surges
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral knell.
- 3 Once you must die: and once for all,
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heaven or hell is hung
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I, in the Judge, behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

DODDRIDGE.

610 C.M. Walsal 42. Carfew 129.

Its certainty.

Gen. xlvii. 9. Zech. i. 5. [509]

- 1 **F** EW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, 'Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.'
- 2 Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.
- 3 Where are our fathers? whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enrolled?

611 C.M. Barford 44. Winsor 119.

Its approach.

Job ix. 25, 26. Job xvi. 22. [186]

- 1 **O** UR years in quick succession rise,
Our days glide smoothly on:
The flight of time—so swift it flies—
Is unperceived, till gone.
- 2 On rapid wing, concealed from view,
Death brings our blest discharge;
Cuts the fine silver cord in two,
And sets the mind at large.
- 3 O what enlargement! who can tell
The o'erwhelming glory given,
When once the soul has burst its cell,
And finds itself in heaven!

TIMMS.

612 L.M. Babylon Streams 147. Berea 346.

Its approach.

Psalm xxxix. 4—7. James iv. 14. [565]

- 1 **A** LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine;
My God, I bow before thy throne,
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

STEELE.

613 S.M. St. Dunstan's 9. Warrsburg 111.

Its approach.

Prov. xxvii. 1. Eph. v. 14. [508]

- 1 **T** O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and set,
It shines by thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour,
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

DODDRIDGE.

614 8.8.6. Snowfields 97. Chapel 276.
Its solemnity.

2 Peter i. 10, 11. 2 Peter iii. 11. [568]

- 1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!
- 2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
O tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy joy and holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,
Then shall I all thy will perform,
And to the end endure.
- 5 Then, Saviour! then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above:
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.

C. WESLEY, altered.

615 L.M. Baden 150. Hafod 368.
Its solemnity.

Ezek. xxxiii. 14. Acts xvi. 28. [346]

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown;
Why in such dreadful haste to die:
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams;
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

123

- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains!
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold!

616 7.6. Dulwich 392.
Anticipated in faith and hope.
2 Cor. v. 6—8. 2 Tim. iv. 6—8

- 1 **A**H! I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day:
- 2 The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown;
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.
- 3 He once, a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calvary bled!
Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruise him in my stead.
- 4 Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am:
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.
- 5 To him by grace united,
I joy in him alone;
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold him on his throne.
- 6 There he is interceding
For all who on him rest:
The grace from him proceeding
Shall waft me to his breast.
- 7 Then with the saints in glory
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story
In high seraphic lays.

RYLAND.

617 L.M. Philadelphia 268. Naples 349
Desirable to a believer.
2 Cor. v. 6—8. Phil. i. 21—23. [191]

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
It faints my much-loved Lord to see:
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart!
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.
- 4 That blessed interview how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet,
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!
- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing, with unwearied hands,
A present Saviour's high commands!
- 6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight:
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

DODDRIDGE.

618

C.M. Newbury 36. Succoth 230.

Desirable to a believer.

Phil. i. 23. Rev. vii. 9, 10. [205]

1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high—

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only rest for which it pants)
On the Redeemer's breast.

3 O what hath Jesus wrought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise;

4 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in radiant white,
And conquering palms they bear.

5 Lord, what are all my sufferings here,
If thou but make me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
And worship at thy feet?

6 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

619

Victory over it.

Hosea xiii. 14. 1 Cor. xv. 55. [176]

1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

POPE.

620

Victory over it.

Matt. xi. 28. 1 Cor. xv. 55—57.

1 **W**HITHER can a sinner flee?
Who, O who will rescue me?
Dreading my deserved sentence,
Weeping tears of deep repentance!
Yawning Grave! I fear to die,
Such burdens on my conscience lie!

124

2

Hark! I hear a Saviour say
'I can take thy guilt away;
I have bled that men might live,
Full salvation I can give:
I will help thee, man distressed,
Come unto Me—I'll give thee rest'

3

Almighty Lord! I know thy voice,
In thee believing I rejoice,
My prophet, priest, and king!
Now I can sing of joys on high;
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

GROSER.

621

C.M. Gorton 25. Mysia 222.

Victory over it.

1 Cor. xv. 56. Heb. ii. 14, 15. [178]

1

DEATH! 'tis a name with terror
It rends the guilty heart, [fraught;
When conscience wakes remorseful
With agonizing smart. [thought,

2

Dear Saviour, thy victorious love
Can all his force control,
Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
And cheer the trembling soul.

3

Victorious love! thy wondrous power
From sin and death can raise:
Can gild the dark departing hour,
And tune its groans to praise.

4

Then shall the joyful spirit soar
To life beyond the sky,
Where gloomy death can frown no more,
And guilt and terror die.

STEELE.

622

C.M. Philippi 133. Bethany 236.

The spirit committed to Christ.

Acts vii. 59. 2 Tim. i. 12. [192]

1

LORD, I commit my soul to thee!
Accept the sacred trust:
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust.

2

Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

3

When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb.

4

Oh, let me join the raptured lays,
And, with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song!

623

8.7. Portsea 283. Mariners 87.

To a dying Christian.

[211]

1

HAPPY soul! thy days are ended;
All thy mourning hours below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

2

Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast:
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

C. WESLEY.

624 C.M. Havannah 125. Athens 244.
The state of the disembodied.

Job xiv. 10. 1 Cor. ii. 9. [188]

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
We scarce can say 'He's gone!'—
Before the willing spirit takes
Her station near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her heavenward flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4 Thus much, and this is all we know,
They are supremely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His presence always view;
And, if we here their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

NEWTON, *altered*.

625 L.M. Angel's Song 47. Tyne 166.
The death of the righteous.

Numbers xxiii. 10. Rev. xiv. 13. [187]

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn
appears;
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
'How blest the righteous when he dies!'

BARBAULD.

626 C.M. St. Ann's 28. Nottingham 142.
The death of the righteous.

Psalms xxxvii. 37. Prov. xiv. 32. [190]

1 WITH what a fixed and peaceful mind
The righteous man expires!
Behold him breathing out his soul
In hopes and blest desires!

2 Eternal glory now begins
To dawn upon his eyes;
And Jesus animates his song,
While languishing he lies.

3 No sins or fears disturb his soul,
Nor terror from below;
No worldly glory stops his flight,
Or makes him loath to go.

4 Bright hosts of angels round his bed
With holy ardour stand;
Ready to bear aloft his soul,
At Jesus' high command.

5 Oh, how this bright, this blessed hope,
My longing spirit warms!
O let me live and die like him,
Enclosed in Jesus' arms. PEARCE.

627 C.M. St. Mary's 132. Crowle 225.
The death of the young.

2 Sam. xiv. 14. 1 Chron. xxix. 15. [185]

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched
By death's resistless hand, [away,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power—'I too must die!'
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour:
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly—to Jesus fly.
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God! thy sovereign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart
For death's surprising hour.

STEELE.

628 C.M. Mayo 221. Brading 127.
The death of infants.

Matt. xviii. 10. Mark x. 13—16. [184]

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive thy smiling grace.
- 3 'I take these little lambs,' said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.
- 4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.
- 5 Their feeble frames my power shall raise
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine;
Dear Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

STENNETT.

629 C.M. Charmouth 124. Syracuse 226.
Consolation to the bereaved.

Lev. x. 3. Psalm xli. 10. [177]

- 1 **P**EACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back our breath.
- 2 'Tis He, the potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis He, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our covenant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord:
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart,
With one reviving word.
- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow:
And shall tumultuous passions rise,
If he correct us now?
- 6 Silent I own Jehovah's name;
I kiss thy scourging hand;
And yield my comforts and my life,
To thy supreme command.

DODDRIDGE.

630 C.M. Tabernacle 136. Stafford 231.
Consolation to the bereaved.

John xx. 13—15. 1 Thess. iv. 13. [179]

- 1 **W**HILE to the grave our friends are
borne,
Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
And each fond heart complains!
- 2 But down to earth, alas! in vain
We bend our weeping eyes!
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
And upwards learn to rise.

126

- 3 Hope smiles amid the deepest gloom,
And beams a healing ray,
And guides us from the darksome tomb,
To realms of endless day.
- 4 Jesus, who left his blest abode
(Amazing grace!) to die,
Marked, when he rose, the shining road
To his bright courts on high.
- 5 Then let our hearts repine no more
That earthly comfort dies,
But lasting happiness explore,
And ask it from the skies. STEELE.

631 L.M. New College 56. Neapolis 261.
Hope of re-union.
Luke xxiii. 43. Rev. ii. 7. [181]

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear saint, a short adieu!
Some angel calls thee to the spheres;
Our eyes thy radiant path pursue,
While rapture glistens in our tears.
- 2 Farewell, blest soul! a short farewell!
Till soon we meet again above, [dwell,
In the bright world where pleasures
And trees of life bear fruits of love.
- 3 There glory beams in every face,
And friendship smiles in every eye:
There saints are telling of the grace
That led them homeward to the sky.
- 4 O'er all the names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove:
Our harps shall sound from every string
The wonders of redeeming love.
- 5 Come, Sovereign Lord! dear Saviour,
come!
Our golden hour, how long it stays!
Thy chariots send to bear us home;
We long to give thee endless praise.

THE RESURRECTION.

632 7s. Kettering 285. Kiel 182.
The Saviour's return.
Luke xii. 8, 9. John xiv. 3.

- 1 **C**HRIST the Lord will come again,
None shall wait for him in vain;
I shall then his glory see,
Christ will come and call for me.
- 2 Then, when his almighty voice
Shakes the earth, and rends the skies,
Rising millions will proclaim
Our Emmanuel's glorious name.
- 3 'This is our redeeming God!
Ransomed hosts will shout aloud:
Praise, eternal praise, be given
To the Lord of earth and heaven!'
- 4 O that I may then be found
With them rising from the ground!
Joining their immortal song
With a new celestial tongue!
- 5 Let us own the Saviour's name,
Where the wicked count it shame:
Then the righteous Judge will own
Our's before his Father's throne.

SWAIN.

633 148th. Trumpet 96. Caernarvon 384.

The midnight cry.

Matt. xxv. 1—13. Mark xiii. 34—37.

1 **Y**E virgin souls, arise!
With all the dead awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are;
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky;
Your everlasting friend;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye—that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
And thirsted for his love:
Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above those angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found:
Enrobed in righteousness divine
In which the bride shall ever shine.

634 C.M. Lancaster 237. Clitheroe 43.

The destruction of the last enemy.

1 Cor. xv. 25, 26. 1 Thess. iv. 14—17. [194]

1 **H**OW long shall Death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

4 I hear the voice, 'Ye dead, arise!'
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.

5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

127

6 O may my humble spirit stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King [skies,
Shall bear us homeward, through the
On love's triumphant wing! WATTS.

635 L.M. Montgomery 246. Adoraim 345.

The final triumph.

Acts i. 1. 1 Cor. xv. 51—54. [201]

1 **C**OME, saints, and shout the Saviour's
praise,
To him your grateful tribute bring;
Let angels hear the notes you raise,
And strike their golden harps, and sing.

2 Sing, how he left the heavenly throne,
And laid his splendid robes aside,
Put all our mortal weakness on,
And groaned and laboured, wept and died.

3 Now lift your songs to nobler strains,
High let your ardent passions soar:
See where the great Redeemer reigns,
And all the hosts of heaven adore.

4 Again he comes—a mighty cloud
Bears him in sacred triumph soar;
The trumpet sounds, it summons loud,
And angels shout his high renown.

5 From realms of death, beneath the ground,
The saints, in countless millions, rise;
While seraphs stand admiring round,
And view the change with vast surprise.

6 Hail, mighty Prince! thy kingdom now,
Thy bliss and triumph are complete;
To thee the ransomed myriads bow,
And lay their glories at thy feet.

HEGINBOTHAM.

636 L.M. Wandsworth 158. Westbury 256.

Release from the tomb.

Eph. ii. 4—6. Col. iii. 1—4. [209]

1 **S**TUPENDOUS grace! and can it be
Designed for rebels such as we!
O let our ardent praises rise
High as our hopes beyond the skies!

2 This flesh, by righteous vengeance slain,
Might ever in the dust remain;
These guilty spirits sent to dwell
'Midst all the flames and fiends of hell.

3 But lo! incarnate love descends;
Down to the sepulchre it bends;
Rising, it tears the bars away,
And springs to its own native day.

4 Then was our sepulchre unbarred;
Then was our path to glory cleared;
Then if that Saviour be our own,
Did we ascend a heavenly throne.

5 A moment shall our joy complete,
And fix us in that shining seat,
Bought by the pangs our Lord endured,
And by unchanging truth secured.

6 O may that love in strains sublime
Be sung to the last hour of time!
And let eternity confess, [grace.
Through all its rounds, the matchless
DODDRIDGE.

637 7s. Harts 183. Alfreton 178.
Release from the tomb.

1 Cor. xv. 52—54. 2 Pet. i. 14. [193]

1 'SPIRIT—leave thy house of clay!
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit—cast thy chains away!
Dust—be thou dissolved in death!'

2 Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies!
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies!

3 'Prisoner—long detained below!
Prisoner—now with freedom blest!
Welcome from a world of woe!
Welcome to a land of rest!'

4 Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujah's ring
All the regions of the sky!

5 Grave—the guardian of our dust!
Grave—the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!

6 Hark! the judgment trumpet calls!
'Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day!' MONTGOMERY.

(MIRIAM'S.)

638 *Death conquered and his captives rescued.*
Hosea xiii. 14. 1 Cor. xv. 20—23.

1 PRAISE the Redeemer almighty to save;
Emmanuel has triumphed o'er Death and the
Grave!

Sing, for the door of the dungeon is open,
The captive came forth at the dawn of the day;
How vain the precautions! the signal is broken;
The watchmen in terror have fled far away.

Praise the Redeemer, almighty to save;
Emmanuel has triumphed o'er Death and the
Grave!

2 Praise to the Conqueror; O tell of his love!
In pity to mortals he came from above.
Who shall rebuild for the tyrant his prison?
The sceptre lies broken that fell from his hands:
His dominion is ended; the Lord has arisen,
The helpless shall soon be released from their
Praise the Redeemer, almighty to save, [hands.
Emmanuel has triumphed o'er Death and the
Grave! CROSER.

He comes, a dying world to bless,
With all the riches of his grace:
All hail, Incarnate God!

2 He stooped from glory's blissful height,
Blessed a dark world with heavenly light,
And bore our ponderous load:
He gave his life a sacrifice,
And rose triumphant to the skies,
The great Incarnate God!

3 Again in awful pomp he'll come,
Shake the wide earth, and rouse the tomb,
That gloomy, dark abode:
Assembled worlds shall then appear,
And at his bar their sentence hear;
Their judge—the Incarnate God!

4 While his proud enemies, that day
Shall faint with terror and dismay,
And tremble at his rod;
May we with joy behold his face,
And sing, in heaven, the glorious grace
Of our Incarnate God!

MEDLEY.

640 S.M. St. Bride's 5. Tiriah 204.
The coming of the Judge.

Matt. xvi. 27. John v. 28, 29. [195]

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But, ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread.

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled,
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

DODDRIDGE.

641 8.7.4. Berlin 191. Guernsey 306.
The coming of the Judge.

John 14, 15. Rev. i. 7. [196]

1 LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see

THE JUDGMENT.

639 8.8.6. Worcester 196. Kedron 277.
The coming of the Judge.

Isaiah xxv. 9. Titus ii. 13.

1 JOIN all who love the Saviour's name,
His boundless glories to proclaim,
And sound his praise abroad;

- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
'Come to Judgment!
Come to Judgment! come away.'
- 4 Now redemption, long expected
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!
- 5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
The new heaven and earth to inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.
- 6 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy exalted throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

OLIVERS.

642 8.8.6. Snowfields 97. Chapel 276.
Address to the Judge of all.
Matt. xxv. 31—33. Luke xii. 8. [200]

- 1 **WHEN** Thou, my righteous Judge,
shalt come
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die
Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What, if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?
- 3 Prevent—prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this, the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
To see thy smiling face; [sound,
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing.
While heaven's resounding mansions
With shouts of sovereign grace. [ring,

643 L.M. Caton 52. St. Pancras 162.
The great day.
Dan. vii. 10. Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 **METHINKS** the last great day is come,
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the prisoners under ground.

129

- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust
Awed by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books displayed,
Big with the important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine;
No pleas the judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord! when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve;
There may I read my name enrolled,
And triumph in redeeming love.

644 Luther's Hymn 400.
The end of all things.

1 Thess. iv. 16, 17. Rev. xx. 11

GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

645 8.7.4. Ephesus 278. Berlin 191.
The sentence and the welcome.
Matt. xxv. 31—46. 2 Thess. i. 7—10. [196]

- 1 **DAY** of Judgment—day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, 'This God is mine!'
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken.
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?
- 4 Horrors, past imagination.
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation—
'Hence, accursed wretch, depart,
Thou with Satan
And his angels, have thy part!'
- 5 But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, 'Come near, ye blessed!
See the kingdom I bestow!
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.'

K

- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise !
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise !
May we triumph
When the world is in a blaze !

NEWTON.

646

8.7. BASH 252. Hebron 184.

The ascent to heaven.

John xiv. 3. 1 Thess. iv. 17. [223]

- 1 **S**EE the Captain of salvation
Lead his armies up the sky :
Rise above the conflagration ;
Leave the world to burn and die
- 2 Lo ! I see the fair immortals
Enter to the blissful seats ;
Glory opens wide her portals,
And the Saviour's train admits.
- 3 All the chosen of the Father,
All for whom the Lamb was slain,
All the church appear together,
Washed from every sinful stain.
- 4 His dear smile the place enlightens
More than thousand suns could do,
All around, his presence brightens,
Changeless, yet for ever new.
- 5 Blessed state ! beyond conception !
Who its vast delights can tell ?
May it be my blissful portion,
With my Saviour there to dwell !

LEE.

HEAVENLY HAPPINESS.

647

C.M. Cambridge New 30. York 234.

Salvation drawing nigh.

Rom. xiii. 11. 1 Peter i. 13. [207]

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high !
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course !
Ye mortal powers, decay !
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

DODDRIDGE.

648

L.M. Lathbury 269. Bridgewater 165.

Meekness for heaven.

Matt. v. 8. 2 Cor. v. 4, 5. [202]

- 1 **H**EAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

130

- 2 Clean hearts, O God ! in us create ;
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do thy will as angels do.

- 3 A life in heaven ! O what is this ?
The sum of all that faith believed :
Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,
Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.

- 4 While thrones, dominions, principedoms,
powers,
And saints made perfect triumph thus,
A goodly heritage is ours ;—
There is a heaven on earth for us.

- 5 The church of Christ, the school of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word !
In those our Saviour's steps we trace :
By this his living voice is heard.

- 6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love !
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

MONTGOMERY.

649

C.M. Adelphi 29. Kingsland 224.

Earth and Heaven contrasted.

Psalm xvii. 15. 2 Cor. iv. 8. [575]

- 1 **H**OW vain a thought is bliss below,
'Tis all an airy dream !
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasures smiling stream !
- 2 Transparent now, and all serene,
The gentle current flows :
While fancy paints the flattering scene,
How fair the landscape shows !
- 3 But soon its transient charms decay ;
When ruffling tempests blow :
The soft delusions fleet away,
And pleasure ends in woe.
- 4 O let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond these seats of night ;
In heaven substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight !
- 5 There pleasure flows for ever clear ;
And rising to the view,
Such dazzling scenes of joy appear
As fancy never drew.
- 6 No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles ;
But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembled smiles.

STEELE.

650

C.M. St. Michael's 138.

Earth and Heaven contrasted

Psalm xvii. 15. Matt. ix. 15. 215

- 1 **N**O, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss ;
For bliss can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread the heavenly ground.
- 2 There's nothing round these spacious
Or round this dusky clod ;
Nothing my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lasting as thy God.

[skies.]

- 3 'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace;
And all the heaven I hope above
Is but to see his face.

WATTS.

651 C.M. Bexley 217. Northampton 41.
Earth and Heaven contrasted.

1 Cor. vii. 29—31. 1 John ii. 17. [567]

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay;
They fade upon the sight,
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 [Their brightest day, alas, how vain
With conscious sighs we own!
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'er shade the smiling noon.]
- 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord! send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise [spring
To those bright scenes where pleasures
Immortal in the skies. STEELE.

652 S.M. Christchurch 101. Madely 205.
Rest and glory.

1 Cor. ix. 24—27. Heb. iv. 9. [208]

- 1 **T**HE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward,
The prize will there be given,
- 2 'Tis conflict here below;
'Tis triumph there, and peace;
On earth we wrestle with the foe,
In heaven our conflicts cease.
- 3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;
'Tis light and joy above:
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.
- 4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.
- 5 Then let us joyful sing!
The conflict is not long;
We hope in heaven to praise our King,
In one eternal song. KELLY.

131

653 C.M. Athens 244. Maidstone 216.
The heavenly temple.

Psalm xxix. 9. Rev. vii. 15. [337]

- 1 **T**HOUGH nature's temple, large and
Resounds with joyful lays, [wide,
From creatures taught to swell the tide
Of their Creator's praise;
- 2 A fairer habitation greets
The Christian's joyful eye,
Where Christ his new-born wishes meets,
And lifts his hopes on high:
- 3 A calm asylum for the soul
With guilt and fear oppress'd,
Where mercy waits, as seasons roll,
To give the weary rest.
- 4 The still small voice of heavenly love
Here calls our thoughts away
To purer joys, that shine above
The influence of decay.
- 5 While faith, with undiverted eyes,
Through all the storms of time,
Elated views the glorious prize
Of heaven's eternal clime.
- 6 Lord! with delight my constant feet
To thine abode would come;
Till death my willing soul shall meet,
And gently waft it home.

SLATTER.

654 C.M. Broughton 140. Walworth 328.
Heavenly worship.

Col. iii. 1, 2. Rev. v. 9—12. [224]

- 1 **E**ARTH has engrossed my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits,
The God! how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs:
Jesus, my love, they sing!
Jesus the life of both our joys
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And echo in majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son!
- 6 [And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the Father's equal down
To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within);
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.
- 8 And now to Calvary they turn,
With grief and strange surprise;
And in expressive silence mourn
The God that loves and dies!

- 9 Then, all at once, to living strains
They summon every chord;
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And sing their rising Lord!]
- 10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my ear, my hand, my tongue—
Here's joyful work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies! WATTS.

655 L.M. Ivy Bridge 54. Epworth 248.
Heavenly worship.
Rev. v. 8—14. Rev. xxiii. 3—5. [344]

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own [all.
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head;
While tuneful hallelujah's rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture as they gaze:
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.
- 6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
Our interest in that blissful place:
Till death remove this mortal veil
And we behold thy lovely face.

STEELE.

656 C.M. Camberwell New 22. Evans 122.
Heavenly worship.
Rev. vii. 15—17; xxi. 3, 4. [216]

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid
Inspire each lifeless tongue; [heart,
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
The exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight,
On all the heavenly minds.

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- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir. STEELE.

657 C.M. Morley 228. Day Spring 33.
Present happiness of departed believers.
Rev. v. 9; xiv. 1—5. 210

- 1 **H**OW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb!" aloud they cry,
"That brought us here to God;"
In ceaseless hymns of praise, they shout
The merit of his blood.
- 3 With wondering joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.
- 4 They follow the exalted Lamb
Where'er they see him go;
And at the footstool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.
- 5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given;
And I, with them, will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

TOPLADY.

658 C.M. Sunbury 120. Westham 233.
The church triumphant.
Rev. iv. 10, 11; v. 9, 10. [222]

- 1 **M**YRIADS of spirits round the throne,
In humble posture stand;
On every head a starry crown,
A palm in every hand.
- 2 Envy and strife are banished thence,
And angry passions cease;
They neither give nor take offence,
But all is love and peace.
- 3 From different quarters of the globe
These happy spirits came;
In Jesus' blood they washed their robes
And triumphed in his name.
- 4 One glorious body now they make;
More glorious far their Head;
Their souls to rapturous joys awake,
Their sorrows all are fled.
- 5 Without a jarring note they join
In ceaseless songs of praise;
And to the sacred Three in one,
Loud hallelujah's raise. BEDDOME.

659 L.M. Doversdale 68. Naples 349.
Tribulation succeeded by glory.
Rev. vii. 9—17; xxi. 4. [230]

- 1 **E**XALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherub's
stand,
With glory crowned in white array,
My wondering soul says "Who are they?"

- 2 These are the saints beloved of God ;
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood ;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.
- 3 Brighter than angels, lo ! they shine ;
Their glories great, and all divine ;
Tell me their origin, and say,
Their order what—and whence came they ?
- 4 Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, and scorned the
Within the living temple blest. [shame ;
In God they dwell, and on him rest.
- 5 And does the cross thus prove their gain ?
And shall they thus for ever reign,
Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace ?
- 6 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain ;
To wells of living water led ;
By God, the Lamb, for ever fed !
- 7 Unknown to mortal ears, they sing
The sacred glories of their King ;—
Tell me the subject of their lays,
And whence their loud exalted praise ?
- 8 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme ;
They sing the wonders of his name ;
To him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion, and eternal praise.
- 9 Amen, they cry, to him alone
Who dares to fill his Father's throne ;
They give him glory, and again
Repeat his praise, and say, Amen.

DUNCAN.

660 7s. EIGHT LINES. Maccabees 179.

Tribulation succeeded by glory.

Rev. vii. 13—17 ; xxi. 4. [221]

- 1 **WHO** are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne ?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their master stood,
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes, by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow :
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night ;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at the last,
Here they find their trials o'er ;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now, and thirst, no more :
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's director ray ;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.
- 4 Them the Lamb shall always feed,
He that on the throne doth reign,
To the living fountains lead,
With the tree of life sustain ;

133

He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

DE COURCY.

661 112th. Canada 176. Darlington 273.

Tribulation succeeded by glory.

1 Cor. ii. 9. 1 Peter i. 8.

- 1 **WHAT** must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand where Jesus
reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains !
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light,
And all his works of grace explore !
What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine !
- 3 Well, he has fixed the happy day
When the last tears will wet our eyes,
And God shall wipe those tears away,
And fill us with divine surprise
To hear his voice, and see his face,
And feel his infinite embrace !
- 4 This is the heaven I long to know ;
For this, with patience, I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

SWAIN.

662 8s. Sion 79. Rosewarne 177.

Tribulation succeeded by glory

2 Cor. v. 6—8. 1 Peter i. 8. [206]

- 1 **TO** Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne !
- 2 My Saviour ! whom absent I love ;
Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 3 Break off, then, these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,—
- 5 Oh ! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored.
- 6 And then never more shall the fears,
And trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

7 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They'll be but new signs of thy love.
New themes for my wonder and praise!

8 The stroke which from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee!

COWPER.

663

8.7.—7.7. * Dorking 198.

The world of joy.

Psalm xvi. 11. James iv. 14. [212]

1 **W**HAT is life? 'tis but a vapour
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is like a dying taper:
O my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory; how resplendent!
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly,
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love;
Through the heavens his praise resound—
Fills the blissful courts above. [ing
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go and share his people's glory,
'Midst the ransomed crowd appear,
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

KELLY.

664

C.M. Epping 240. Eversley 18.

The heavenly garden.

Isaiah lxi. 3. James iii. 18. [213]

1 **I**OVE is the sweetest bud that blows,
Its beauty never dies;
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies.

2 O what a garden will be seen,
When all the flowers of grace
Appear in everlasting green
Before the Planter's face!

3 No more exposed to burning skies,
Or winter's piercing cold;
What never-dying sweets will rise,
From every opening fold!

4 No want of sun or showers above,
To make the flowers decline,
Fountains of life and beams of love,
For ever spring and shine.

5 No more they need the quickening air,
Or gently rising dew;
Unspeakable their beauties are,
And yet for ever new.

6 Christ is their shade, and Christ their sun,
Among them walks the king,
Whose presence is eternal noon,
His smile eternal spring.

184

SWAIN.

665

C.M. St. Matthew's 115. Salem 330.

The good land.

Isa. xxxiii. 17. Rev. xxi. and xxii. [219]

1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 [Fair distant land; could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore—
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.]

3 [There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains!
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.]

4 No factious strife, no envy there,
The sons of peace molest:
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill every happy breast.]

5 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

6 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory, from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

7 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

8 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high:
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

STEELE.

666

C.M. St. Magnus 35. Ashley 232.

The heavenly Canaan.

Deut. iii. 27; xxxiv. 1-4. [214]

1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting rapturous scene
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and
With milk and honey flow. [vales,

4 All o'er these wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns.
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling wind, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

- 7 [Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay :
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.]

STENNETT.

667 C.M. Loughton 141. Bethany 236.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

Rev. iii. 12; xxi.

[217]

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold; [walls
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O when thou city of my God
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?
- 4 Their happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

668

50th. Old 50th 99.

The heavenly inheritance.

1 Peter i. 4. Rev. xxii. 1, 4.

- 1 **O**N wings of faith, mount up, my soul, and
rise;
View thine inheritance beyond the skies: 'tell,
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can
What endless pleasures in those mansions
dwell:
There our Redeemer lives, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.
- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain:
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling
There our Redeemer lives, &c. [tear:
- 3 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides:
There the fair tree of life majestic rears
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears:
There our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 4 No rising sun his needless beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays;
The Godhead there celestial glory sheds,
The exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads:
There our Redeemer lives, &c.
- 5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires!—
Jesus! to thee my longing soul aspires!
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive,—
When leave this earth, and when begin to live?
For there my Saviour lives, all bright and
glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns victorious.

135

STRAPHAN.

669

C.M. Chimes 24. Chester 116.

Everlasting light.

2 Pet. iii. 10—13. Rev. xxii. 5. [576]

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
- 4 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.
- 5 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE.

Doxologies

AND SINGLE VERSES.

670

148th Metre.

St. Thomas's 196. Cesarea 235.

- 1 **O**N what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord! bestow;
The power is thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou alone the harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

NEWTON.

671

148th Metre.

Waterstock 194. Psalm 148, 95.

- 1 **G**REAT Comforter, descend,
In gentle breathings down,
Preserve us to the end,
That no man take our crown.
Our guardian still vouchsafe to be,
Nor suffer us to go from thee.

TOPLADY.

672

L.M.

Melcombe 170. Neapolis 261.

- 1 **O** LET thy Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, thou God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

STEELE.

673

112th Metre.

Carey's 75. Old 112th, 175.

SEARCH me, my God, and know my
Try me, my secret soul survey, [heart,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

MONTGOMERY.

674

7s. 8½ LINES.

Truro 83.

WHY art thou cast down, my soul?
God thy God shall make thee whole;
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine

MONTGOMERY.

675

L.M.

Leicester 160. Philadelphia 268. [407]

SUCH are our God's appointed ways,
Where walked the saints in ancient
A path divine the apostles trod, [days;
And honoured by the Son of God.

E. JONES.

676

L.M.D.

London 172. Denbigh 72. [334]

LET me with light and truth be blest;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray;
Then will I there fresh altars raise
To thee, who art my only joy,
And well tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

TATE AND BRADY.

677

Mount Zion 81.

'TIS pleasant to sing,
The sweet praise of our King,
As here in the valley we move:
'Twill be pleasanter still
When we stand on the hill.
And give thanks to our Saviour above.

TOPLADY.

678

C.M.D.

Psalm 98, 223. St. Matthew's 145 [367]

LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise,
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.
Through all the earth the nations round
Shall thee their God confess;
And with glad hymns, their rapturous
Of thy great name express. [praise

TATE AND BRADY.

679

148th Metre.

St. Thomas's 196. Trumpet 96.

JEHOVAH'S praise sublime
Through the wide earth be sung:
Ye realms of every clime,
Ye tribes of every tongue:
His infinite compassion bless,
His ever-during faithfulness!

CONDOR.

680

104th Metre.

St. Dionis 298. Psalm 104, 91.

GIVE glory to God,
Ye children of men,
And publish abroad
Again and again,
The Son's glorious merit,
The Father's free grace,
The gifts of the Spirit
To Adam's lost race.

681

C.M.

Bethany 236. Arlington 128. [561]

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

682

7s.

Kiel 182. Milan 83. [579]

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

683

L.M.

Psalm 100, 46. Baden 150. [577]

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KENN.

684

4.7.

Chichester 185. Thornton 260. [334]

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

NEWTON.

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